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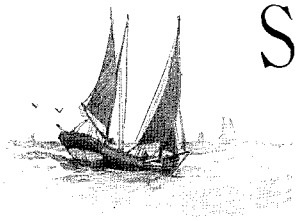
ON A NORTH SEA SMACK

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. BURNS



SHE was out of Scarborough, this smack of ours, but at this time running to Grimsby for market. Grimsby is the largest fishing port in England, possibly in the world, and all sorts come there—French, Dutch, Norwegian, German, and so on—but particularly do the fishermen from the smaller places along the English coast run in there when their own markets are down.

It had been our deliberate intention to look up just such a craft and crew here, typical of a life that is slipping past, and yet our acquaintance came about in the most natural way. We were walking the big pontoon at Grimsby on a June afternoon, with a weather eye out for odd happenings, when we noticed a very stout and hearty-looking man of good age standing heedfully on a plank that stretched across the hatchway of the well of a steam "codman" just in from Iceland. He was trying to gaff live cod from the well, with some care as to his balance, when, happening to glance up and, doubtless, sympathetically discerning our more than casual interest, he genially invited us to come aboard and observe the workings of things at closer range.

The stout man turned out to be a steam trawler's watchman. Fellowship with him developed rapidly. It was he that led us from the dock to the big corporation "pub," and there later put us in the way of our Scarborough skipper, who was certainly a fascinating and most able-looking seaman. He wore a hand-knit blue guernsey, with a black silk handkerchief tucked into the neck, and oily looking black trousers of navy cut tucked into short black jack-boots. His black curly hair stuck out from beneath a black cloth cap, and he had a bold nose, a bold mouth, and a bold eye—he was a bold-looking man altogether—and a black beard curled out and up from his strong jaw. Three centuries back, a Drake, a Hawkins, or any other chartered pirate, would have "shanghaied" him at sight and trusted him to lead a boarding-party in his first engagement. Even in these days of mechanical workings the crowd would have turned to get another view of him, were he to walk the streets of any other place than a fishing port on the east coast of England.

He looked us over, this man of the sea, as he might have looked at a storm-cloud to wind'ard, not necessarily as a thing to be dreaded, nor even avoided, but rather as something that might have to be allowed for. But that was only the flash of first inspection. He was undoubtedly one who formed quick judgments, for he gave almost instant greeting in broad Yorkshire. He was evidently one, too, who moved swiftly to action, for he ordered a full pint with the same breath as a preliminary. As he drank, he stood

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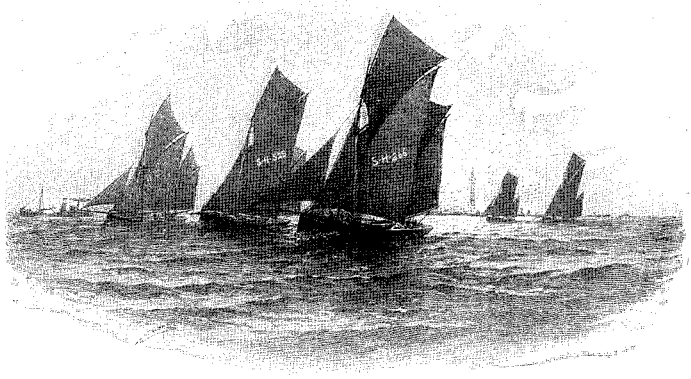

Down the Humber (off Grimsby).

determinedly on his short, thick, and rather bowed legs, that is, whenever he allowed himself to swing away from the support of the long bar. Behind the bar were eight perspiring men drawing corks and pumping ale, and no one in all that thirsty mob did more to keep the eight busy than did this fisherman from Scarborough. He took full pints always, and as often as any man cared to set them up. He did not get tipsy, nor anywehre near it—endurance stood out all over him—only, after a time, he put more color and action into his narrative, and, as he talked, churned out the Yorkshire till it came like rich butter from his mouth.

Such men, who accept or reject one at a single glance, do not stand upon convention. The evening was not half over before he was detailing intimate experiences that sounded intensely interesting, even to us, who, by reason of his peculiar dialect and the rapidity with which he rolled it out, could not, in our early acquaintance, catch more than one word in three. When we did get a word here and there, it was like picking up a buoy in a strange channel, and even then, had not the comment of our stout friend served as a chart for us, we probably could not have held to the course of the rapid narrative.

When he left us later in the evening—he and his faithful shipmate—it was with sorrow and of necessity, as he made clear. "In th' marnin' at fower o'clock thou must be to th' dock, thou an' tha friend. Ice an' bait's aboord a'ready, d'y' see. but th' bit bacon, an' butther, an' th' bread an' bit baccy ma'be will ha' t'be looked arter. There'll be brither, brither Jarje — teetotaler, never comes in pub, nae—an' ma own twa lads, yan coomin' twenty an' t'ither eighteen, an' Jim 'ere—aye, an' auld Jim. Nine an' twenty year we'll ha' sailed t'gither, nine an' twenty year—iss, an' coomin' on thirty year—an' thirty year more we'll sail t'gither an' Lord pleases—sha'n't us, Auld Jim?"

"Aye, Frankie, lad, thirty year an' mair, an' us keeps off bottom."

"Aye, Jim, an' us sha'n't an' Lord says nae. An' noo, lad—thou'lt no mind ma callin' thee lad—aw'm above feefty masel' an' aw've a lad at hame will be aulder than thee by looks, thirty year come next Whitsuntide. Jim minds it well, don't ee, Jim? Then us first coom t'gither an' sin' then us ha' not parted. An' thou'lt coom aboord i' th' marnin', lad — let it be fower o'clock. Us'll put th' friend there, aboord anither smack an' thou shall go wi' us. Aw've told thee where an' thou knowest. An' gude night t' thee, lad — t'thee an' th' friend, gude night."

They went out into the darkness and their boot-heels had hardly begun to scrape the granite blocks of Fish Dock Road ere Jim began to sing. Only a single interruption came. That was when a good-natured policeman standing in a door-way, admonished them as they rolled by, "Hi, there, you'll wake every watchman in the basin, if you don't stop," called the policeman.

"Go thy way," retorted the skipper,

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"an' Jim, get on wi' thy song—it's a rare ane."

"Aye," said Auld Jim, "but he's discompoosin'—yan."

"Aye, rare discompoosin' if th' taks heed. But coomin' frae yan, it means nowt—that's th' dooty o' th' like. Tak no heed, but get on wi' thy song. Go on wi' it—it's a rare ane that—lasses an' kisses."

So Auld Jim went on:

Aw kissed ma lass
an' aw says "Good-by,"
Aw kissed her fair—
"Good-by—good-by."
An' says, "Sweetheart, aw'm garn awye."
Aw says to her,
"Good-by—good-by."

Our Scarborough Skipper of the Venus.

And he and the skipper, with braced shoulders touching, walked uninterruptedly the rest of the road and the pontoon beyond.

Four o'clock on a June morning is broad light in English latitudes, and there was no trouble in locating our smack. Venus was her name and SH 266 her number. It must be the number that counts with the authorities, for that was painted in large figures on each bow and on both sides of the hoisted mainsail, while the name was to be found only under the stern, and even there it was none too boldly lettered.

Down in the crowded cabin the passenger was made known to "brither Jarge," with the sly look that sometimes accompanies a cast in the eye—and the "twa lads," wholesome-looking boys, named Bill and Howie. But there was no time to bother with the promised breakfast. The lock-gate was open and everybody was in a hurry to get to sea. The skippers of the Charity, Good Intent, and Mary Campbell, inside of us in the same tier, were ready to warp out, and were now calling for action by the Venus that they might be on their way. So a small junk of bread and a quick mug of tea had to do us for the time.

One brute of a steam trawler shouldered us out of the way; but another, a perfect lady, helped us along with a gentle little bump of our taffrail. When it came our chance to go through the gate, we warped her out with a line made fast to one cleat after another on the long pier. On this line all aboard, except the passenger, who had the tiller, bore a hand at heaving in. Just before we passed through the gate, a man with a silver-buttoned coat reached out from the pier and took from the skipper the ticket that allowed us to go out. We could get in for nothing, but it took a seven-and-six-pence ticket to get us out.

On the pier-head, as we slid by, were several loiterers who knew our captain. "What ho, Old Skipper," they called.

"What ho," returned our skipper.

"Where bound this time?"

"Aw d'knaw, but aw'm thinkin' o' Silver Pit."

"Aye, a good old hole—for whitin's and the like?"

"Aye, whitin's mebbe an' a few boxes of 'addocks, mebbe, an' a cod or a sole, wi' some skates an' th' like—who knaws?"

Working down the sandy reaches of the Humber, with Howie to the tiller, gave the older people a chance to get their breakfast of bread and tea. In the cabin was an open fire-place, which when Jim heaped it up with the soft coal of England, began to smother us with smoke. "It's no like this ootside," said the skipper's brother, who had the manner of a

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man that might be more given to explanation than the others. "Ootside the sailin' maks a fine draft o' th' smook—a fine draft."

"It ar'n't lack o' draft," said the skipper; "it's no' that noo—plenty draft here. It's th' main sheet jibin' ower an' knockin' off top o' stove-pipe, an' Howie afeard t' leave th' tiller lang enou' to fix it. Bill, gae on oop an' set on stove-pipe."

"Oh, aye, set on th' stove-pipe," said George, and poured a little something into the bottom of his mug and from there down his throat. "For ma appetite," he explained, as he put the flask back in his grub-box. Although there was in the air a whiff of something that suggested Scotch, with possibly a slight tincture of sweetening, the passenger had to assume that it was medicine, because of what the skipper said almost on the instant.

"Jarje is teetotaler—ar'n't ee Jarje? Jarje no ben inside a pub for—sin' when, Jarge—twenty year?"

"Aye, aboot twenty year," said George.

"An' that ane time t' fetch me hame, warn't it, Jarje?"

"Aye"—reflectively—"ane time th' stopped ower lang."

"Most rare time that mun ha' ben," commented Auld Jim.

"Aye," rejoined Auld Skipper, "but let thou not stop ower lang wi' th' teakettle, an' twenty year from noo aw won't hae it to speak on."

Seeing the Venus among a half-dozen of her kind beating down the Humber, one might not have been impressed with her model—straight-stemmed, rather full-bowed, and wide-sterned, of about sixty feet on deck, fifteen feet beam, and nine feet draught. She was yawl rigged, with jib, fore, main and mizzen for lower sails, and lug topsail to main and mizzen. Her foresail was what would be called a stem staysail by American yachtsmen, or what American fishermen call a "jumbo," when it is rigged with a boom. She had a hold in the peak, where were stored sails, gear, anchors, salt, and so on. She had a main hold amidships for fish and ice, and a small little after hold for the water-casks, and odds and ends. Clear aft by the stern was the cabin, where the crew slept and cooked and kept their personal belongings. She had a sliding bowsprit, brick-red sails, and was steered with a tiller whose handle was carved into a many-stranded rope's-end.

An ancient lady was the Venus. It was plainly many years since she had been adorned with a coat of real paint, but of hot coal-tar she had many dressings, and she smelled of pitch, and impressed one with her look of blackness. Her skipper could swear to her record for thirty-two years—back of that he could not say. Possibly her builder could, but he was dead, "coom t' think o' it, ae auld man, too." However, for thirty-two years to the skipper's knowledge the Venus had pointed her nose out toward Dogger Bank and found her way home again, which proved that she had been a soundly built craft in the beginning, for "as th' sees for th'self, she arn't foond bottom yet."

But the Venus grew on one. And the skipper was not without his pride in her. When the breeze waked up and she began to throw off her harbor sloth, he started to tell tales of the runs she had made. "Eleven knots yince—aye. But she had fine breeze an' smooth bottom then." Watching her roll down the Humber nobody would have believed that eleven knots. She must have had an exceedingly smooth bottom, and it must have been a hurricane when she did it. Anybody would have trusted her to cross the Atlantic in midwinter, but hardly have picked her out for a cup-challenger. Still she possessed some great virtues. She was reliable. She rose to every sea when we had to meet the chop of the tide-rips off Spurn Light at the mouth of the river as lively as could be, ducking three ways to every heave, and keeping her decks moderately dry. It was easy enough to believe the skipper when he said that she would hang on to her canvas as long as the next, and stay right side up in a blow. Twenty years ago her type was the boast of English fishermen, but this morning, beside the line of big steel trawlers that were churning by, she seemed a relic of a past generation. And to one who remembered the sharp, deep, high-sparred and handsome fishermen of New England, she seemed indeed behind the times.

However, if we were not the fastest or the most magnificent thing afloat that morning, there was a smack ahead that

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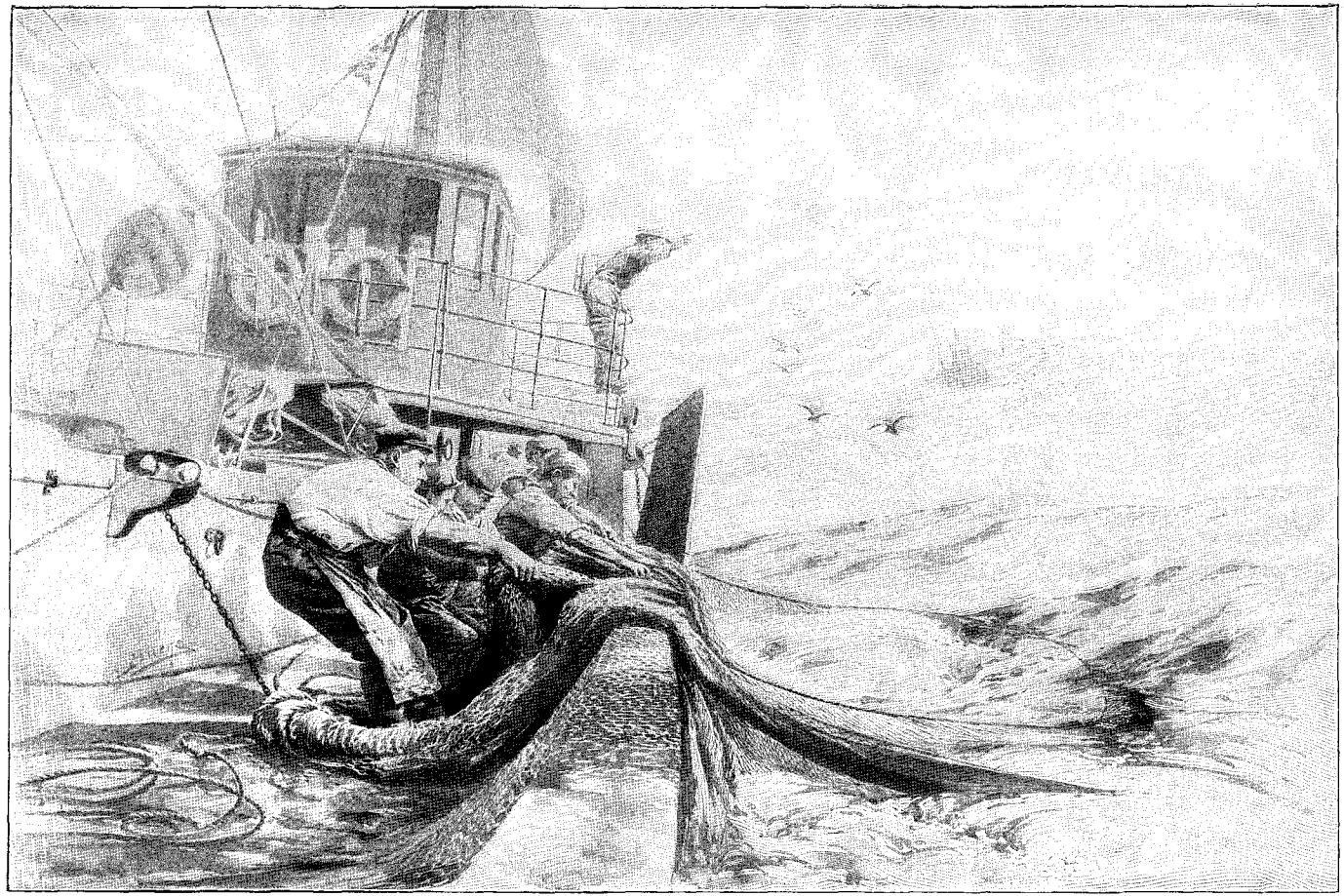

Drawn by M. J. Burns.

Steam Trawler—Hauling the Net.

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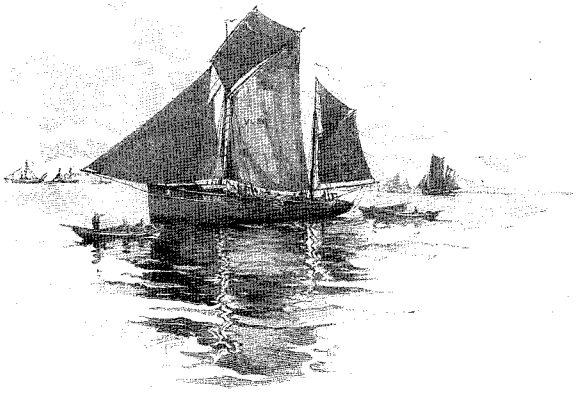

"Th' Dootchman."

was shapely and that could sail. Yawl-rigged she was, like ourself, and a fisherman, but large and handsome—painted a beautiful, shining black, with a broad gold stripe along the run, and gold decorations on bow and quarter. "She'll be th' Girl Muriel or th' Boy Percy, oot o' Lowestoft, beam trawlers—o' the' same moold. Able lads they be. See her mak int' th' wind noo, like awny steam trawler. She'll be stoppin' at th' coper—th' Dootchman yan wi' th' wee little mizzen ower th' stern entirely an' th' signal flyin'. Aw'm thinkin' oursel's 'll stop by there, too. She sells baccy, sperrits, an' so an, t' th' like o' we an' th' steam trawlers oot o' Grimsby an' Hull."

When we were near enough to do business, the skipper blew a horn, and the coper's small boat, which had been lingering beside the handsome smack ahead, came away and headed for us. They sold us two pounds of tobacco and a long bottle of schnapps for half what the stuff could have been bought ashore. These floating grog-shops, called copers by the fishermen, are always to be found cruising among the North Sea fleet. This one was stationed off the mouth of the Humber, and among all the outgoing craft of Grimsby and Hull she must have sold a lot of goods that morning. She was careful to keep outside the three-mile limit, and so render herself liable only to the laws of the high seas. It is said that many attempts have been made to discourage the traffic with the copers, but it is likely that so long as fishermen can buy liquor for much less than they can buy it ashore, the copers will flourish. The English Government now interferes only to the extent of requiring that no liquor bought of the copers shall be taken ashore—this on pain of confiscation. It must all be consumed at sea, say the government. It all is.

"Howie lad, tak' th' tiller"—we were clear of the coper—"lay her coorse east by nowthe, an' gie us a call if so be we ar'n't stirrin' at half arter twelve." Then Auld Skipper, George, and Auld Jim and the lad Bill turned in for a nap against the later labors of the voyage. The youngest lad, Howie, a degenerate youth by his father's protests, lit a cigarette, jammed the tiller against his hip and held the jumping smack to her course into the North Sea.

Early in the afternoon they came on deck refreshed, and began to put the gear in shape for fishing. Fifteen coils of hooked lines were brought out, each coil lying on what they called a skep, which looked like the bottom of an old market basket. Each skep held 125 fathoms of

Skipper of the Charity.

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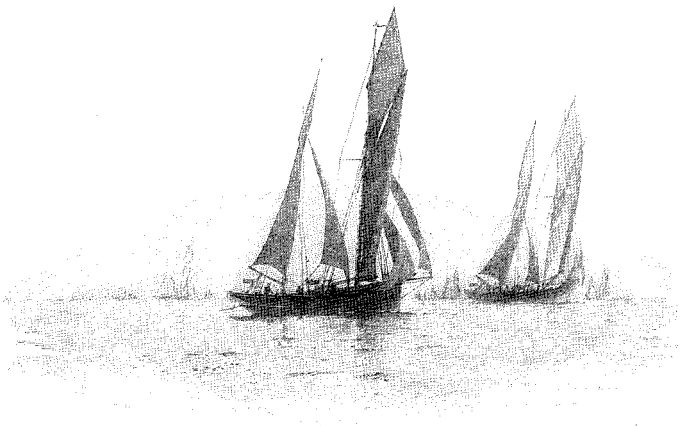
ground line, "snoojed" at every half fathom.

All that afternoon and during most of the lightsome evening the crew were overhauling gear and baiting up, so that by nine o'clock, when log and soundings showed that we were on the westerly edge of Silver Pit, all was ready for an early morning start. Having thus made ready for business, the crew of the Venus came down into the cabin, lit the little socket lamp and prepared for the first real meal of the trip. They drew forth their tin boxes from the depths of dark bunks, and each dug out from his own whatever supplies were thought needful to the hour. Nobody hinted at any sentimental exchanging of rations. It was assumed, evidently, that no man had a liking for whatever any other man might have, else he would have brought it aboard for himself. Only the tea that went into the kettle and the grease for the frying-pan came from a common store.

A stay in the cabin during this mealtime was a most trying ordeal for the passenger. To begin with, it must be remembered that the Venus, besides being "pitched within and without," was also, again like unto the Ark of Scripture in having "little rooms," three holds and the cabin, and of these the cabin was the most crowded. On either side were the bunks, which, being boarded up except for an aperture just large enough to crawl in and wiggle out by, added to the crowded effect. Beneath the bunks and jutting out on to the floor were the lockers. Leading to the deck above and looking aft was the companion-ladder, stuffed in and all about with the habiliments of the crew—oil-clothes, big boots, sou'-westers, guernseys, old storm-coats, together with a lot of extra blocks, old rope-ends and a mess of stuff that could only be specified off-hand by a dealer in second-hand ship chandlery. In the forward end was an open fireplace, and to restrict the floor space yet more, the mizzen-mast butted through about mid-way.



Trawlers.

That is as to the dimensions of the place. For the air we breathed, there were the fumes and odors that arose from the soft-coal fire burning in the grate, the rancid grease scorching in the frying-pan, and the last coat of tar applied to the old smack, and the foregoing, when mingled with the undeniable evidence of salt-herring bait in the after-hold (come in by way of a missing plank in the partition) and the overpowering proof that it was really many years since the bilge-water had been pumped out of the Venus—these scents and smells when taken altogether, as they were of necessity taken on one or two fairly warm nights in June, rather gave out the impression that it was "stuffy" below.

In this place, Auld Skipper and Jim, both short men, never stood erect but they hit the deck-planking, while George, who

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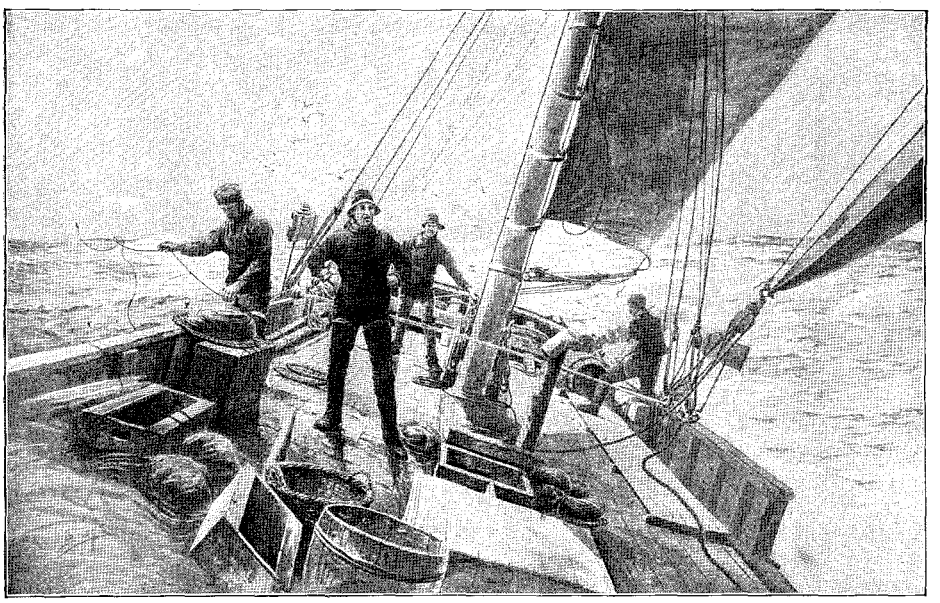

Shooting the Lines.

was a big man and tall, simply had to stay sitting all the time if he cared for comfort —and even so he did not always get it. Take this particular night, when it was raining outside, and everybody, being in oil-clothes and big boots, became a huge bulk that found a distressing want of room on the lockers. If some had taken to the bunks, it might have afforded relief, but in such a hungry crowd as this nobody was taking to the bunks. The small space that made up the middle of the floor, between the mizzen-mast and the fireplace, might have accommodated one man, but just now it was taken up with the table-ware, made up of five mugs, blue and white, with three plates that almost matched and one that came nowhere near matching—a queer foreign thing in yellow—a Chinese pattern, to George's way of thinking. While the table-ware was on the floor all had to be careful in the handling of their big boots, so that the crockery might not come to smash.

After all had eaten they sat around for a little smoke. Then, all but Auld Jim cast off the oil-smocks and boots, which they seemed to have had no time to attend to before, and climbed into their dark bunks. Auld Jim, when all were silent about him, took a fresh coal for his pipe, turned the lamp-wick down the least bit, looked around, said, softly, "Noo for ma watch," looked around again to reassure himself, caught sight of the frying-pan by the grate, muttered, "Drat Howie," and hove it back into the coal-locker. Then, suddenly becoming cheerful, he hummed,

Aw kissed ma lass, a Filie lass,

and went up to face the wind and rain.

This sounds like primitive living. So it was, but along some lines they had but little to learn. Above all things they were hospitable, although for the matter of that it may be accepted as truth that deep-sea fishermen everywhere are hospitable. The stranger on the Venus could have had the pick of their grub-boxes. And he could have had all his cooking done for him, as most of it was done for him. Tired, wet, and hungry they might be themselves, but never a meal-time came that some one of them did not wish to put his own need off until after he had attended to the passenger. And it was not merely that they labored for this stranger. They had sympathetic thought for him. For two days when, by the chop of the sea and the oppressiveness of the cabin air, smoke, tar, and bilge-water, he was forced to stick to the deck, Auld Skipper and Auld Jim never forgot him for a moment. They had the

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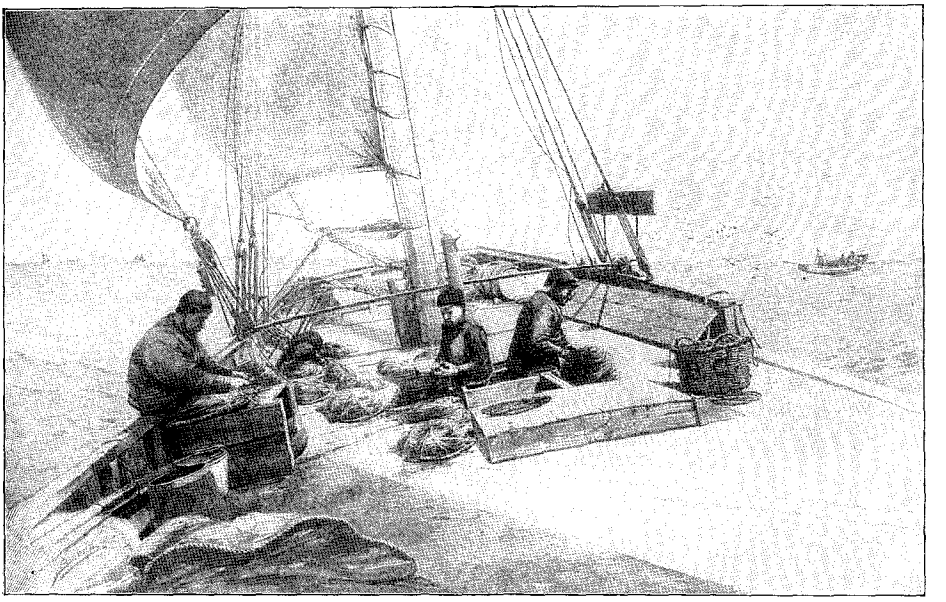

Overhauling and Rebaiting the Lines.

baiting and shooting of lines and the hauling of them again, the fish to stow and the vessel to handle—but with all that they had time for the passenger. It was something for him to remember when, as he was spread across the lee rigging one time, how the two came on deck—Auld Jim with a nicely browned bit of fish and Auld Skipper with a plate of toast and a mug of tea. "Aw thought thou might like it, lad, an' picked it masel'," began Auld Jim, "a sweet little whitin' as ever was. Aw says to Jarje when aw pulled 'm off the' 'ook to save 'm special for 'ee. Rare to look at he were, like silver, oh an' fat! aye, he were fat—fried 'thout th' littlest bit o' grease, didn't ee, Francis?"

"Aye," said Auld Skipper, "a beau-u-ti-ful, sweet whitin'. But that's nowt. For supper noo there'll be the nicest bit o' skate. Ever ate a bit o' fine skate? Nae? I'll wager th' didna. 'Ooked 'm last night Jarje did, an' aw cuts 'im up nice an' ties 'im oop all tight an' tows 'im astarn. I' th' evenin', lad, arter fower an' twenty hours o' towin' astarn, he'll be rare eatin' —rare eatin', lad. Mind thou askin' what it was aw had astarn, an' aw says: 'Never thou mind, thou'll knaw later?' Makin' surprise for 'ee. Thou knaw noo. Stewed skate—rare eatin' that. But tha'll try th' whitin' an' toast noo. Ar'n't proper toast mebbe, lad—th' knaws what cooms o' soft coal."

The passenger well knew how he must have done the toasting—with the slices of bread impaled on a short-handled fork, which he had to keep jumping from one hand to the other as each set of knuckles became overheated before the blistering blaze. The passenger knew, because he had tried it himself. But a trained nurse could not have shown more tenderness of intention toward the most delicate invalid. And it must be remembered, too, that this was trouble they would never have taken for themselves. This thought in the matter of the stewed skate was characteristic of them. Stewed skate may not appeal to the American palate as a delectable dish, even after four and twenty hours of towing astern, but a full appreciation of the good feeling betokened by that act is not to be expressed in easy phrasing, no more than is a full recognition of the tenderness of Auld Skipper when he slept two nights on the lockers rather than crowd the passenger who occupied his bunk, and then denied the sleeping—said he had turned in with George—with George who had every night to remove half a hundred weight of miscellaneous stuff, oil clothes, old boots and thick guernseys, before he could find room for himself alone.

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At two in the morning, when it was coming on to a dim daylight, the crew were ready to shoot the lines. We were a lonely speck in the North Sea, though faintly, very faintly, at two or possibly three points on the horizon, there were little glimmers that might have been the lights of other fishing craft.

George took his stand by the quarter rail, while the skipper stood by the tiller and prepared to nurse the vessel's speed. they made ready to launch the cobble, from which the lines were to be hauled. She was a heavy, clinker-built, eighteen-foot boat, this cobble, that took up the starboard side of the smack amidships, and demanded the strength of all hands when it came to slewing her across the deck and pushing her bow over the side. Ten feet or so of bulwark had been removed to allow of this operation. To launch the cobble would have been a severe task for the crew unaided, but the heave of the sea, nearly always choppy here, was timed to catch her bow, and out she went at the right moment, with Howie forward, Jim in the waist, and George hanging doubtfully over her stern. A final shove from those on the smack sent her ski-ing for thirty or forty yards. It was a mild form of the shoot-the-chutes game that one sees at seaside resorts.

Cobble—Hauling the Lines or Trawls.

The Venus was put by the wind and held there while George was paying out the line over the side. When the smack got to moving too fast, George would hold up his hand and the skipper would jam her up and check her. When George signalled for a little more speed, the skipper would swing her off.

George "shot" the line with bare hand. Auld Jim kept him going with supplies. When one skep was almost empty, Jim would bend on another so that there might be no delay. When five lines, or skeps, were out, Jim made fast a buoy and threw that over. A buoy had also gone with the first line, and later a buoy went over at the end of the tenth skep and again at the fifteenth, which was the end of the long line altogether. The "bobs" of these floats were black-tarred sheepskins of about the size and shape of a foot-ball.

When the lines had been set two hours or so, the smack all the while jogging back and forth within easy reach of the buoys,

The method of handling the lines was much the same as that in vogue among American fishermen. George stood by the quarter of the cobble and hauled in over a roller attached to the gunnel, while Jim sat on the midship thwart and dressed the fish as George took them off the hooks. The lad all the while was keeping her head to the tide so that the line would not become snarled. Now and then, when the tide seemed overstrong, Jim would take a second pair of oars and give the lad a lift, for this cobble, being a heavy thick-planked boat of eighteen feet in length,

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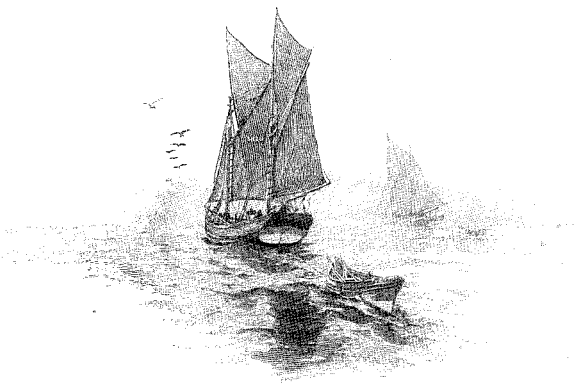
demanded some brute force in the handling.

When George had hauled five lines of the fifteen, and taken his second buoy in, he waved to the smack, which then bore down and took aboard the two buoys and what fish and lines they had taken in. This was done that the cobble might not be cluttered up, and also that the skipper and Bill might be overhauling the gear and putting it in shape for the next set. When George had hauled eight lines he gave way to Jim, who finished the hauling while George did the dressing.

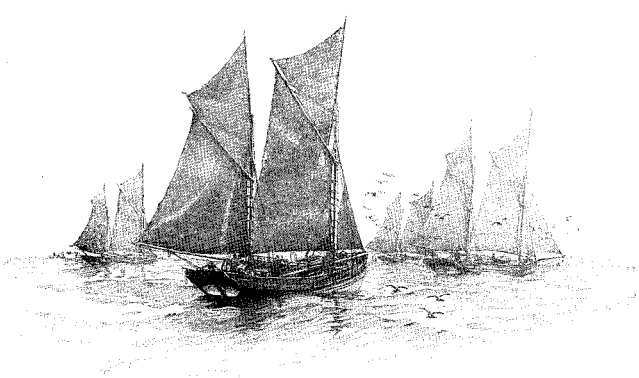
When the lines were all hauled, the watchful skipper stood down with the smack, took everything aboard, and dropped the cobble astern until they were ready for another set. Bill and Howie continued the work of overhauling and rebaiting the lines, while Jim, George, and the skipper attended to the fish, which were dumped into wash-tubs on deck, thoroughly soused with buckets of water from over the side, and then transferred to wide-woven baskets from which the water could drain freely. From the baskets they went below to Jim, who had to see to it that the fish were carefully packed in the hold, fish and ice in alternate layers, with whiting, haddock, and cod in separate pens, and another pen for miscellaneous. Every fish here was handled with care. In America the fish are pitchforked at every stage of the handling, from dory on to deck, to below, into pens, into baskets again when unloading, into boxes when weighing out—at least five times are they pitchforked before they reach the consumer.



On Silver Pit.

That is the American style, but it is doubtful if a pitch-fork could be found in a season's search among the North Sea fishing fleet. The result of this greater care is that the Englishmen land their catch in better shape than do our men.

There is a great difference between English and American hook-and-line fishermen in the matter of results. The English crews put in as many hours as do we in America, but they accomplish far less. And yet nobody who watched the men of the Venus for a trip would ask them to work any harder than they do—it would be cruel. Sixteen to eighteen hours a day is their portion, not including time spent on watch, but they do not hurry along as do our men. In our vessels, it is drive, drive, drive all the time. It is said that hailing from Grimsby are men who can dress fish as fast as the speediest out of Gloucester; that is not disputed here, but certainly the average speed with which these North Sea people work is far behind the standard of our men. It is not in the air to rush things. There is nothing to compare with the rivalry of dory against dory, as with us. It is well known in an American trawler who are the "high-liners" of the crew and who are the "scrubs," who it is that manage to save their gear no matter what the



Long Liners—Smacks on "Dogger Bank."

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tide and weather, and who it is that are always losing theirs, and getting aboard early when it is blowing hard. The weak members, somehow or other, do not stay too long with a successful skipper, not that there is anything of ungenerous or outspoken comparison where an able couple are doing their best, but drive, drive, drive it is, and the weak members must inevitably give way. Among the English more leisurely methods prevail. Possibly the difference is inevitable. Possibly, too, it is not in excess of the difference between what might be called the national temperaments.

With that first catch of fish safely stowed away, the skipper led the way to the cabin and produced the coper's long bottle of schnapps. The skipper took a good pull and passed it to his eldest boy Bill, who wetted his lips and passed it to George. The passenger, who innocently rated George a teetotaler in the ordinary meaning of the term, supposed that the big man would merely wet his lips too, by way of compliment, and pass it on to Jim, who was plainly dying of thirst. But the passenger was fooled. George took a drag that fairly started the air bubbles from the very bottom of that long bottle. "Gie ower, gie ower, Jarje," cried the skipper in alarm, "or there'll be nowt for th' morry."

When the bottle came to Jim he held it up to the light and gauged the depth of it. "Tide's garn oot summat, ar'n't it?" and then himself allowed a moderate three fingers to gurgle away ere he handed it mischievously to Howie, the young lad, who indignantly passed it to his father. "Tha knows aw doon't drink th' pizen stoof," said Howie.

"Naw," said his father, "Howie doon't drink liquor—he smooks cigarettes."

"Aye," said George, "cigarettes."

"If Howie'll but tak arter Jarje noo," said Old Jim, "thou'lt hae happy family, Francis. Jarje a toototaler on ale," said Jim by way of explanation to the passenger. "Never gaes to pub—do ee, Jarje? For twenty year noo, ar'n't it, Jarje?"

"Aye, aboot twenty year." George was still tasting the relish on his lips.

"But thee do love a drap o' rale gude liquor, don't ee, Jarje?"

"Aye. A drap o' gude stoof yince in a whiles moost o' necessity be rare beenifit t' th' stomach o' un. But aw can no abide ale——"

"An' tha can no abide pubs."

"Noo, can no abide pubs. Ar'n't ben in pub for twenty year—since I ben marrit—noo."

"An' me an' Jim ar'n't ben awa' frae pub for twenty oors, ha' us, Auld Jim, in thirty year?"

"Aw couldna say for that, Francis—thirty year back—'tis ae lang time t' remember on wi' sartanity."

"Jim, Jim—an' thou, Francis," broke in George, "think on th' punds thee'd hae if so be thee'd kept clear o' pubs."

"So," said Auld Skipper, "an' hoo mony punds have 'ee in bank, Jarje?"

"How mony? How mony?" repeated George indignantly. "Why, thou ootrageous roysterer, ha'en't aw rared a moost expansive family? But thou—thou an' Jim—th' twa o' thee'd ooned smaks noo, if——"

"Smacks!" echoed Jim, "aye an' fleets o' smacks. Aw've coom hame—nae, no hame, for aw never had hame sin' aw waur a lad—but aw've coomed ashore wi' ten pund, fifteen pund—aye, an' twenty pund—an' Frankie th' same—in evenin', an' foond oursel's daid wi' thirst i' marnin' an' not a single tanner—not sax-pence for anither drink. Ar'n't us, Frankie?"

"Aye, an' not yince, but scoors o' times. But, oh, th' rare times us ha' ben through, Jim!"

"Ah-h," said Old Jim.

"Aw'm 'shamed of 'ee both," interjected George, "th' stranger an' th' twa lads by, Francis. An' th' woonders Howie smooks cigarettes! Does th' knaw what Bible says, Francis? 'Th' sins o' th' fayther,' says th' Lord, 'mun be veesited on th' chil——"

"Aye," said the skipper; "an' noo if thou'rt done preachin', will tha cast loose th' tea-kettle? Do the Bible say aboot th' sins o' they as mak fast to tea-kettle an' niver lets un get awa'—do it?"

"Oh, aye, th' tea-kettle. Aw forgot th' tea-kettle, Francis."

"Iss, but tha never forgets to preach."

We had sailed from Grimsby on a Tuesday morning. On the Sunday afternoon following we had used up the last of the

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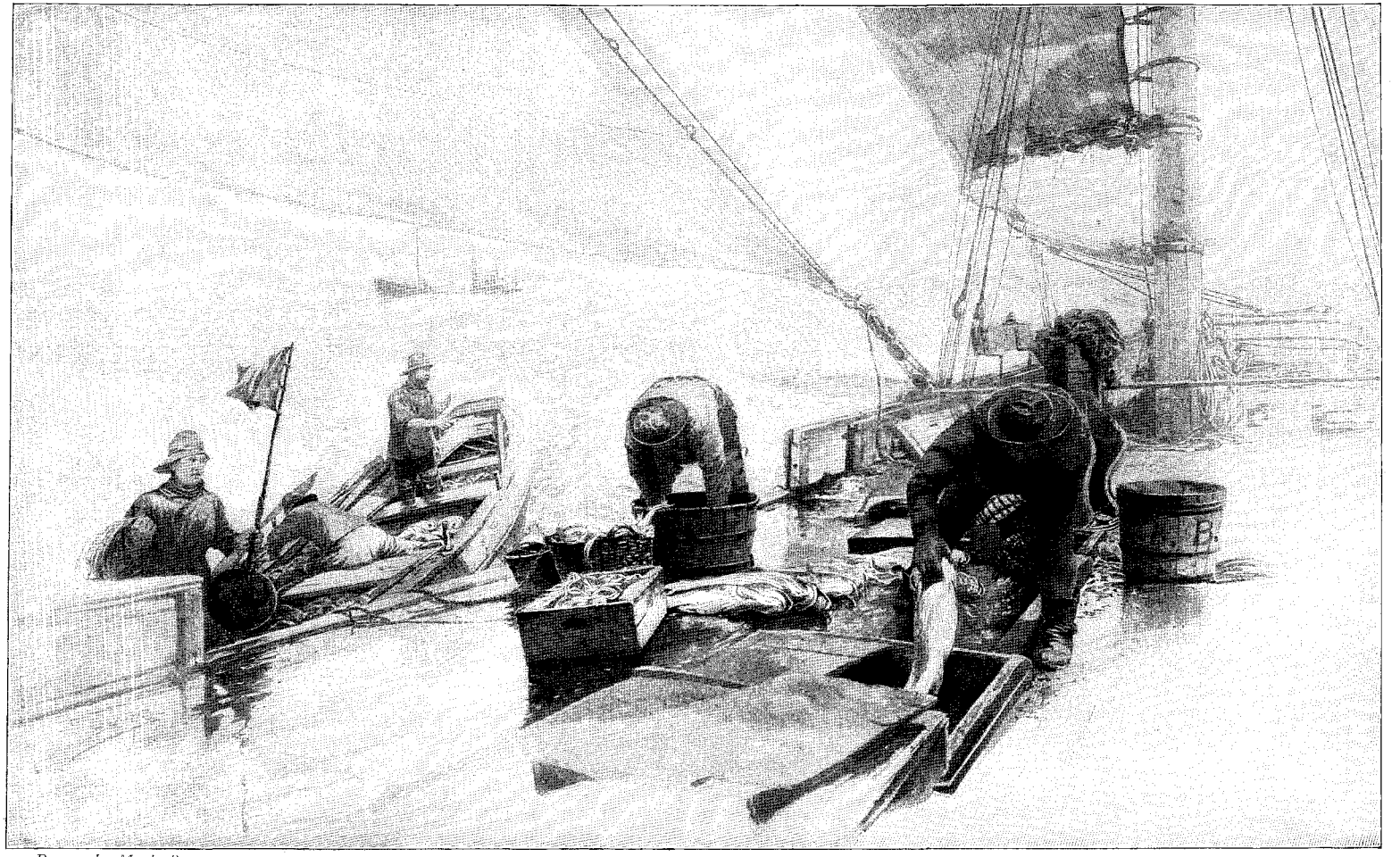

Drawn by M. J. Burns

Every fish here was handled with care.

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bait and had hauled the last line. With the fish washed and ready for stowing, it was time to put for home, but the question arose as to our position. These smacksmen work by dead reckoning—compass and log. Dead reckoning helped out by the lead—for soundings—tell them when they are on the grounds. But after that—with constantly changing direction and working with tide and wind, they have to depend somewhat on instinct or a fishermen's extra sense to place themselves exactly.

No sooner had the skipper spoke of going home than George had said, "Where be we noo?"

The skipper, pausing thoughtfully, but winking down at Jim, as he lowered the basket of whiting, answered: "On Silver Pit, aw'm thinkin'."

"Aye, na doot," snorted George; "but whereaboots on Silver Pit?"

The skipper stopped and considered, this time in all seriousness.

"Let be a breath noo, whiles aw reckons it oop. Us coom eight an' soxty mile east by nowthe frae Spurn, ar'n't us?—then drifted summat. Tuesday, got shut o' first line. Tuesday night, then Wednesday night, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, an' this be Soonday. Five nights ben driftin'—tide, wind, an' sea to reckon on. But us ben makin' east and sooth all th' time—some to sooth, but mair t' east. Say eight or ten mile to sooth'ard, but most twice that t' east'ard. We'll be noo—that be th' last basket, Jim—we'll be noo eighty or five an' eighty mile frae Spurn Lightship, an' if us start noo, westerly as near as aw'd care to steer would bring us in, Jarje."

"Five an' eighty mile!" shouted George; "'twould be a lang line would stretch frae here to eighty mile, let be to five and eighty mile east frae Spurn Lightship. Aw'd like well to hae such a line wi' a whitin', or e'en a little 'addock on ev'ry tenth hook. Aw'd make ae rare v'yge o' it. What dost th' say, Jim?"

Auld Jim, who was leaning with his elbows on the hatch combings, in the full comfort of a man who had done his work, took a look above and about him, as if the weather were a more important matter than their position on Silver Pit. "A fine night this 'll be, a rare night, Francis. Eh, Jarge? Oh, aye—how far frae Spurn noo? Aw'm not saying, but what care I how far we be? That's the business o' Frankie, an' what Frankie says will de me. If Frank says five an' eighty, then five an' eighty let be. Frankie knaws, don't ee, Auld Frank?"

"'Tis quick settled," answered the skipper. "'Ere be a steam trawler coomin'—hail yan, Jarje."

"Aye, an' I will," said Jarje, "but yan looks t' be comin' frae th' sooth."

"Ben workin' t' th' sooth'ard—ma' be to Markham's Hole, or Leman's, an' foond fishin' poor. But he no drags trawl like ane of oor lads, think 'ee, Jim?"

"Yan will be a Dootchman," observed Jim, who had the eyes of the smack.

"Aye, na doot, na doot," said the skipper; "but what kind of a Dootchman?"

"Belgian-like—oot o' Ostende."

"Ma'be, ma'be, but hail, Jarje, hail. Thou hast th' lungs for it."

"What-ho!" roared George.

A voice answered back, something or other, but we could not make out what it was.

George hailed again, this time even more robustly.

"O-ho-o, aboord th' steamer—O-ho-o," and added, in his natural voice: "An' what a roosty lad. No Belgian yan—Belgians be clean like. What did 'ee mak o' it, Jim?"

"Aw made nowt o' it, George. Hail 'im yince again."

Though the crew of the steamer crowded to the rail and were plainly shouting something at us, we could not distinguish their words.

"She's number owt, fower, sox, an' sox again on bow, but th' name's ower roosty on 'er t' mak oot. She'll be a Dootchman certain," said Jim.

"Aye," said the skipper, "but what kind of a Dootchman?" He turned to the passenger, "Will 'ee speak t' him? Na'be th' knaws soom foreign speech to try on 'im."

"Get oor bearin's oot o' him, if tha can," added George.

The passenger tried hard to remember the fitting French phrase, and when he thought he had it pat hurled it at the stranger.

But no answer—that is, no intelligible answer.

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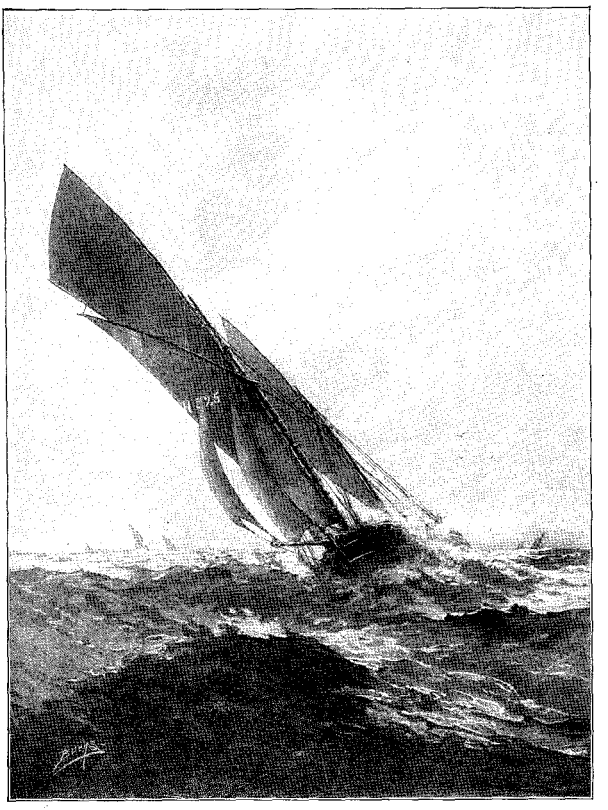

The Venus did not bury herself, but she went part way.

He volleyed it again, but still no results.

"What would 'ee call that?" asked the skipper, while the passenger was drawing breath.

"French I meant it for, French."

"Aye, aw thought like, didna thee Jim?"

"Aye, soonded ower like fine French, that, Francis."

"Can tha hail in Dootch—aw mean in the Dootch like they speaks oot o' Hamburg?"

From out of the depths of a long-neglected vocabulary the passenger evolved a sentence or two and carefully articulated the same for the benefit of the drifting stranger. Nothing came of it, and he repeated, this time thickening his voice to what he estimated was fine German measure. Still nothing came of it, and as once again nothing came of it he gave it up. "Maybe he's a Dutchman," he said in despair.

"Oh, aye," said Auld Skipper, "so us ben sayin', but what kind of a Dootchman? Hooever, let un be for a obstinate fowreigner. Dom all fowreigners, say I, if so be they canna speak nowt but their own queer speech. What do thee say, Jim?"

"Aye, ignorant chaps, Francis, most ignorant chaps, though some aw've met war fine chaps, too. But let un gae, yan's a lad frae th' west'ard. He'll be out o' Hull, this chap—Blue Cross line by th' looks. Hail yan, Jarje, an' tha'll soon knaw where we be."

"Aw'll hail," said George, "an' if he's Hull craft yan, us'll get oor bearin's proper."

"Aye," said Jim, "yan'll knaw. Troost th' steam trawlers t' ha' things right."

"Aye," said George, "yan'll knaw. What ho!" he roared.

"What ho!" came back from the man in the wheel-house of the trawler.

"Thou'lt be oot o' Hull?" inquired George.

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"Aye, from Hull."

"Gude," said George. "Then will tha gie us oor bearin's frae Spurn Lightship? Whar be we noo?"

"Aye, wait." The master of the trawler took a look at his compass and then stepped out by the bridge-rail and studied the log. "Noo," said George, in an aside to Jim and Auld Skipper, "noo, ye'll knaw."

"We've come east one quarter north and——" The master of the steamer took another look at the log.

"East an' quowter nowthe," repeated George, "that doon't soond right——"

"And eighty-three miles," completed the steamer's master.

"What did tha say?" exclaimed George.

He on the steamer took another look at his log. "Eighty-three miles."

"Hoo mooch?" screamed incredulous George.

"Eight-y three-ee mi-i-les—eight-t-ty thr-r-ee-ee mi-i-les."

"Eight-t-ty thr-r-ee-ee mi-i-i-le," roared George after him—"eight-t-ty thr-r-ee-ee mi-i-i-le," he mimicked. "Gae t' th' de'il wi' thee, will 'ee? Tha talks like th' Dootchman."

It was not often that Jim laughed aloud, but now he burst into a great roar and fell back into the hold with weakness. "Eight-t-ty thr-r-ee-ee mi-i-i-le—gae t' th' de'il wi' thee, will 'ee—ho-ho—" roared Jim. "Thou'rt still th' stongest aboord ship on releegion, but if thou'll but leave th' management o' th' smack t' Auld Frank thy hope o' Heaven 'll be even as gude as 'tis noo, an' th' missis ma'be no so certain t' die a widdy."

"Aw see no great deeference whether it be five an' seventy or three an' eighty mile arter all, James." The big man was pouting.

"Nor whither it be west an' quowter sooth gaein' hame or west an' half sooth. Ma'be no. But if so be it was winter noo an' thick snaw an' gale frae th' nowthe or east—lee shore an' sma' deeference twixt land an' snaw-clouds—it might mean summat t' th' rest o' us whether we made th' mooth o' th' Humber or some o' th' shoal spots along Linco'shire shore—Sand Haile flats or th' like. An' if——"

"Jim, Auld Jim," broke in the skipper, "never thee mind—no more o' it. Jarje knaws th' Nowthe Sea as well as ever do ony o' us. All o' us gaes a bit wrang an oor reck'nin' some time. But we'll p'int auld Venus t' west'ard noo. Billie, lad, tak tiller an' lay her west an' quowter sooth—an' put th' log oot. Jarje will tak thy place at eight o'clock. We'll go below noo an' hae bit t' eat."

"An' set th' clock to rights, fayther," said Bill.

"Aye, an' set th' clock to rights—aw most forgot th' clock."

The clock that needed setting to rights was a new thing, whose eccentricities they had not yet gauged. It hung above the fireplace at the farther end of the cabin, facing aft. It seemed that whenever the crew happened to think of it, and this would seem to be when leaving port or leaving the grounds, they would attend to the clock. Lately the clock had been given to gaining time.

"There'll be sox marks coomin' to it, fayther," said young Howie. "Th' marnin' we coomed oot aw looked on whiles Jarje set un. Six marks—twa marks a day for three days, an' there be three days coomin' to it by marnin' again. See, fayther."

"Gie ower wi' tha lang fingers an' aw'll put to rights. Sox marks tha said t' put un, Jarje? Aye. An' did tha put t' south-'ard or nowth'ard th' other time, Jarje?"

"Other day?—to nowth'ard, Francis."

"Aye, fayther. Aw war by when Jarje set to rights."

"Hauld tha tongue—thou'rt confusin'. Noo, sox marks for three days garn an' sox marks for three days t' coom—twa days a'ready coom an' day by marnin'. Half oor for th' ane three days an' half oor for th' ither three days—ane oor all towld."

Auld Skipper carefully guided the long hand around, while Howie stood looking over his shoulder. Both gave the impression of men who were settling the destinies of nations.

"Oh, aye—ho, Jarje," the skipper stepped back in surprise. "It'll be eight o'clock an' thy watch a'ready. Dom, but it's comical clock—see un, Jarge—see un, Jim—eight o'clock a'ready, see un, Jarje!"

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"Ha!" breathed George, and staring. "Ha!" He had been pouring out tea for himself, while the skipper and Howie had been busy with the clock, and he was blowing into his mug to cool it when Auld Skipper surprised him with the announcement of the sudden advance in time. "What? What did th' say, Francis?"

"Aw said, 'Eight o'clock.' 'Tis thy watch as agreed on—eight o'clock. An' Howie lad, tell Bill to wait a bit, and he'll eat sooper below—Jarje will be oop i' short time to tak th' tiller."

"Eight o'clock!" George set his mug of tea on the locker, and arose like a man that had been etherized. "Eight o'clock! an' when us coomed doon only quowter t' se'en! Nae, nae, Francis—there's mistake."

"Hoo can there be mistak? There's clock an' there's th' oor o' eight on it."

"Eight o'clock! Art certain?" George stooped over and had a look for himself. "Eight o'clock—why, so 'tis. Eight o'clock! Most surprisin' that, ar'n't it, Jim? On'y quowter t' se'en when us coomed down. Aw looked an' said—mind, Jim?—quowter t' se'en, oor an' quowter afore us cooms watch—plenty time for sooper an' gude smook. Ar'n't so, Jim?"

"Aye, Jarje—heard 'ee masel'. 'Quowter t' se'en,' tha said, though 'twas wee bit beyant th' quowter.'"

"Ma'be, but verra little. An' not ten minutes back that. An' noo, an' noo, eight o'clock."

"Aye," said Jim, "most comical that."

George held his breath and eyed the clock fixedly. All at once he gave a little leap that caused his head to hit the roof of the cabin.

"Dom! Look 'ere, Francis. What direction did tha say tha put tha lang hand—to nowth'ard or soothard?"

"Nowth'ard—let be noo, oh aye, to nowth'ard."

"Aye, fayther, to nowth'ard—aw see'd 'ee."

"'Tar'n't right—'tar'n't right!"

"'Tar'n't right? An' why 'tar'n't right, Jarje?"

"Should be t' sooth'ard."

"T' sooth'ard? An' thou thasel' said t' put t' nowth'ard. An' Howie lookin' at 'ee when th' set un afore."

"Aye, fayther."

"Oh, aye, Francis, but th' Venus war gaein' t' east'ard then, Auld Venus gaein' t' west'ard noo."

The skipper braced himself on his sturdy legs while the principle of that filtered through his brain. Once he got the idea settled he quickly made amends. "Oh, aye, Jarje, th'art right. Aw'll set t' right." He put the hands back to seven o'clock. "Twelve marks noo—ma sowl, sox o'clock. Aw'll tell Billie."

He called up the companion-way. "Oh, Billie, thou'rt not t' coom doon for two oors yet. Clock gaes th' other way, t' sooth'ard, but aw'll send 'ee oop mug o' hot tea—iss." Then he turned on the young lad. "Howie, thou young de'il, why didna mind t' say we war gaein' t' east'ard when Jarje set clock last time? Here, noo, tak tha brother oop mug o' tea."

"Aye," said George, "tak th' puir lad mug o' hot tea. 'Tis rare gude, is hot tea—but gaes better in cabin, doon't it, Jim?"

"Aye," answered Jim, "'tis verra discompoosin' t' tak tea when tha can no tak it in coomfort—gude tea this, Jarje."

"Aye, Jim, gran'. But if aw didna oonderstand th' engineerin' o' th' clock, 'twouldna taste so fine—nae."

"Nae indeed, Jarje. But it's comical clock—yan."

It was a fine sort of a fresh summer's night when George took the tiller for his three hours' watch. "She'll be daein' sox knots or mair for hersel' aw'm thinkin'," was the comment that followed his first glance over the side and stern. After some thoughtful gazing above and about him he filled and lit his pipe. He shifted from one hip to the other before he thought to bring over two bait-boxes, pile them beside the tiller, and sit himself at ease. "She do steer gentle like—the auld Venus—in a breeze o' this kind. But in a blaw, lad—she's aye wuss nor ony steamboat—aye." He puffed out clouds of smoke and tried to watch the wind whisk them off. It was a fine June night, not too cool for comfort, with a smooth sea and steady breeze.

George was too good a seaman to sit there long and not take notice of how the ship was working. His was a brain that

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could busy itself with details. "Half p'int nearer wind 'll be better. West quowter soothe, nae—but west quowther nowthe, iss." A scrutinizing glance forward and the matter of sheets at once claimed his attention. "Mun haul in sheets, lad. Francis is aye ower loose wi' sheets — he's ower loose in mony things, wi' his money an' his baccy an' his ale—aye, a free man is Francis. 'Tis characterеestic o' Francis t' be free, as tha mae ha' noticed ma'be, an' he do love t' sail wi' a free sheet—iss. Aw mun tak in sheet. Main and mizzen sheets haul in. Jib an' fore let be so."

There was some further commune with the stillness of the night, a comment or two of the sea rippling past her rail, a remark on the eddies in her wake, another on the tug of the halliards aloft, and George came back to where he had left off.

"It be characterеestic o' Francis, as aw might say—free sheets. Aw was yince a wild young blade like Francis ma'sel'—iss. Aw'd drink an' crack on awfu'—iss. Five pund, aye an' five guineas for suit o' clothes — jist coat an' waistcoast an' troosers—oh, th' bonny troosers aw had yince—five guineas like awny steam trawler master noo-a-days for suit o' clothes. But then aw got releegion an' marrit—t'gither, doon't allus gae t'gither, nae—an' aw've ben anither kind o' mon sin—iss, a deeferent mon."

George, sitting on the bait-boxes beside the tiller, with one eye to the compass and the other to the sails, with now and then a glance to the heavens and the sea about him—George, sitting in great comfort so, with his pipe drawing nicely, worked clear of the tempestuous days of his heedless youth and drifted gently to the quieter, happier days of his thoughtful manhood. As he became even more self-forgetful of the present, memories of home stirred him to expressions of unwonted sentiment. There was the wife. 'Twas she who knitted him the fine guernseys and the fine underwear. "Feel th' texture o' it, lad. Eleven bob for th' yarn by itsel'—th' couldna get ane like that in th' shop for pund an' ten—nae. An' this, lad—feel—" George rolled up his sleeve and the passenger pinched the fore-arm and side-ribs for the complete proof of the excellence of the goods. "An' allus ready again ma return. An' how her do look arter th' bairns, lad! On Soondays when aw'm t' hame—awn't ben hame for two trips noo, but, please Lord, aw'll be hame this night fortnight—on Soondays when we strolls int' th' coontry wi' th' bairns, th' misses an' misel'—it's gran', lad, jist gran'. There's th' hedges by th' roadside, th' medders, th' coos, th' hills wi' th' sun on 'em, th' little brooks—thou couldst no imagine it, lad—an' th' smell o' it all—aye, but it's rare—rare, lad—an' coomin' hame i' th' evenin' wi' th' church bells—thou mun ha' church bells in thy place? Aye, ar'n't it gran' on a Soonday evenin'? Ah-h, an' this verra moment they'll be chimin' in oor place. Lad, if so be 'twas ma smack do th' suspect what aw'd dae? Aw'd put 'er straight for hame? Aye, nor'west by west would mak it—could jist hauld her oop to it wi' wind this way. An' t'morry night at latest aw'd be hame wi' th' missis an' th' bairns playin' by th' door. Oh, lad, lad, but there's nowt else like that—th' bairns playin', wi' th' misses by th' door on a Soonday evenin' an' climbin' all ower me an' pullin' th' beard o' me, an' me smokin' a pipeful on th' neighbor's stoop ower th' way. Look at yan noo—th' moon ahead—see un ower th' jib when Venus dips. What think th' bairns say aboot the moon? Missis towld 'em yince, puir bairns, an' they never forget—nae. 'Whatever becooms o' th' moon when us sees nowt o' it—when it gaes awa', mither?' An' missis says, 'They cuts it into little stars, shinie stars'—aye, th' missis tells 'em, an' th' bairns believes, the puir, puir bairns. Same moon yan. Soonday night this, lad, an' ma'be her's tellin' summat like it noo—this verra minute. Ma'be she's tellin' them how fayther's oot on Dogger fishin' for them. Aye, fishin' for th' bairns an' missis. 'Tis that haulds us here in gale an' cauld—th' bairns an' missis. Lad, lad, th' black nights aw've feared for them. Last Octowber 'twas when three an' thirty men o' Fylie never coomed hame, an' was acquainted wi' mair than th' half o' them masel—three an' thirty men o' Fylie gone to the bottom in a single gale. Francis an' Auld Jim—ah, but they be twa gran' hands when it cooms to blaw for all their free

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ways ashore. Th' three on us an' twa men o'wisby were on Dogger that night, an' for three nights arter. Lad, lad, th' win' an' sea—'twas frightful, fair frightful. Na dry bread nor hot tea did us see for fower days an' fower nights—nae. Wet, cloothes, wet cabin, aye, an' oor beds in oor verra bunks wet—an' three an' thirty men, gude men oot o' Fylie, garn, they towld us when we coomed hame. Aw tell 'ee, lad, on a night like this, when it be all so fine an' starry an' fine moon, men shouldna forget th' bad nights—noo, mun allus be ready. There's no sayin' when oor time'll coom—nae mon can say."

When Auld Jim came on deck at eleven o'clock, to take the tiller from George, his first move was to kick the bait-boxes to one side, and his next, after taking an extra long look at the compass, was to put the smack on her original course. "West an' quowter nowthe—nae," said Jim. "That will be some o' Jarge's savin' notions. But 'west an' quowter su'the,' as Francis said. A gude man is Jarge, but he's savin' an' all for the family an' missis. Tauld 'ee t' get marrit, didna 'ee? Aye, get marrit. An' arter that? Did 'ee promise 'ee owt then? Aw've never been marrit, an' ma'be aw shouldna say owt, but Francis ben marrit, an' what do Francis say? Francis says, 'Jim, Auld Jim, it's na bad bein' marrit—get marrit if th' feels that way—but mind this,' Francis says, 'mind this, Auld Jim, thou'll never agen hae th' oon way.' There's what Auld Frank says."

"And what does he say about religion?"

"'Ee says nowt aboot releegion. Francis, aw'm thinkin', never expeerienced releegion lang enou t' be able t' say owt aboot it. Ae verra joost man is Frankie, an' so he says nowt aboot releegion."

Jim whistled to leeward when he found himself alone, and followed that up with an attempt at a song. As his sense of rhythm was a more tenacious thing than his memory for words, he got out for a long time nothing more definite than a string of those too-roo-roo things of which all men of the sea seem to be so fond. But later on, when he was alone, or, rather, when he thought he was alone—the passenger being under the shadow of the mainsail—Jim did sing a few old airs with words sufficient to entitle them to be called ballads.

One must imagine him—one hand to the carved rope's-end of the tiller, and one hand up under the breast of his guernsey, stamping his boot-heels and bobbing his sou'-wester in emphasis—a short, sturdy figure of a man, holding the Venus to her westerly course across the North Sea, and striving to lighten the solemn hours with the songs that eased his heart.

Aw kissed ma lass an' aw said Good-by,
Aw kissed her fair—"Good-by—good-by."
An' says, "Sweetheart, aw'm garn awye."
Aw says to her, "Good-by—good-by."

On ma breast she cried, while aw hove-to,
"Whatever," says she, "is a lass to do
When her lad's awye? Aw've nowt but 'oo.
An' aw've nae ither lad but 'oo."

An' she sets out again to cry,
An' aw starts again to kiss good-by.
"Good-by, good-by, an' mind 'ee, sweet,
While aw'm awye wi' tha Nowthe Sea fleet."
An' aw kissed ma lass, a Filie lass,
Aw kissed ma lass a sweet good-by.

The moon was coming and going behind little clumps of clouds that were hurrying south; the cross-sea was slapping cool little splashes of spray aboard the smack; down to leeward a dipping red light, and up to windward a green one, told of two other craft, fishermen doubtless, bound to the west'ard. Those were the only two lights of this earth in sight, and below in our cabin all were sleeping soundly. A vast auditorium, but a slim attendance. However, that probably mattered little to Auld Jim, and on he sang until he suspected it was two o'clock and time to arouse Auld Skipper.

"An' thou'd dae well t' put on th' oil-smock, Francis," was Jim's advice to the skipper when he had got him out on the locker. "It be coomin' to breeze. Wind in plenty afore auld Venus butts her nose past Spurn. It be a-whistlin' a'ready."

Auld Skipper, before his shoulders were yet above the companion-way, took a whiff and a long look. "Aye, Jim, thou'rt right. Fresh, ar'n't it. Fine an' fresh. But get 'ee below, Jim, an' hae mug o' tea arter thy watch an' a bit o' sleep agen th' day t' coom. An' thou, too, lad, get 'ee below an' hae mug o' fine tea wi' Jim—there be tea i' plenty below, plenty."

When the passenger came on deck

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again he immediately became aware that the set of the main and mizzen sails had caught the skipper's eye.

"Ho, lad," he called, "did Jim hae owt t' do wi' sheets?"

"I didn't notice."

"Na? 'Twill be Jarje then. Aw shant ask thee, for aw knaws. Sma' deeference 'twould mak t' Auld Jim. Sheets might be close as paint or free as th' sea for all Jim 'd care. It'll be Jarje—certain it'll be Jarje. Economical is Jarje—teetotaler an' likes well to sail close-hauled. Savin' o' th' wind an' Lord knaws there be a soofeeciency o' that i' th' Nowthe Sea. Lord knaws—iss. But Jarje—there be no abidin' some o' Jarje's close-hauled notions. Will tha pay oot a bit mair o' th' main sheet, lad? Watch out, noo—it be no like thy American sails wi' boom to foot. Un will slat 'ee—watch oot. A bit mair—aye—gude—gude—mak fast. Aw'll put mizzen t' rights masel'. Thank 'ee, lad, thank 'ee, an' dom Jarje."

The rising wind was whistling gayly enough through her tops, but Auld Skipper himself was quiet as a man should be in the last darkness of the night. He stood beside the tiller, for what must have been a full half-hour after the matter of the sheets before he broke silence again, and that was a long spell for the skipper. However, the glory of a colorful dawn, with the golden beauty of one particular shaft that came over our taffrail, stirred him to speech again. "Fine sun astarn, ar'n't it, lad? Rare red, ar'nt it?—iss—red like th' fire i' th' cabin grate on a cauld night. But sky'll be clearer, aye, clear's awny summer sky owt t' be—plenty o' wind, but glor'ous, glor'ous. Fine breeze an' we be gaein' noo. Tak i' log, will 'ee lad, an' see what says?"

The passenger coiled it in and announced results—"Forty-five miles."

"Fowerty-five—five an' fowerty. That will mak it—let be noo—that will mak it eight an' thirty miles to Spurn. Look 'ee, lad. Coomin' doon th' Humber tha smiled t' thysel'—oh, aw saw thee—when aw said Auld Venus yince made eleven knowts. It be arter three o'clock noo—five minutes arter—mak note o' it. Eight an' thirty knowts to gae. Put on Jarje's great coat an' th' ither pair o' great boots an' watch Auld Venus sail t' Grimsby. She's rowlin' proper noo, is Auld Venus. But what's yan ahead? Steam trawler boond oot, an' aw think aw knaw who she be. She'll be coomin' cloose. Aye, she'll be speakin' us. Aw knaws her noo. The Turtle—aye—wi' little Johnnie Byers master. Johnnie waur yince apprentice wi' me same's Bill an' Howie be noo. Would get his fifteen shillin' a week then wi' twa lines in every thirty for himsel'. But noo—master o' fine steam trawler noo. A gude lad, Johnnie—allus waur. Look noo!—see un gie ower th' wheel an' coom oot on bridge t' speak. Can tha mak un oot? Aye, that be Johnnie."

"What ho, Old Skipper," called a voice from the bridge that was beginning to loom above us.

"What ho?" returned Auld Skipper, "that 'ee, Johnnie? Hoo art thee?"

"Fine."

"Tha looks it. Where noo?"

"Oh, out to the east'ard here somewhere—cod."

"Aye—good luck t' thee, Johnnie lad."

"An' good luck to you, Old Skipper. Here's for you." Something came scaling down from the trawler's bridge as she went ploughing by.

"That's Johnnie—fine lad that," said Auld Skipper, gazing after the steamer. "Allus heaves soomthing aboord when gaein' by. Go for'ard, lad, an' see what it be."

The passenger picked a herring out from under the cobble and held it up.

"Oh, aye," chuckled the skipper, "herrin'. That be th' style o' Johnnie. Soometimes it be a lump o' coal."

The red dawn was beginning to give way now to what promised to be a perfect morning of its kind. It was blowing half a gale of wind, not cold and disagreeable wind, but wind that warmed a man's cheek, wind that vitalized, that made a man's blood race with the sea, that made man feel that he ought to be doing something—to be jumping about, shouldering somebody, or like the skipper at the tiller, holding her up and taking, on boots, oil-smock and sou'-wester, and full in the beard, the rain bowed acres of spray over the rail, and talking joyously all the while.

"Sox an' twenty boxes o' whitin's an' ten boxes o' 'addocks i' th' hold. Twa an' twenty shillin's for th' whitin's an' a

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fair price for th' 'addocks, ma'be—ma'be no. But say seventeen bob—tho' scand'lous low price that be. But at seventeen shillin' 'twill be gude v'yage, lad, a gude v'yage. An' a score o' fine cod. Did tha see th' cod on ice, lad? Gran' cod, aye. An' there be sole an' plaice an' th' miscellan'ous—most anither box. Oh, all t'gither we'll hae gran' v'yage o' it—gran' v'yage. There'll be summat gude t' send hame to missis arter this v'yage—aye."

So Auld Skipper, in his optimistic way, anticipated the profits, as he stood to the tiller, drenched, and watched the Venus, which from the length of her bowsprit and from knight-head to taffrail, throughout every inch of her length and breadth —was soaking in brine. It was shining in little pools in every hollow of her worn and tarred planks, and it was running off the elevations—the combings, the rails, and the companion-way. The foot of her mainsail was heavy with it, and in the bottom of the cobble a man could have gone wading. She herself enjoyed it, and any high-shouldered, white-collared, pale green gentleman that cared to try could come aboard and welcome. But none stayed long. They may have reckoned her an ancient lady, and, truly speaking, she was, but goodness—. She had known in her time some North Sea gentlemen that were really able and a credit to their birthplace, but these summer youth—poof!

"Think 'ee th' mermaids we hears of gaes on like th' auld Venus—divin' like an' rowlin' ower i' th' sea?" queried the skipper. "She do rowl, doont she?" He himself, minding it no more than if he were a can buoy, kept sawing away at the tiller. When he saw a sea coming, he would duck his head and take it on his sou'wester if it were a small one, or turn a shoulder and take it on his back if it were a big fellow. When he was too late, and he got it fair in the face, he would laugh and shake his head. "A bit mair or less, it be a sma' matter."

Approaching Spurn Light-ship the skipper called out to the passenger, "Tak in log noo an' see what says."

The passenger hauled it in and read: "Eighty-two, a little better than eighty-two."

"What say — eighty-two? Twa an' eighty? There noo—what did aw say? That be se'en an' thirty mile sin' tha hauled in afore, ar'n't it? An' hoo mony oors? Call below for time. What say? Ten to se'en. Ten to se'en—let be noo —three oors an' three quowters for th' se'en an' thirty mile. What be that i' th' oor? Nine an' three-quowters knowts? —nine an' three-quowter gude? Aye, an' noo what think 'ee o' th' auld Venus?"

The passenger admitted that she wasn't so very slow.

"Aye, she do gae summat. This wind suits her rare. An' ar'n't she the de'il for carryin' canvas? — booth tops'ls noo. Her's rowlin' summat, but her's hauldin' on t' it. Thee war tellin' th' ither day aboot th' Glowster vessils in 'Merica—think 'ee noo they'd lug canvas like auld Venus—twa tops'ls?

"What do tha say—what? Not oonly hae booth tops'ls but th' great stays'l they sets aloft an' great balloon—flyin' jib like? An' mair if they had un in sail-room? I' breeze like this? I' breeze like this, lad?"

The passenger gravely affirmed it.

"Stays'l aloft an' tops'ls an' balloon!" repeated the skipper. "Ma sowl! An' aw had mind a moment garn to tak in oor oon twa tops'ls. Aye. But sha'n't noo—nae—they twa stays oop if so be th' Auld Venus bury hersel'—iss."

The Venus did not bury herself, but she went part way. The pale-green, white-collared gentlemen began to find a way to come aboard. The old smack would have avoided some of them, and of her own accord, doubtless, but now the skipper held her to it relentlessly.

Closing in on the Bull Sand Light-ship, which lay stern-on to the channel, the passenger asked, "How close, skipper, would you care to sail to that?"

"To th' Bull? Cloose enou' for thou, if tha'll stand at fore riggin', to twist th' tail of un."

"For a crown?"

"For twenty croons."

"For a crown." The passenger, grasping a ratline with his right hand, leaned out and prepared to swoop with the cap in his left hand. "Ready, skipper?"

"A' ready."

"Now!"

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"Noo!" The passenger saw himself sweeping down on the taffrail of the light-ship. "I don't want to go aboard, skipper, you know."

"Nae fear—hauld tight." The Venus lifted and dove, the passenger swayed and lunged. His cap just touched the varnish on the stern of the Bull.

"Hoo close, lad?"

"Plenty close—your crown."

"Gude for 'ee, Francis, gude for 'ee—" Jim had come on deck—"us'll ha' soom rare ale oot o' that croon."

In that fashion did Auld Jim drive the mouth of the Humber and up the broad river to Grimsby. From Bull, north-north-west, as close as she would sail, with Bull sands safe to leeward, and then west by north, except for one short leg on the port tack to clear a spit of sand to the north of Clee Ness sands. After that it was straight and fast as she could go for the hydraulic tower beyond the outer gate of Grimsby's docks. Four lengths away and down came our lug topsails and in came our jib.

The old barnacles were there on the pier-head as the skipper shot her in. "What cheer, Old Skipper?" came the salutation.

"What cheer, Tammie, what cheer?"

"Had good trip?"

"Middlin', Tammie, middlin'."

"That's good. I'll see you on the pontoon, maybe, later."

"Aye, Tammie, coom around arter fish be sold."

The skipper was scraping her along the pier toward the gate. At the same place where in going out we had given up a ticket, another silver-buttoned man called out, "Any sick?"

"Na sick."

The skipper had eyes out for a man in authority on the pontoon. "You'll tie up alongside that near trawler yonder—the Drake," said this man.

"Aye." The smack was steered gently until she rubbed her low, tarred planks against the high, varnished sides of the Drake. A drowsy loafer, smoking a pipe, made a bungling job of catching our line, but Jim made a long leap from her bow and slipped the loop of the line over a cleat on the pontoon, before she had time to drop away.

"All well—mak fast," said Jim.

"Fast she be," said George.

Auld Skipper let go the tiller, removed his sou'-wester, squeezed the brine out of his whiskers, and smiled, though somewhat wearily. "To port again—th' auld Venus—an' thank th' Lord."

A FIGHT WITH A MUSKALLONGE

By John R. Rathom

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. FROST

THE dictionaries give twenty-three ways of spelling the word "muskallonge," but there's only one way to fight him and only one particular, peculiar kind of heart-palpitation that he gives the fisherman who catches him napping. For what the leaping tuna is to the Pacific Coast and the tarpon to Florida, is the muskallonge to the lakes of the great Northwest.

To begin with, call him by the familiar term with which sportsmen have come to know and revere him—the "musky." The very word tells of his standing as the greatest game fish in American waters, for he is the only one of them that has had his name so affectionately abbreviated. You can hear a devotee of the sport talk about the pugnacious bass, the trout, or the pike in matter-of-fact manner; but, if he knows the game and loves it, his voice takes on a different tone when he speaks of the musky.

Fishing trips are very much like love-affairs in one way: they say a man can only have one grand affair of the heart; to catch one's twentieth or thirtieth big musky is sport, sublime and bracing sport, too, but to catch one's first—well, I'll make a feeble effort to put the thing into words.

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You have cut loose from all the reminders of a base and barren workaday world, and are being rowed over your chosen fishing-ground by a trusty and well-recommended guide. This human product of the city man's desire for sport generally sits ahead with one eye closed. The other is focussed perpetually on the back of your head in the attempt to hypnotize you into the belief that he carries on a private correspondence daily with every big musky in the lake, and knows the exact spots where they are waiting for you. He has already modestly informed you that "those waters" or "them waters" or "those places yonder acrost" are to him an open book, and that the only guide in North America worthy of the name "ain't no thousand miles out of this boat, sir, if I do say it meself."

He takes you at a moderate speed round the lake, skirting the edges of the weed-beds near shore, and circling others that spring up like islands in the middle of the beautiful sheet of water. Out between fifty and eighty feet behind you stretches your line, and back of it runs a fast twirling spoon with a bare gang of hooks or a minnow attached. The vibrations of the brilliant piece of revolving metal send a steady shiver down through your steel rod and into the very tips of your fingers, not only signalling "all clear below," but sounding a perpetual warning to you to be ready and on your guard. If you happen to be a stock-broker back in town you'll probably liken it to the sensation of standing with a ticker tape in your hand and waiting for the next move at the other end of the machine.

Steady! A swift tug at the line. If you are experienced at the game you simply smother an exclamation with a cough and begin to reel in slowly like a man who has a painful duty to perform, for you know that your hooks have picked up a sizable string of water vegetation. But if you're a novice your heart goes into your mouth, you frantically shove your rod up to set the points, and begin to take in line at a mile-a-minute pace, fully believing that the record fish of the season has fallen a victim to your cunning.

The omniscient guide, however, knows better before you have been at it a second. He glances at the hang of the silken thread as it runs down over the stern, and says, in a patronizing way (it takes him about a minute after you get into the boat to find out whether you are an expert or a beginner): "Take yer time. It's weeds."

"Holy Jehoshaphat! How can you tell it's weeds without the rod in your hands?" gasps the wondering novice.

"Enstinct," he answers, with a pitying smile. "Enstinct, I guess. Why, mister, if I didn't know them things like A, B, C I'd give up this business to-morrer. It's born in us fellers."

Two minutes, five minutes, ten, and fifteen minutes go by and you are still stooping motionless. You couldn't stay in the same position so long under other circumstances, even if it meant the winning of a heavy wager. The guide's quiet and continuous chatter only filters through your subconsciousness, for most of your thoughts lie with that whirling spoon. You note in the same half-unheeding manner that another day has broken. The morning sun begins to peep over the horizon and sends a glorious rosy light across the great pine forests that cluster down to the edge of the lake. The blue-black water changes its shade here and there, lit up by golden beams and little tints of gray. The drops that hang like dew from the swishing silken cord——

Stop! A savage tug, a twist, a sudden slackening of the line, and then sixty feet away a glistening, beautiful thing shoots straight as an arrow up from below into the air, twists himself frantically in his effort to throw his body off the hooks, and plunges again like a flash into the depths of the lake.

They might as well tell you not to breathe as not to get excited at such a moment. But keep your senses as clear as you may. With a sweep of the oars the guide brings you broadside on to the battle, and keeps you in that position as closely as he can all through the fight.

"Take in your slack." This is the warning that rings in your ears. Unless you heed it you might as well give up all hope of victory, for once let him get enough loose play for a successful jerk and he will spit the hooks out of his mouth as if they were straws. Down at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees stands your line, as taut as a bar of iron, and the

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depth tells you that he is as big as he is game. The top sections of the rod in your hand bend gracefully like a whip, and sway so rapidly with every motion of the fish that they seem to have become part of his own body.

For a moment or two all is strangely still. Then, as the musky deliberately runs up the line to steal the slack he cannot get in any other way, you watch the top of the rod jump back into place, and your heart sinks as you see what appears to be certain evidence that he is off and away. "I've lost him," you say to the guide in a pathetic tone. Almost before the words are out of your mouth the oarsman, half way as excited as yourself, but trying hard to appear indifferent, shouts:

"Pick up your slack, quick; fer the love of me wild oats, pick up yer slack. He's there yet."

In confirmation comes another swift dash for liberty that almost throws the rod out of your trembling hands, and once again the steel tip bends till it almost touches the water. Tug, dive, spurt, rush; this way, that way, up and down he plunges. Inch by inch, between every gallant effort he makes, you turn your reel, bringing in the dripping line and holding on like grim death to every foot as it comes over.

Suddenly there is that strange, silent easing up once more, but this time you remember your lesson and take advantage of it. Then you begin to breathe again in the belief that the fight is almost over and your cramped wrists and fingers are about to get a well-earned respite. Over? The ridiculous idea is knocked out of your head with another smashing leap that takes him a foot out of the lake and shows him to you in the flooding sunshine only thirty feet away. Provided you don't drop the rod out of your hands in admiration at the sight, you have a fighting chance. So has he.

"Careful," says the guide, in a trembling whisper. "If that feller's a ounce he's a twenty-pounder. Hold him there a minute. Keep stiddy. I'll head into deep water."

Once, twice, three times your rod dips into the lake, and still the strain never eases, still that swift running creature below keeps up his plucky struggle. You feel the drops of sweat on your forehead, though the early morning air is as cool as the breath from some snow-clad mountain. Gradually he weakens, and you know that, barring accidents, you have won. Up, closer and closer, you draw him along till at last he floats there within a foot of your boat.

No eyes so wicked as a musky's. They glare up at you like an angry dog's, seeming to watch every motion you make. Be careful. Here it comes—his final despairing leap for liberty. As he makes it his powerful tail sweeps against the stern and deluges you with water. But the hooks hold, and once more, for the last time, you draw him again to where the guide waits with a revolver in his hand. A shot back of those glittering eyes, a shiver down the whole length of him, a swift jerk into the bottom of the boat with the gaff-hook—and you lie back in an ecstasy of exhaustion.

Then the guide, in order to impress you with the idea that he is about ninety-eight per cent. responsible for the victory, says, in a dreamy tone:

"I knew we'd get that feller if we went over a certain spot."

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Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Another smashing leap that takes him a foot out of the lake.—Page 536.

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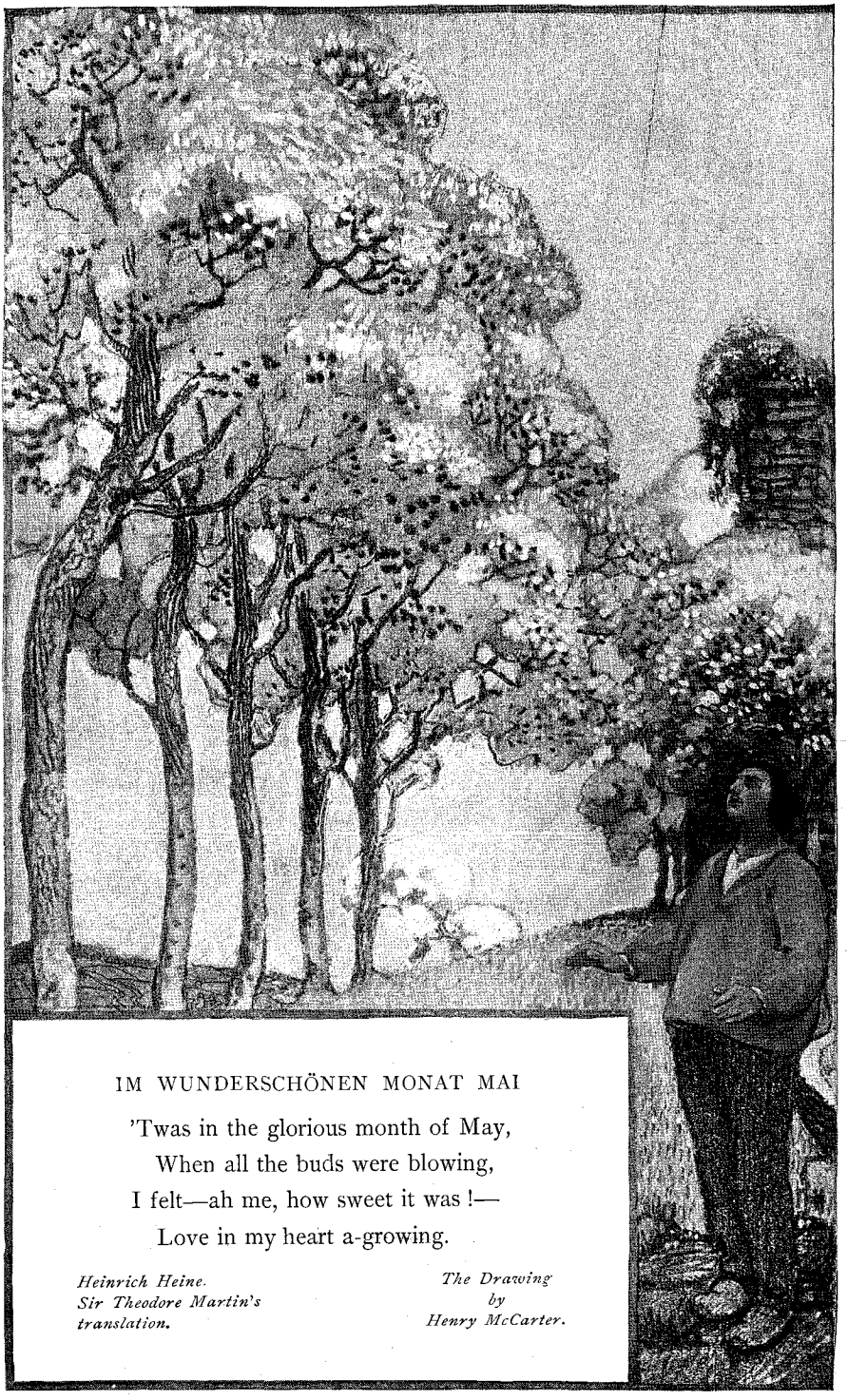

IM WUNDERSCHÖNEN MONAT MAI

'Twas in the glorious month of May,
When all the buds were blowing,
I felt—ah me, how sweet it was !—
Love in my heart a-growing.

Heinrich Heine.
Sir Theodore Martin's translation.

The Drawing by Henry McCarter.

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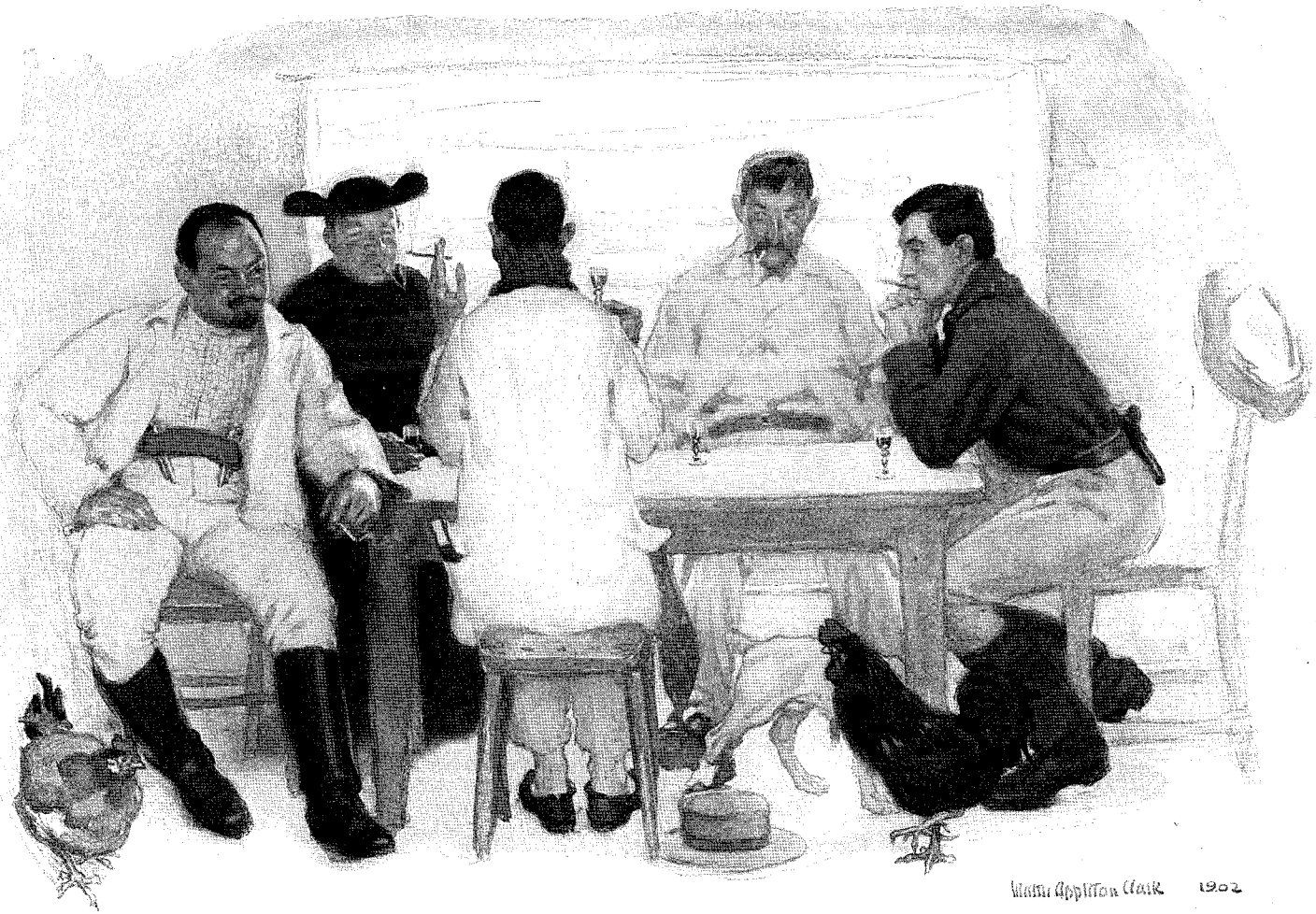

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

I was sure life in Sagua la Grande would always suit me.—Page 552.

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CAPTAIN MACKLIN

HIS MEMOIRS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

II

S. S. PANAMA,
OFF COAST OF HONDURAS.

To one who never before had travelled farther than is Dobbs Ferry from Philadelphia, my journey south to New Orleans was something in the way of an expedition, and I found it rich in incident and adventure. Everything was new and strange, but nothing was so strange as my own freedom. After three years of discipline, of going to bed by drum-call, of waking by drum-call, and obeying the orders of others, this new independence added a supreme flavor to all my pleasures. I took my journey very seriously, and I determined to make every little incident contribute to my better knowledge of the world. I rated the chance acquaintances of the smoking-car as aids to a clear understanding of mankind, and when at Washington I saw above the house-tops the marble dome of the Capitol I was thrilled to think that I was already so much richer in experience.

To me the States through which we passed spoke with but one meaning. I saw the country on either side of the train as the chess-board of the War of the Rebellion. I imagined the towns fortified and besieged, the hills topped with artillery, the forests alive with troops in ambush, and in my mind, on account of their strategic value to the enemy, I destroyed the bridges over which we passed. The passengers were only too willing to instruct a stranger in the historical values of their country. They pointed out to me where certain regiments had camped, where homesteads had been burned, and where real battles, not of my own imagining, but which had cost the lives of many men, had been lost and won. I found that to these chance acquaintances the events of which they spoke were as fresh after twenty years as though they had occurred but yesterday, and they accepted my curiosity as only a natural interest in a still vital subject. I judged it advisable not to mention that General Hamilton was my grandfather. Instead I told them that I was the son of an officer who had died for the cause of secession. This was the first time I had ever missed an opportunity of boasting of my relationship to my distinguished grandparent, and I felt meanly conscious that I was in a way disloyal. But they were so genuinely pleased when they learned that my father had fought for the South, that I lacked the courage to tell them that while he was so engaged another relative of mine had driven one of their best generals through three States.

I am one who makes the most of what he sees, and even the simplest things filled me with delight; my first sight of cotton-fields, of tobacco growing in the leaf, were great moments to me; and that the men who guarded the negro convicts at work in the fields still clung to the uniform of gray, struck me as a fact of pathetic interest.

I was delayed in New Orleans for only one day. At the end of that time I secured passage on the steamer Panama. She was listed to sail for Aspinwall at nine o'clock the next morning, and to touch at ports along the Central American coast. While waiting for my steamer I mobilized my transport and supplies, and purchased such articles as I considered necessary for a rough campaign in a tropical climate. My purchases were extremely modest in number, but well selected. They consisted of a revolver, a money-belt, in which to carry my small fortune, which I had exchanged into gold double-eagles, a pair of field-glasses, a rubber blanket, a canteen, riding boots, and saddle-bags. I decided

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that my uniform and saddle would be furnished me from the quartermaster's department of Garcia's army, for in my ignorance I supposed I was entering on a campaign conducted after the methods of European armies.

We left the levees of New Orleans early in the morning, and for the remainder of the day steamed slowly down the Mississippi River. I sat alone upon the deck watching the low, swampy banks slipping past us on either side, the gloomy cypress-trees heavy with gray moss, the abandoned cotton-gins and disused negro quarters. As I did so a feeling of homesickness and depression came upon me, and my disgraceful failure at the Point, the loss of my grandfather, and my desertion of Beatrice, for so it began to seem to me, filled me with a bitter melancholy.

The sun set the first day over great wastes of swamp, swamp-land, and pools of inky black, which stretched as far as the eye could reach; gloomy, silent, and barren of any form of life. It was a picture which held neither the freedom of the open sea nor the human element of the solid earth. It seemed to me as though the world must have looked so when darkness brooded over the face of the waters, and as I went to my berth that night I felt as though I were saying good-by forever to all that was dear to me—my country, my home, and the girl I loved.

I was awakened in the morning by a motion which I had never before experienced. I was being gently lifted and lowered and rolled to and fro as a hammock is rocked by the breeze. For some minutes I lay between sleep and waking, struggling back to consciousness, until with a sudden gasp of delight it came to me that at last I was at sea. I scrambled from my berth and pulled back the curtains of the air port. It was as though over night the ocean had crept up to my window. It stretched below me in great distances of a deep, beautiful blue. Tumbling waves were chasing each other over it, and millions of white caps glanced and flashed as they raced by me in the sun. It was my first real view of the ocean, and the restlessness of it and the freedom of it stirred me with a great happiness. I drank in its beauty as eagerly as I filled my lungs with the keen salt air, and thanked God for both.

The three short days which followed were full of new and delightful surprises, some because it was all so strange and others because it was so exactly what I had hoped it would be. I had read many tales of the sea, but ships I knew only as they moved along the Hudson at the end of the towing-line. I had never felt one rise and fall beneath me, nor from the deck of one watched the sun sink into the water. I had never at night looked up at the great masts, and seen them swing, like a pendulum reversed, between me and the stars. The ship in itself fascinated and captivated me. When she dove forward, tossing the water back, I felt the same human sympathy for her as I would have felt for a swimmer driving through the waves. I wanted to shout out my encouragement.

There was so much to learn that was new and so many things to see on the waters, and in the skies, that it seemed wicked to sleep. So, during nearly the whole of every night, I stood with Captain Leeds on his bridge, or asked ignorant questions of the man at the wheel. The steward of the Panama was purser, supercargo, and barkeeper in one, and a most interesting man. He apparently never slept, but at any hour was willing to sit and chat with me. It was he who first introduced me to the wonderful mysteries of the alligator pear as a salad, and taught me to prefer, in a hot country, Jamaica rum with half a lime squeezed into the glass to all other spirits. It was a most educational trip. I saw the gorgeous gold and pink-and-pearl skies of the tropics for the first time, and flying fish, in which I had never really believed, and Portuguese men-of-war steering themselves over the highest waves as lightly as bubbles, and flashing with all the primary colors. One day we passed for hours through a school of great turtles as large as wash-tubs. They were so close to the ship's sides that I could see their blinking, hooded eyes.

I had much entertainment on board the Panama by pretending that I was her captain, and that she was sailing under my orders. Sometimes I pretended that

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she was an American man-of-war, and sometimes a filibuster escaping from an American man-of-war. This may seem an absurd and childish game, but I had always wanted to hold authority, and as I had never done so, except as a drill sergeant at the Academy, it was my habit to imagine myself in whatever position of responsibility my surroundings suggested. For this purpose the Panama served me excellently, and in scanning the horizon for hostile fleets or a pirate flag I was as conscientious as was the lookout in the bow. At the Academy I had often sat in my room with maps spread out before me planning attacks on the enemy, considering my lines of communication, telegraphing wildly for reinforcements, and despatching my aides with a clearly written, comprehensive order to where my advance column was engaged. I believe this "play acting," as my roommate used to call it, helped me to think quickly, to give an intelligent command intelligently, and made me rich in resources.

For the first few days I was so enchanted with my new surroundings that the sinister purpose of my journey South lost its full value. And when, as we approached Honduras, it was recalled to me, I was surprised to find that I had heard no one on board discuss the war, nor refer to it in any way. When I considered this, I was the more surprised because Porto Cortez was one of the chief ports at which we touched, and I was annoyed to find that I had travelled so far for the sake of a cause in which those directly interested felt so little concern. I set about with great caution to discover the reason for this lack of interest. The passengers of the Panama came from widely different parts of Central America. They were coffee planters and mining engineers, concession hunters, and promoters of mining companies. I sounded each of them separately as to the condition of affairs in Honduras, and gave as my reason for inquiring the fact that I had thoughts of investing my money there. I talked rather largely of my money. But this information, instead of inducing them to speak of Honduras, only made each of them more eloquent in praising the particular republic in which his own money was invested, and each begged me to place mine with his. In the course of one day I was offered a part ownership in four coffee plantations, a rubber forest, a machine for turning the sea-turtles into fat and shell, and the good-will and fixtures of a dentist's office.

Except that I obtained some reputation on board as a young man of property, which reputation I endeavored to maintain by treating everyone to drinks in the social hall, my inquiries led to no result. No one apparently knew, nor cared to know, of the revolution in Honduras, and passed it over as a joke. This hurt me, but lest they should grow suspicious, I did not continue my inquiries.

THE CAFÉ SANTOS,
SAGUA LA GRANDE, HONDURAS.

WE sighted land at seven in the morning, and as the ship made in toward the shore I ran to the bow and stood alone peering over the rail. Before me lay the scene set for my coming adventures, and as the ship threaded the coral reefs, my excitement ran so high that my throat choked, and my eyes suddenly dimmed with tears. It seemed too good to be real. It seemed impossible that it could be true; that at last I should be about to act the life I had so long only rehearsed and pretended. But the pretence had changed to something living and actual. In front of me, under a flashing sun, I saw the palm-fringed harbor of my dreams, a white village of thatched mud houses, a row of ugly huts above which drooped limply the flags of foreign consuls, and, far beyond, a deep blue range of mountains, forbidding and mysterious, rising out of a steaming swamp into a burning sky, and on the harbor's only pier, in blue drill uniforms and gay red caps, a group of dark-skinned, swaggering soldiers. This hot, volcano-looking land was the one I had come to free from its fetters. These swarthy barefooted brigands were the men with whom I was to fight.

My trunk had been packed and strapped since sunrise, and before the ship reached the pier, I had said "good-by" to everyone on board and was waiting impatiently at the gang-way. I was the only passenger to leave, and no cargo was unloaded nor taken on. She was waiting

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only for the agent of the company to confer with Captain Leeds, and while these men were conversing on the bridge, and the hawser was being drawn on board, the custom-house officers, much to my disquiet, began to search my trunk. I had nothing with me which was dutiable, but my grandfather's presentation sword was hidden in the trunk and its presence there and prospective use would be difficult to explain. It was accordingly with a feeling of satisfaction that I noticed on a building on the end of the pier the sign of our consulate and the American flag, and that a young man, evidently an American, was hurrying from it toward the ship. But as it turned out I had no need of his services, for I had concealed the sword so cleverly by burying each end of it in one of my long cavalry boots, that the official failed to find it.

I had locked my trunk again and was waving final farewells to those on the Panama, when the young man from the consulate began suddenly to race down the pier, shouting as he came.

The gang-way had been drawn up, and the steamer was under way, churning the water as she swung slowly seaward, but she was still within easy speaking distance of the pierhead.

The young man rushed through the crowd, jostling the native Indians and negro soldiers, and shrieked at the departing vessel.

"Stop!" he screamed, "stop! stop her!"

He recognized Captain Leeds on the bridge, and, running along the pierhead until he was just below it, waved wildly at him.

"Where's my freight?" he cried. "My freight! You haven't put off my freight."

Captain Leeds folded his arms comfortably upon the rail, and regarded the young man calmly and with an expression of amusement.

"Where are my sewing-machines?" the young man demanded. "Where are the sewing-machines invoiced me by this steamer?"

"Sewing machines, Mr. Aiken?" the Captain answered. "I left your sewing-machines in New Orleans."

"You what?" shrieked the young man. "You left them?"

"I left them sitting on the company's levee," the Captain continued, calmly. "The revenue officers have 'em by now, Mr. Aiken. Some parties said they weren't sewing-machines at all. They said you were acting for La Guerre."

The ship was slowly drawing away. The young man stretched out one arm as though to detain her, and danced frantically along the stringhead.

"How dare you!" he cried. "I'm a commission merchant. I deal in whatever I please—and I'm the American Consul!"

The Captain laughed, and with a wave of his hand in farewell backed away from the rail.

"That may be," he shouted, "but this line isn't carrying freight for General La Guerre, nor for you, neither." He returned and made a speaking trumpet of his hands. "Tell him from me," he shouted, mockingly, "that if he wants his sewing-machines he'd better go North and steal 'em. Same as he stole our Nancy Miller."

The young man shook both his fists in helpless anger.

"You damned banana trader," he shrieked, "you'll lose your license for this. I'll fix you for this. I'll dirty your card for you, you pirate!"

The Captain flung himself far over the rail. He did not need a speaking trumpet now—his voice would have carried above the tumult of a hurricane.

"You'll what?" he roared. "You'll dirty my card, you thieving filibuster? Do you know what I'll do to you? I'll have your tin sign taken away from you, before I touch this port again. You'll see—you—you—" he ended impotently for lack of epithets, but continued in eloquent pantomime to wave his arms.

With an oath the young man recognized defeat, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, you go to the devil," he shouted, and turned away. He saw me observing him, and as I was the only person present who looked as though he understood English, he grinned at me sheepishly, and nodded.

"I don't care for him," he said. "He can't frighten me."

I considered this as equivalent to an introduction.

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"You are the United States Consul?" I asked. The young man nodded briskly.

"Yes; I am. Where do you come from?"

"Dobbs Ferry, near New York," I answered. "I'd—I'd like to have a talk with you, when you are not busy."

"That's all right," he said. "I'm not busy now. That bumboat pirate queered the only business I had. Where are you going to stop? There is only one place," he explained; "that's Pulido's. He'll knife you if he thinks you have five dollars in your belt, and the bar-room is half under water anyway. Or you can take a cot in my shack, if you like, and I'll board and lodge you for two pesos a day—that's one dollar in our money. And if you are going up country," he went on, "I can fit you out with mules and mozos and everything you want, from canned meats to an escort of soldiers. You're sure to be robbed anyway," he urged, pleasantly, "and you might as well give the job to a fellow-countryman. I'd hate to have one of these greasers get it."

"You're welcome to try," I said, laughing.

In spite of his manner, which was much too familiar and patronizing, the young man amused me, and I must confess moreover that at that moment I felt very far from home and was glad to meet an American, and one not so much older than myself. The fact that he was our consul struck me as a most fortunate circumstance.

He clapped his hands and directed one of the negroes to carry my trunk to the consulate, and I walked with him up the pier, the native soldiers saluting him awkwardly as he passed. He returned their salute with a flourish, and more to impress me I guessed than from any regard for them.

"That's because I'm Consul," he said, with satisfaction. "There's only eight white men in Porto Cortez," he explained, "and we're all consular agents. The Italian consular agent is a Frenchman, and an Italian, Guessippi—the Banana King, they call him—is consular agent for both Germany and England, and the only German here is consular agent for France and Holland. You see, each of 'em has to represent some other country than his own, because his country knows why he left it." He threw back his head and laughed at this with great delight. Apparently he had already forgotten the rebuff from Captain Leeds. But it had made a deep impression upon me. I had heard Leeds virtually accuse the consul of being an agent of General La Guerre, and I suspected that the articles he had refused to deliver were more likely to be machine guns than sewing-machines. If this were true, Mr. Aiken was a person in whom I could confide with safety.

The consulate was a one-story building of corrugated iron, hot, unpainted, and unlovely. It was set on wooden logs to lift it from the reach of "sand jiggers" and the surf, which at high tide ran up the beach, under and beyond it. Inside it was rude and bare, and the heat and the smell of the harbor, and of the swamp on which the town was built, passed freely through the open doors.

Aiken proceeded to play the host in a most cordial manner. He placed my trunk in the room I was to occupy, and set out some very strong Hondurian cigars and a bottle of Jamaica rum. While he did this he began to grumble over the loss of his sewing-machines, and to swear picturesquely at Captain Leeds, bragging of the awful things he meant to do to him. But when he had tasted his drink and lighted a cigar, his good-humor returned, and he gave his attention to me.

"Now then, young one," he asked, in a tone of the utmost familiarity, "what's your trouble?"

I explained that I could not help but hear what the Captain shouted at him from the Panama, and I asked if it was contrary to the law of Honduras for one to communicate with the officer Captain Leeds had mentioned—General La Guerre.

"The old man, hey?" Aiken exclaimed and stared at me apparently with increased interest. "Well, there are some people who might prevent your getting to him," he answered, diplomatically. For a moment he sipped his rum and water, while he examined me from over the top of the cup. Then he winked and smiled.

"Come now," he said, encouragingly. "Speak up. What's the game? You can trust me. You're an agent for Col-

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lins, or the Winchester Arms people, aren't you ?"

"On the contrary," I said, with some haughtiness, "I am serving no one's interest but my own. I read in the papers of General La Guerre and his foreign legion, and I came here to join him and to fight with him. That's all. I am a soldier of fortune, I said." I repeated this with some emphasis, for I liked the sound of it. "I am a soldier of fortune, and my name is Macklin. I hope in time to make it better known."

"A soldier of fortune, hey ?" exclaimed Aiken, observing me with a grin. "What soldiering have you done ?"

I replied, with a little embarrassment, that as yet I had seen no active service, but that for three years I had been trained for it at West Point.

"At West Point, the deuce you have !" said Aiken. His tone was now one of respect, and he regarded me with marked interest. He was not a gentleman, but he was sharp-witted enough to recognize one in me, and my words and bearing had impressed him. Still his next remark was disconcerting.

"But if you're a West Point soldier," he asked, "why the devil do you want to mix up in a shooting-match like this ?"

I was annoyed, but I answered, civilly: "It's in a good cause," I said. "As I understand the situation, this President Alvarez is a tyrant. He's opposed to all progress. It's a fight for liberty."

Aiken interrupted me with a laugh, and placed his feet on the table.

"Oh, come," he said, in a most offensive tone. "Play fair, play fair."

"Play fair ? What do you mean ?" I demanded.

"You don't expect me to believe," he said, jeeringly, "that you came all the way down here, just to fight for the sacred cause of liberty."

I may occasionally exaggerate a bit in representing myself to be a more important person than I really am, but if I were taught nothing else at the Point, I was taught to tell the truth, and when Aiken questioned my word I felt the honor of the whole army rising within me and stiffening my back-bone.

"You had better believe what I tell you, sir," I answered him, sharply. "You may not know it, but you are impertinent !"

I have seldom seen a man so surprised as was Aiken when I made this speech. His mouth opened and remained open while he slowly removed his feet from the table and allowed the legs of his chair to touch the floor.

"Great Scott," he said at last, "but you have got a nasty temper. I'd forgotten that folks are so particular."

"Particular—because I object to having my word doubted," I asked. "I must request you to send my trunk to Pulido's. I fancy you and I won't hit it off together." I rose and started to leave the room, but he held out his hands to prevent me, and exclaimed, in consternation :

"Oh, that's no way to treat me," he protested. "I didn't say anything for you to get on your ear about. If I did, I'm sorry." He stepped forward, offering to shake my hand, and as I took his doubtfully, he pushed me back into my chair.

"You mustn't mind me," he went on. "It's been so long since I've seen a man from God's country that I've forgotten how to do the polite. Here, have another drink and start even." He was so eager and so suddenly humble that I felt ashamed of my display of offended honor, and we began again with a better understanding.

I told him once more why I had come, and this time he accepted my story as though he considered my wishing to join La Guerre the most natural thing in the world, nodding his head and muttering approvingly. When I had finished he said, "You may not think so now, but I guess you've come to the only person who can help you. If you'd gone to anyone else you'd probably have landed in jail." He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, and then, after a mysterious wink at me, tiptoed out upon the veranda, and ran rapidly around and through the house. This precaution on his part gave me a thrill of satisfaction. I felt that at last I was a real conspirator that I was concerned in something dangerous and weighty. I sipped at my glass with an air of indifference, but as a matter of fact I was rather nervous.

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"You can't be too careful," Aiken said as he reseated himself. "Of course, the whole thing is a comic opera, but if they suspect you are working against them, they're just as likely as not to make it a tragedy, with you in the star part. Now I'll explain how I got into this, and I can assure you it wasn't through any love of liberty with me. The consular agent here is a man named Quay, and he and I have been in the commission business together. About three months ago, when La Guerre was organizing his command at Bluefields, Garcia, who is the leader of the revolutionary party, sent word down here to Quay to go North for him and buy two machine guns and invoice 'em to me at the consulate. Quay left on the next steamer and appointed me acting consul, but except for his saying so I've no more real authority to act as consul than you have. The plan was that when La Guerre captured this port he would pick up the guns and carry them on to Garcia. La Guerre was at Bluefields, but couldn't get into the game for lack of a boat. So when the Nancy Miller touched there he and his crowd boarded her just like a lot of old-fashioned pirates and turned the passengers out on the wharf. Then they put a gun at the head of the engineer and ordered him to take them back to Porto Cortez. But when they reached here the guns hadn't arrived from New Orleans. And so, after a bit of a fight on landing, La Guerre pushed on without them to join Garcia. He left instructions with me to bring him word when they arrived. He's in hiding up there in the mountains, waiting to hear from me now. They ought to have come this steamer day on the Panama along with you, but, as you know, they didn't. I never thought they would. I knew the Isthmian Line people wouldn't carry 'em. They've got to beat Garcia, and until this row is over they won't even carry a mail-bag for fear he might capture it."

"Is that because General La Guerre seized one of their steamers?" I asked.

"No, it's an old fight," said Aiken, "and La Guerre's stealing the Nancy Miller was only a part of it. The fight began between Garcia and the Isthmian Line when Garcia became president. He tried to collect some money from the Isthmian Line, and old man Fiske threw him out of the palace and made Alvarez president."

I was beginning to find the politics of the revolution into which I had precipitated myself somewhat involved, and I suppose I looked puzzled, for Aiken laughed.

"You can laugh," I said, "but it is rather confusing. Who is Fiske? Is he another revolutionist?"

"Fiske!" exclaimed Aiken. "Don't tell me you don't know who Fiske is? I mean old man Fiske, the Wall Street banker—Joseph Fiske, the one who owns the steam yacht and all the railroads."

I had of course heard of that Joseph Fiske, but his name to me was only a word meaning money. I had never thought of Joseph Fiske as a human being. At school and at the Point when we wanted to give the idea of wealth that could not be counted we used to say, "As rich as Joe Fiske." But I answered, in a tone that suggested that I knew him intimately:

"Oh, that Fiske," I said. "But what has he to do with Honduras?"

"He owns it," Aiken answered. "It's like this," he began. "You must understand that almost every republic in Central America is under the thumb of a big trading firm or a banking house or a railroad. For instance, all these revolutions you read about in the papers—it's seldom they start with the people. The *pueblo* don't often elect a president or turn one out. That's generally the work of a New York business firm that wants a concession. If the president in office won't give it a concession the company starts out to find one who will. It hunts up a rival politician or a general of the army who wants to be president, and all of them do, and makes a deal with him. It promises him if he'll start a revolution it will back him with the money and the guns. Of course, the understanding is that if the leader of the fake revolution gets in he'll give his New York backers whatever they're after. Sometimes they want a concession for a railroad, and sometimes it's a nitrate bed or a rubber forest, but you can take my word for it that there's very few revolutions down here that haven't got a money-making scheme at the bottom of them.

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"Now this present revolution was started by the Isthmian Steamship Line, of which Joe Fiske is president. It runs its steamers from New Orleans to the Isthmus of Panama. In its original charter this republic gave it the monopoly of the fruit-carrying trade from all Hondurian ports. In return for this the company agreed to pay the government $10,000 a year and ten per cent. on its annual receipts, if the receipts ever exceeded a certain amount. Well, curiously enough, although the line has been able to build seven new steamers, its receipts have never exceeded that fixed amount. And if you know these people the reason for that is very simple. The company has always given each succeeding president a lump sum for himself, on the condition that he won't ask any impertinent questions about the company's earnings. Its people tell him that it is running at a loss, and he always takes their word for it. But Garcia, when he came in, either was too honest, or they didn't pay him enough to keep quiet. I don't know which it was, but, anyway, he sent an agent to New Orleans to examine the company's books. The agent discovered the earnings have been so enormous that by rights the Isthmian Line owed the government of Honduras $500,000. This was a great chance for Garcia, and he told them to put up the back pay or lose their charter. They refused and he got back at them by preventing their ships from taking on any cargo in Honduras, and by seizing their plant here and at Truxillo. Well, the company didn't dare to go to law about it, nor appeal to the State Department, so it started a revolution. It picked out a thief named Alvarez as a figure-head and helped him to bribe the army and capture the capital. Then he bought a decision from the local courts in favor of the company. After that there was no more talk about collecting back pay. Garcia was an exile in Nicaragua. There he met La Guerre, who is a professional soldier of fortune, and together they cooked up this present revolution. They hope to put Garcia back into power again. How he'll act if he gets in I don't know. The common people believe he's a patriot, that he'll keep all the promises he makes them—and he makes a good many—and some white people believe in him, too. La Guerre believes in him, for instance. La Guerre told me that Garcia was a second Bolivar and Washington. But he might be both of them, and he couldn't beat the Isthmian Line. You see, while he has prevented the Isthmian Line from carrying bananas, he's cut off his own nose by shutting off his only source of supply. For these big corporations hang together at times, and on the Pacific side the Pacific Mail Company has got the word from Fiske, and they won't carry supplies, either. That's what I meant by saying that Joe Fiske owns Honduras. He's cut it off from the world, and only *his* arms and *his* friends can get into it. And the joke of it is he can't get out."

"Can't get out?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Why, he's up there at Tegucigalpa himself," said Aiken. "Didn't you know that? He's up at the capital, visiting Alvarez. He came in through this port about two weeks ago."

"Joseph Fiske is fighting in a Hondurian revolution?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly not!" cried Aiken. "He's here on a pleasure trip; partly pleasure, partly business. He came here on his yacht. You can see her from the window, lying to the left of the buoy. Fiske has nothing to do with this row. I don't suppose he knows there's a revolution going on."

I resented this pretended lack of interest on the part of the Wall Street banker. I condemned it as a piece of absurd affectation.

"Don't you believe it!" I said. "No matter how many millions a man has, he doesn't stand to lose $500,000 without taking an interest in it."

"Oh, but he doesn't know about *that*," said Aiken. "He doesn't know the ins and outs of the story—what I've been telling you. That's on the inside—that's café scandal. That side of it would never reach him. I suppose Joe Fiske is president of a *dozen* steamship lines, and all he does is to lend his name to this one, and preside at board meetings. The company's lawyers tell him whatever they think he ought to know. They probably say they're having trouble down here owing to one of the local revolutions,

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and that Garcia is trying to blackmail them."

"Then you don't think Fiske came down here about this?" I asked.

"About this?" repeated Aiken, in a tone of such contempt that I disliked him intensely. For the last half hour Aiken had been jumping unfeelingly on all my ideals and illusions.

"No," he went on. "He came here on his yacht on a pleasure trip around the West India Islands, and he rode in from here to look over the Copan Silver Mines. Alvarez is terribly keen to get rid of him. He's afraid the revolutionists will catch him and hold him for ransom. He'd bring a good price," Aiken added, reflectively. "It's enough to make a man turn brigand. And his daughter, too. She'd bring a good price."

"His daughter!" I exclaimed.

Aiken squeezed the tips of his fingers together, and kissed them, tossing the imaginary kiss up toward the roof. Then he drank what was left of his rum and water at a gulp and lifted the empty glass high in the air. "To the daughter," he said.

It was no concern of mine, but I resented his actions exceedingly. I think I was annoyed that he should have seen the young lady while I had not. I also resented his toasting her before a stranger. I knew he could not have met her, and his pretence of enthusiasm made him appear quite ridiculous. He looked at me mournfully, shaking his head as though it were impossible for him to give me an idea of her.

"Why they say," he exclaimed, "that when she rides along the trail, the native women kneel beside it.

"She's the best looking girl I ever saw," he declared, "and she's a thoroughbred too!" he added, "or she wouldn't have stuck it out in this country when she had a clean yacht to fall back on. She's been riding around on a mule, so they tell me, along with her father and the engineering experts, and just as though she enjoyed it. The men up at the mines say she tired them all out."

I had no desire to discuss the young lady with Aiken, so I pretended not to be interested, and he ceased speaking, and we smoked in silence. But my mind was nevertheless wide awake to what he had told me. I could not help but see the dramatic values which had been given to the situation by the presence of this young lady. The possibilities were tremendous. Here was I, fighting against her father, and here was she, beautiful and an heiress to many millions. In the short space of a few seconds I had pictured myself rescuing her from brigands, denouncing her father for not paying his honest debts to Honduras, had been shot down by his escort, Miss Fiske had bandaged my wounds, and I was returning North as her prospective husband on my prospective father-in-law's yacht. Aiken aroused me from this by rising to his feet. "Now then," he said, briskly, "if you want to go to La Guerre you can come with me. I've got to see him to explain why his guns haven't arrived, and I'll take you with me." He made a wry face and laughed. "A nice welcome he'll give me," he said. I jumped to my feet. "There's my trunk," I said; "it's ready, and so am I. When do we start?"

"As soon as it is moonlight," Aiken answered.

The remainder of the day was spent in preparing for our journey. I was first taken to the commandante and presented to him as a commercial traveller. Aiken asked him for a passport permitting me to proceed to the capital "for purposes of trade." As consular agent Aiken needed no passport for himself, but to avoid suspicion he informed the commandante that his object in visiting Tegucigalpa was to persuade Joseph Fiske, as president of the Isthmian Line, to place buoys in the harbor of Porto Cortez and give the commission for their purchase to the commandante. Aiken then and always was the most graceful liar I have ever met. His fictions were never for his own advantage, at least not obviously so. Instead, they always held out some pleasing hope for the person to whom they were addressed. His plans and promises as to what he would do were so alluring that even when I knew he was lying I liked to pretend that he was not. This particular fiction so interested the commandante that he even offered us an escort of soldiers, which honor we naturally declined.

That night when the moon had risen we started inland, each mounted on a

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stout little mule, and followed by a third, on which was swung my trunk, balanced on the other side by Aiken's saddle bags. A Carib Indian whom Aiken had selected because of his sympathies for the revolution walked beside the third mule and directed its progress by the most startling shrieks and howls. To me it was a most memorable and marvellous night, and although for the greater part of it Aiken dozed in his saddle and woke only to abuse his mule, I was never more wakeful nor more happy. At the very setting forth I was pleasantly stirred when at the limit of the town a squad of soldiers halted us and demanded our passports. This was my first encounter with the government troops. They were barefooted and most slovenly looking soldiers, mere boys in age and armed with old-fashioned Remingtons. But their officer, the captain of the guard, was more smartly dressed, and I was delighted to find that my knowledge of Spanish, in which my grandfather had so persistently drilled me, enabled me to understand all that passed between him and Aiken. The captain warned us that the revolutionists were camped along the trail, and that if challenged we had best answer quickly that we were Americanos. He also told us that General La Guerre and his legion of "gringoes" were in hiding in the highlands some two days' ride from the coast. Aiken expressed the greatest concern at this, and was for at once turning back. His agitation was so convincing, he was apparently so frightened, that, until he threw a quick wink at me, I confess I was completely taken in. For some time he refused to be calmed, and it was only when the captain assured him that his official position would protect him from any personal danger that he consented to ride on. Before we crossed the town limits he had made it quite evident that the officer himself was solely responsible for his continuing on his journey, and he denounced La Guerre and all his works with a picturesqueness of language and a sincerity that filled me with confusion. I even began to doubt if after all Aiken was not playing a game for both sides, and might not end my career by leading me into a trap. After we rode on I considered the possibility of this quite seriously, and I was not reassured until I heard the *mozo*, with many chuckles and shrugs of the shoulder, congratulate Aiken on the way he had made a fool of the captain.

"That's called diplomacy, José," Aiken told him. "That's my statescraft. It's because I have so much statescraft that I am a consul. You keep your eye on this American consul, José, and you'll learn a lot of statescraft."

José showed his teeth and grinned, and after he had dropped into a line behind us we could hear him still chuckling.

"You would be a great success in secret service work, Aiken," I said, "or on the stage."

We were riding in single file, and in order to see my face in the moonlight he had to turn in his saddle.

"And yet I didn't," he laughed.

"What do you mean," I asked, "were you ever a spy or an actor?"

"I was both," he said. "I was a failure at both, too. I got put in jail for being a spy, and I ought to have been hung for my acting." I kicked my mule forward in order to hear better.

"Tell me about it," I asked, eagerly. "About when you were a spy."

But Aiken only laughed, and rode on without turning his head.

"You wouldn't understand," he said after a pause. Then he looked at me over his shoulder. "It needs a big black background of experience and hard luck to get the perspective on that story," he explained. "It wouldn't appeal to you; you're too young. They're some things they don't teach at West Point."

"They teach us," I answered, hotly, "that if we're detailed to secret service work we are to carry out our orders. It's not dishonorable to obey orders. I'm not so young as you think. Go on, tell me, in what war were you a spy?"

"It wasn't *in* any war." Aiken said, again turning away from me. "It was in Haskell's Private Detective Agency."

I could not prevent an exclamation, but the instant it had escaped me I could have kicked myself for having made it. "I beg your pardon," I murmured, awkwardly.

"I said you wouldn't understand," Aiken answered. Then, to show he did not wish to speak with me further, he

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spurred his mule into a trot and kept a distance between us.

Our trail ran over soft, spongy ground and was shut in on either hand by a wet jungle of tangled vines and creepers. I had never imagined that there were so many kinds of plants, or that they could grow so closely knit together. They interlaced like the strands of a hammock, choking and strangling and clinging to each other in a great web. From the jungle we came to ill-smelling pools of mud and water, over which hung a white mist which rose as high as our heads. It was so heavy with moisture that our clothing dripped with it, and we were chilled until our teeth chattered. But by five o'clock in the morning we had escaped the coast swamps, and reached higher ground and the village of Sagua la Grande, and the sun was drying our clothes and taking the stiffness out of our bones.

CANAL COMPANY'S FEVER HOSPITAL, PANAMA.

THE nurse brought me my diary this morning. She found it in the inside pocket of my tunic. All of its back pages were scribbled over with orders of the day, countersigns, and the memoranda I made after La Guerre appointed me adjutant to the Legion. But in the first half of it was what I see I was pleased to call my "memoirs," in which I had written the last chapter the day Aiken and I halted at Sagua la Grande. When I read it over I felt that I was somehow much older than when I made that last entry. And yet it was only two months ago. It seems like two years. I don't feel much like writing about it, nor thinking of it, but I suppose, if I mean to keep my "memoirs" up to date, I shall never have more leisure in which to write them than now. For Dr. Ezequiel says it will be another two weeks before I can leave this cot. Sagua seems very unimportant now. But I must not write of it as I see it now, from this distance, but as it appealed to me then, when everything about me was new and strange and wonderful.

It was my first sight of a Honduranian town, and I thought it most charming and curious. As I learned later it was like any other Honduranian town and indeed like every other town in Central America. They are all built around a plaza, which sometimes is a park with fountains and tessellated marble pavements and electric lights, and sometimes only an open place of dusty grass. There is always a church at one end, and the café or club, and the alcaldé's house, or the governor's palace, at another. In the richer plazas there must always be the statue of some Liberator, and in the poorer a great wooden cross. Sagua la Grande was bright and warm and foreign looking. It reminded me of the colored prints of Mexico which I had seen in my grandfather's library. The houses were thatched clay huts with gardens around them crowded with banana palms, and trees hung with long beans, which broke into masses of crimson flowers. The church opposite the inn was old and yellow, and at the edge of the plaza were great palms that rustled and courtesied. We led our mules straight through the one big room of the inn out into the yard behind it, and while doing it I committed the grave discourtesy of not first removing my spurs. Aiken told me about it at once, and I apologized to everyone—to the alcaldé, and the priest, and the village schoolmaster who had crossed the plaza to welcome us—and I asked them all to drink with me. I do not know that I ever enjoyed a breakfast more than I did the one we ate in the big cool inn with the striped awning outside, and the naked brown children watching us from the street, and the palms whispering overhead. The breakfast was good in itself, but it was my surroundings which made the meal so remarkable and the fact that I was no longer at home and responsible to someone, but that I was talking as one man to another, and in a foreign language to people who knew no other tongue. The inn-keeper was a fat little person in white drill and a red sash, in which he carried two silver-mounted pistols. He looked like a ring-master in a circus, but he cooked us a most wonderful omelette with tomatoes and onions and olives chopped up in it with oil. And an Indian woman made us tortillas, which are like our buckwheat cakes. It was fascinating to see her toss them up in the air, and slap them into shape with her

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hands. Outside the sun blazed upon the white rim of huts, and the great wooden cross in the plaza threw its shadow upon the yellow façade of the church. Beside the church there was a chime of four bells swinging from a low ridge-pole. The dews and the sun had turned their copper a brilliant green, but had not hurt their music, and while we sat at breakfast a little Indian boy in crumpled vestments beat upon them with a stick, making a sweet and swinging melody. It did not seem to me a scene set for revolution, but I liked it all so much that that one breakfast alone repaid me for my long journey south. I was sure life in Sagua la Grande would always suit me, and that I would never ask for better company than the comic-opera landlord and the jolly young priest and the yellow-skinned, fever-ridden schoolmaster with his throat wrapped in a great woollen shawl. But very soon, what with having had no sleep the night before and the heat, I grew terribly drowsy and turned in on a canvas cot in the corner, where I slept until long after mid-day. For some time I could hear Aiken and the others conversing together and caught the names of La Guerre and Garcia, but I was too sleepy to try to listen, and, as I said, Sagua did not seem to me to be the place for conspiracies and revolutions. I left it with real regret, and as though I were parting with friends of long acquaintanceship.

From the time we left Sagua the path began to ascend, and we rode in single file along the edges of deep precipices. From the depths below giant ferns sent up cool, damp odors, and we could hear the splash and ripple of running water, and at times, by looking into the valley, I could see waterfalls and broad streams filled with rocks, which churned the water into a white foam. We passed under tall trees covered with white and purple flowers, and in the branches of others were perched macaws, giant parrots of the most wonderful red and blue and yellow, and just at sunset we startled hundreds of parroquets which flew screaming and chattering about our heads, like so many balls of colored worsted.

When the moon rose, we rode out upon a table-land and passed between thick forests of enormous trees, the like of which I had never imagined. Their branches began at a great distance from the ground and were covered thick with orchids, which I mistook for large birds roosting for the night. Each tree was bound to the next by vines like tangled ropes, some drawn as taut as the halyards of a ship, and others, as thick as one's leg, they were twisted and wrapped around the branches, so that they looked like boa-constrictors hanging ready to drop upon one's shoulders. The moonlight gave to this forest of great trees a weird, fantastic look. I felt like a knight entering an enchanted wood. But nothing disturbed our silence except the sudden awakening of a great bird or the stealthy rustle of an animal in the underbrush. Near midnight we rode into a grove of manacca palms as delicate as ferns, and each as high as a three-story house, and with fronds so long that those drooping across the trail hid it completely. To push our way through these we had to use both arms as one lifts the curtains in a doorway.

Aiken himself seemed to feel the awe and beauty of the place, and called the direction to me in a whisper. Even that murmur was enough to carry above the rustling of the palms, and startled hundreds of monkeys into wakefulness. We could hear their barks and cries echoing from every part of the forest, and as they sprang from one branch to another the palms bent like trout-rods, and then swept back into place again with a strange swishing sound, like the rush of a great fish through water.

After midnight we were too stiff and sore to ride farther, and we bivouacked on the trail beside a stream. I had no desire for further sleep, and I sat at the foot of a tree smoking and thinking. I had often "camped out" as a boy, and at West Point with the battalion, but I had never before felt so far away from civilization and my own people. For company I made a little fire and sat before it, going over in my mind what I had learned since I had set forth on my travels. I concluded that so far I had gained much and lost much. What I had experienced of the ocean while on the ship and what little I had seen of this country delighted me entirely, and I would not have parted with a single one of my new impressions. But all I had

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learned of the cause for which I had come to fight disappointed and disheartened me. Of course I had left home partly to seek adventure, but not only for that. I had set out on this expedition with the idea that I was serving some good cause—that old-fashioned principles were forcing these men to fight for their independence. But I had been early undeceived. At the same time that I was enjoying my first sight of new and beautiful things I was being robbed of my illusions and my ideals. And nothing could make up to me for that. By merely travelling on around the globe I would always be sure to find some new things of interest. But what would that count if I lost my faith in men! If I ceased to believe in their unselfishness and honesty. Even though I were young and credulous, and lived in a make-believe world of my own imagining, I was happier so than in thinking that everyone worked for his own advantage, and without justice to others, or private honor. It harmed no one that I believed better of others than they deserved, but it was going to hurt me terribly if I learned that their aims were even lower than my own. I knew it was Aiken who had so discouraged me. It was he who had laughed at me for believing that La Guerre and his men were fighting for liberty. If I were going to credit him, there was not one honest man in Honduras, and no one on either side of this revolution was fighting for anything but money. He had made it all seem commercial, sordid, and underhand. I blamed him for having so shaken my faith and poisoned my mind. I scowled at his unconscious figure as he lay sleeping peacefully on his blanket, and I wished heartily that I had never set eyes on him. Then I argued that his word, after all, was not final. He made no pretence of being a saint, and it was not unnatural that a man who held no high motives should fail to credit them to others. I had partially consoled myself with this reflection, when I remembered suddenly that Beatrice herself had foretold the exact condition which Aiken had described.

"That is not war," she had said to me, "that is speculation!" She surely had said that to me, but how could she have known, or was hers only a random guess? And if she had guessed correctly what would she wish me to do now? Would she wish me to turn back, or, if my own motives were good, would she tell me to go on? She had called me her knight-errant, and I owed it to her to do nothing of which she would disapprove. As I thought of her I felt a great loneliness and a longing to see her once again. I thought of how greatly she would have delighted in those days at sea, and how wonderful it would have been if I could have seen this hot, feverish country with her at my side. I pictured her at the inn at Sagua smiling on the priest and the fat little landlord; and their admiration of her. I imagined us riding together in the brilliant sunshine with the crimson flowers meeting overhead, and the palms bowing to her and paying her homage. I lifted the locket she had wound around my wrist, and kissed it. As I did so, my doubts and questionings seemed to fall away. I stood up confident and determined. It was not my business to worry over the motives of other men, but to look to my own. I would go ahead and fight Alvarez, whom Aiken himself declared was a thief and a tyrant. If anyone asked me my politics I would tell him I was for the side that would obtain the money the Isthmian Line had stolen, and give it to the people; that I was for Garcia and Liberty, La Guerre and the Foreign Legion. This platform of principles seemed to me so satisfactory that I stretched my feet to the fire and went to sleep.

I was awakened by the most delicious odor of coffee, and when I rolled out of my blanket I found José standing over me with a cup of it in his hand, and Aiken buckling the straps of my saddle-girth. We took a plunge in the stream, and after a breakfast of coffee and cold tortillas climbed into the saddle and again picked up the trail.

After riding for an hour Aiken warned me that at any moment we were likely to come upon either La Guerre or the soldiers of Alvarez. "So you keep your eyes and ears open," he said, "and when they challenge throw up your hands quick. The challenge is 'Halt, who lives,'" he explained. "If it is a government soldier you must answer, 'The government.' But if it's one of La Guerre's or Garcia's

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pickets you must say 'The revolution lives.' 'And whatever else you do, *hold up your hands.*' "

I rehearsed this at once, challenging myself several times, and giving the appropriate answers. The performance seemed to afford Aiken much amusement.

"Isn't that right?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "but the joke is that you won't be able to tell which is the government soldier and which is the revolutionist, and you'll give the wrong answer, and we'll both get shot."

"I can tell by our uniform," I answered.

"Uniform!" exclaimed Aiken, and burst into the most uproarious laughter. "Rags and tatters," he said.

I was considerably annoyed to learn by this that the revolutionary party had no distinctive uniform. The one worn by the government troops which I had seen at the coast I had thought bad enough, but it was a great disappointment to hear that we had none at all. Ever since I had started from Dobbs Ferry I had been wondering what was the Honduranian uniform. I had promised myself to have my photograph taken in it. I had anticipated the pride I should have in sending the picture back to Beatrice. So I was considerably chagrined, until I decided to invent a uniform of my own, which I would wear whether anyone else wore it or not. This was even better than having to accept one which someone else had selected. As I had thought much on the subject of uniforms, I began at once to design a becoming one.

We had reached a most difficult pass in the mountain, where the trail stumbled over broken masses of rock and through a thick tangle of laurel. The walls of the pass were high and the trees at the top shut out the sunlight. It was damp and cold and dark.

"We're sure to strike something here," Aiken whispered over his shoulder. It did not seem at all unlikely. The place was the most excellent man-trap, but as to that, the whole length of the trail had lain through what nature had obviously arranged for a succession of ambushes.

Aiken turned in his saddle and said, in an anxious tone: "Do you know, the nearer I get to the old man, the more I think I was a fool to come. As long as I've got nothing but bad news, I'd better have stayed away. Do you remember Pharaoh and the messengers of ill tidings?"

I nodded, but I kept my eyes busy with the rocks and motionless laurel. My mule was slipping and kicking down pebbles, and making as much noise as a gun battery. I knew, if there were any pickets about, they could hear us coming for a quarter of a mile.

"Garcia may think he's Pharaoh," Aiken went on, "and take it into his head it's my fault the guns didn't come. La Guerre may say I sold the secret to the Isthmian Line."

"Oh, he couldn't think you'd do that!" I protested.

"Well, I've known it done," Aiken said. "Quay certainly sold us out at New Orleans. And La Guerre may think I went shares with him."

I began to wonder if Aiken was not probably the very worst person I could have selected to introduce me to General La Guerre. It seemed as though it certainly would have been better had I found my way to him alone. I grew so uneasy concerning my possible reception that I said, irritably: "Doesn't the General know you well enough to trust you?"

"No, he doesn't!" Aiken snapped back, quite as irritably. "And he's dead right, too. You take it from me, that the fewer people in this country you trust, the better for you. Why, the rottenness of this country is a proverb. 'It's a place where the birds have no song, where the flowers have no odor, where the women are without virtue, and the men without honor.' That's what a gringo said of Honduras many years ago, and he knew the country and the people in it."

It was not a comforting picture, but in my discouragement I remembered La Guerre.

"General La Guerre does not belong to this country," I said, hopefully.

"No," Aiken answered, with a laugh. "He's an Irish-Frenchman and belongs to a dozen countries. He's fought for every flag that floats, and he's no better off to-day than when he began."

He turned toward me and stared with an amused and tolerant grin. "He's a bit like you," he said.

I saw he did not consider what he said

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as a compliment, but I was vain enough to want to know what he did think of me, so I asked: "And in what way am I like General La Guerre?"

The idea of our similarity seemed to amuse Aiken, for he continued to grin.

"Oh, you'll see when we meet him," he said. "I can't explain it. You two are just different from other people—that's all. He's old-fashioned like you, if you know what I mean, and young——"

"Why, he's an old man," I corrected.

"He's old enough to be your grandfather," Aiken laughed, "but I say he's young—like you, the way you are."

Aiken knew that it annoyed me when he pretended I was so much younger than himself, and I had started on some angry reply, when I was abruptly interrupted.

A tall, ragged man rose suddenly from behind a rock, and presented a rifle. He was so close to Aiken that the rifle almost struck him in the face. Aiken threw up his hands, and fell back with such a jerk that he lost his balance, and would have fallen had he not pitched forward and clasped the mule around the neck. I pulled my mule to a halt, and held my hands as high as I could raise them. The man moved his rifle from side to side so as to cover each of us in turn, and cried in English, "Halt! Who goes there?"

Aiken had not told me the answer to that challenge, so I kept silent. I could hear José behind me interrupting his prayers with little sobs of fright.

Aiken scrambled back into an upright position, held up his hands, and cried: "Confound you, we are travellers, going to the capital on business. Who the devil are you?"

"Qui vive?" the man demanded over the barrel of his gun.

"What does that mean?" Aiken cried, petulantly. "Talk English, can't you, and put down that gun."

The man ceased moving the rifle between us, and settled it on Aiken.

"Cry 'Long live the government,'" he commanded, sharply.

Aiken gave a sudden start of surprise, and I saw his eyelids drop and rise again. Later when I grew to know him intimately I could always tell when he was lying, or making the winning move in some bit of knavery, by that nervous trick of the eyelids. He knew that I knew about it, and he once confided to me that, had he been able to overcome it, he would have saved himself some thousands of dollars which it had cost him at cards.

But except for this drooping of the eyelids he gave no sign.

"No, I won't cry 'Long live the government,'" he answered. "That is," he added hastily, "I won't cry long live anything. I'm the American Consul, and I'm up here on business. So's my friend."

The man did not move his gun by so much as a straw's breadth.

"You will cry 'Long live Alvarez' or I will shoot you," said the man.

I had more leisure to observe the man than had Aiken, for it is difficult to study the features of anyone when he is looking at you down a gun-barrel, and it seemed to me that the muscles of the man's mouth as he pressed it against the stock were twitching with a smile. As the side of his face toward me was the one farther from the gun, I was able to see this, but Aiken could not, and he answered, still more angrily: "I tell you, I'm the American Consul. Anyway, it's not going to do you any good to shoot me. You take me to your colonel alive, and I'll give you two hundred dollars. You shoot me and you won't get a cent."

The moment was serious enough, and I was thoroughly concerned both for Aiken and myself, but when he made this offer, my nervousness, or my sense of humor, got the upper hand of me, and I laughed.

Having laughed I made the best of it, and said:

"Offer him five hundred for the two of us. Hang the expense."

The rifle wavered in the man's hands, he steadied it, scowled at me, bit his lips, and then burst into shouts of laughter. He sank back against one of the rocks, and pointed at Aiken mockingly.

"I knew it was you all the time," he cried, "for certain I did. I knew it was you all the time."

I was greatly relieved, but naturally deeply indignant. I felt as though someone had jumped from behind a door, and shouted "Boo!" at me. I hoped in my

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heart that the colonel would give the fellow eight hours' pack drill. "What a remarkable sentry," I said.

Aiken shoved his hands into his breeches pockets, and surveyed the man with an expression of the most violent disgust.

"You've got a damned queer idea of a joke," he said, finally. "I might have shot you!"

The man seemed to consider this the very acme of humor, for he fairly hooted at us. He was so much amused that it was some moments before he could control himself.

"I saw you at Porto Cortez," he said, "I knew you was the American Consul all the time. You came to our camp after the fight, and the general gave you a' long talk in his tent. Don't you remember me? I was standing guard outside."

Aiken snorted indignantly.

"No, I don't remember you," he said. "But I'll remember you next time. Are you standing guard now, or just doing a little highway robbery on your own account?"

"Oh, I'm standing guard for keeps," said the sentry, earnestly. "Our camp's only two hundred yards back of me. And our captain told me to let all parties pass except the enemy, but I thought I'd have to jump you just for fun. I'm an American myself, you see, from Kansas. An' being an American I had to give the American Consul a scare. But say," he exclaimed, advancing enthusiastically on Aiken, with his hand outstretched, "you didn't scare for a cent." He shook hands violently with each of us in turn. "My name's Pete MacGraw," he added, expectantly.

"Well, now, Mr. MacGraw," said Aiken, "if you'll kindly guide us to General La Guerre we'll use our influence to have you promoted. You need more room. I imagine a soldier with your original ideas must find sentry go very dull."

MacGraw grinned appreciatively and winked.

"If I take you to my general alive, do I get that two hundred dollars," he asked. He rounded off his question with another yell of laughter.

He was such a harmless idiot that we laughed with him. But we were silenced at once by a shout from above us, and a command to "Stop that noise." I looked up and saw a man in semi-uniform and wearing an officer's sash and sword stepping from one rock to another and breaking his way through the laurel. He greeted Aiken with a curt wave of the hand. "Glad to see you, Consul," he called. "You will dismount, please, and lead your horses this way." He looked at me suspiciously and then turned and disappeared into the undergrowth.

"The General is expecting you, Aiken," his voice called back to us. "I hope everything is all right?"

Aiken and I had started to draw the mules up the hill. Already both the officer and the trail had been completely hidden by the laurel.

"No, nothing is all right," Aiken growled.

There was the sound of an oath, the laurels parted, and the officer's face reappeared, glaring at us angrily.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"My information is for General La Guerre," Aiken answered, sulkily.

The man sprang away again muttering to himself, and we scrambled and stumbled after him, guided by the sounds of breaking branches and rolling stones.

From a glance I caught of Aiken's face I knew he was regretting now, with even more reason than before, that he had not remained at the coast, and I felt very sorry for him. Now that he was in trouble and not patronizing me and poking fun at me, I experienced a strong change of feeling toward him. He was the only friend I had in Honduras, and as between him and these strangers who had received us so oddly, I felt that, although it would be to my advantage to be friends with the greater number, my loyalty was owing to Aiken. So I scrambled up beside him and panted out with some difficulty, for the ascent was a steep one: "If there is any row, I'm with *you*, Aiken."

"Oh, there won't be any row," he growled.

"Well, if there is," I repeated, "you can count me in."

"That's all right," he said.

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At that moment we reached the top of the incline, and I looked down into the hollow below. To my surprise I found that this side of the hill was quite barren of laurel or of any undergrowth, and that it sloped to a little open space carpeted with high, waving grass, and cut in half by a narrow stream. On one side of the stream a great herd of mules and horses were tethered, and on the side nearer us were many smoking camp-fires and rough shelters made from the branches of trees. Men were sleeping in the grass or sitting in the shade of the shelters, cleaning accoutrements, and some were washing clothes in the stream. At the foot of the hill was a tent, and ranged before it two Gatling guns strapped in their canvas jackets. I saw that I had at last reached my destination. This was the camp of the filibusters. These were the soldiers of La Guerre's Foreign Legion.

(To be continued.)

EARLY MAY

By John Burroughs

THE time that hints the coming leaf,
When buds are dropping chaff and scale,
And, wafted from the greening vale,
Are pungent odors, keen as grief.

Now shad bush wears a robe of white,
And orchards hint a leafy screen;
While willows drop their veils of green
Above the limpid waters bright.

New songsters come with every morn,
And whippoorwill is overdue,
While spice-bush gold is coined anew
Before her tardy leaves are born.

The cowslip now with radiant face
Makes mimic sunshine in the shade,
Anemone is not afraid,
Although she trembles in her place.

Now adder's tongue new gilds the mould,
The ferns unroll their woolly coils,
And honey bee begins her toils
Where maple-trees their fringe unfold.

The goldfinch dons his summer coat,
The wild bee drones her mellow bass,
And butterflies of hardy race
In genial sunshine bask and float.

The Artist now is sketching in
The outlines of his broad design
So fast to deepen line on line,
Till June and summer days begin.

Soon will Shadow pitch her tent
Beneath the trees in grove and field,
And all the wounds of life be healed,
By orchard bloom and lilac scent.

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A STORY OF THREE STATES

By Alfred Matthews

II

IT was highly characteristic of the hardy frontiersmen at Wyoming, that though they were fully aware that they were to be attacked by superior numbers and had only vague hope of the arrival of reinforcements, the idea of flight seems never to have occurred to them. Their forces numbered, all told, only about 300 men, and nearly all of these, according to the inscription on the monument erected in their honor, were "the undisciplined, the youthful, the aged." There were 230 "enrolled men"—many, in fact, minors—and the remaining seventy were all either boys or old men. They embraced six companies, and were mustered at Forty Fort, on the west side of the river, where the families of the settlers on the east side had taken refuge. Such was the situation on that memorable day, the 3d of July, 1778, when the British and Indians, having advanced deliberately down the valley, feeling sure that their victims could not escape them, were finally met in battle. They had destroyed everything in their way. Jenkins's Fort had capitulated, a score of murders had been perpetrated, and Wintermoot's (which, as was afterward learned, had been built to aid the incursions of the Tories) had at once opened its gates to the invading host.

The settlers, with a desperation of courage rarely equalled in the history of war, resolved to put suspense at an end, actually marched forth to meet the enemy that outnumbered them four to one. Some few had counselled delay, and Colonel Zebulon Butler was of that minority, but he acquiesced in the verdict of the majority and led them out, the little force of 300, in the middle of the afternoon, with drums beating, colors flying, and in true military array.

There were six companies, and the officers of the little force, under Butler, were Colonels John Durkee and Nathan Dennison, Lieutenant-Colonel George Dorrance, Major John Garrett, Captains Samuel Ransom, Dethic Hewitt, Asaph Whittlesey, Lazarus Stewart, James Bidlack, Rezin Geer, Aholiab Buck, —— Spalding, William McKarrican, and Robert Durkee. They marched up the valley, with the river upon their right. On coming up with the enemy the column deployed to the left and formed in line of battle, with its right resting on the high bank of the river and its left extending across the plain to a swamp.

The enemy then advancing, the colonel gave the order to fire, and a volley rang out along the entire line with precision and some effect. The British flinched and actually fell back before the Yankee spartans, but it was only for a moment, and they pressed forward again. Then with quick alternations of the orders "Advance!"—"Fire!" the brave Butler performed the almost impossible feat of moving his thin line slowly forward against the overwhelming force that faced it. But this well-nigh incredible resoluteness was all in vain, for even as the line advanced the Indians slipped singly and by dozens into the brush of the swamp and flanked its left.

On the side of the invaders "Indian" Butler, his subordinate officers, the Seneca chiefs, and even Queen Esther in person directed the fight in different quarters. Butler, divested of his usual Indian finery, and with a flame-colored handkerchief bound round his head, darted among his men, shrieking in his high voice orders to rangers and redmen alike, and wildly evinced his delight as he saw the certainty of success, while his round face, red with his frantic excitement and intense activity, shone with a devilish triumph. The Wyoming men's left became confused, though the old men and boys did not retreat, and the Indians, seizing the opportunity, rushed forward with their frightful whoops and tomahawked right and left those still left

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standing. Many had already fallen under the murderous fire of four times their number. Every captain commanding a company was dead. The little band melted like wax before a fire. The Indians pressed the survivors toward the river, along the bank of which wives and mothers of the brave fighters had crowded in agonized watchfulness. Some swam over and escaped. Others were pursued and tomahawked in the water or shot from the shore. A few, promised quarter, returned, only to be treacherously struck down as they climbed the bank. Several found concealment on Monocacy Island, and others sought it only to be discovered and cut to pieces in their hiding-places, or dragged forth to be tortured at the leisure of their captors. It was there that one Tory killed his own brother, and that several other almost unbelievable horrors attested the atrocious fury of the assailants of these poor patriot settlers.

Massacre began when battle left off. One hundred and sixty men had been killed, and 140 had escaped—some only to be subsequently captured. Crack marksmen among the Indians had brought down officers and conspicuous fighters by breaking their thigh-bones or otherwise incapacitating them, so that they could by no possibility escape, and thus were reserved for tortures a hundred times worse than death. Captain Bidlack was thrown alive on blazing logs, pinned down with pitchforks that happened to be at hand, and so held in spite of his powerful paroxysms until death relieved him. William Mason, a boy captain of a boy company, was similarly slain.

A debauch of blood followed for the especial delectation of Queen Esther. That seemingly insane savage ordered a score of the prisoners brought before her for torture, and her followers, springing to obey, quickly assembled them around a great bowlder, known to this day as "the bloody rock." They were bound and compelled to kneel about the rock, and then this fanatic fury, who had once graced drawing-rooms and been the admiration of gentle dames, seized a heavy tomahawk, and, raising a wild song, swept swiftly around the circle and dashed out the brains of sixteen victims, while the warriors, crowded close about the scene of butchery, leaping and yelling, expressed their fierce joy. Four escaped from sacrifice at the hands of the savage queen, but fell not far away, for they were pursued by a hundred fleet-footed Iroquois. After all was over, there were discovered near bloody Rock nine more corpses, all mutilated and scalped.

When night came on, the still insatiate savages built fires, and, stripping the remaining prisoners naked, drove them back and forth through the flames, finally thrusting them on the embers with their spears, when they fell from exhaustion, until all were despatched.

Altogether, in the battle and after, nearly 300 men were killed. Of the wretched people remaining, there were made that day in the valley 150 widows and nearly 600 orphans.

But a flight had already been begun while the massacre was in progress; and on the next day—after the arrival of ineffectually small reinforcements, and the surrender of the detachments of militia at Pittston and Forty Fort, and when the entire valley had been given over to the pillage of the Indians (whom Butler afterward said he could not restrain)—all the survivors of the tragedy followed in the footsteps of those who had fled at first.

The Indians, dividing into small bands, passed up and down the valley, burning every building and slaughtering every man, woman, and child they found—except some children whom they carried into captivity. Finally they rendezvoused and withdrew to the northward in a swarming, savagely triumphant body, the squaws bringing up the rear on stolen horses, their bridle-reins hanging heavy with strings of sodden scalps. As often the ludicrous treads hard on the heels of tragedy, so here with garish ghastliness these furies appeared fantastically garbed in the raiment of the slain settlers' wives and daughters—which they had abandoned in taking flight—while household spoils, pans, pots, kettles, ladles, and the like, clattered on the flanks of their horses and added to the discordant din amid which the wild horde departed.

Desolation reigned supreme throughout the valley. In all directions there were only the charred ruins of cabins and the unburied dead, lying stark under the se-

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rene sky and pitiless sun of that 4th of July, 1778, where had so lately been happy homes and thronging, varied, busy human life.

In the meantime the wild flight of the survivors, begun while the battle still raged, or at least before the massacre streamed through the wilderness to the Delaware and Lehigh settlements — chiefly to the safety afforded by Fort Penn, built by Colonel Jacob Stroud, where Stroudsburg now stands, near the famous Water Gap. This place of refuge was only sixty miles distant, but the way lay over mountains and through almost impenetrable swamps, in a region absolutely uninhabited—the wildest part of eighteenth-century Pennsylvania. Frantic with fright, exerting every faculty, impelled by the one intense impulse of eluding the savage, of escaping death or awful torture, and with the vivid scenes of the horror in the valley ever before them, these pitiable refugees—men, women, and children—fled onward into the blessed protection of the forest and the hiding of night. This forlorn flight led into and through the great "Dismal Swamp of the North," or, as it was then, and is sometimes to this day called, "the Shades of Death." This was, and is yet to-day, a marsh upon a mountain-top, the vast, wet, marshy plateau of the Pocono and Broad mountains, an area still unreclaimed, included now in three counties and surrounding the headwaters of the romantic Lehigh. Over the greater part of this singular, saturated table-land there was a dense growth of pines and a tangled, almost impenetrable undergrowth, the whole interspersed here and there with expanses of dark, murky water, often concealed by a lush growth of mosses or aquatic plants, and swarming with creeping things, even as the matted forest abounded with wild beasts. But the terrors of the "Shades of Death" were as nothing now to these poor fugitives.

Women, more than men, made up the throng. In one band upon the old "Warrior's Path" there were nearly a hundred women and children, with but a solitary man to advise or aid them. All were without food, many scarcely clothed, but they pressed on, weak, trembling, and growing constantly worse from their unaccustomed labor through the thickets, mire and ooze. The aged sank by the side of the rude trail. One by one the weakest gave out. Some wandered from the path and were lost, some fell from exhaustion, some from wounds incurred in the battle, but the majority maintained life in some miraculous way and pressed on. The only manna in that wilderness was the whortleberry, and this they plucked and eagerly devoured without pausing.

Children were born and children died in the fearful forced march. One babe that came into the world in this scene of terror and travail was carried alive to the settlements. At least one which died was left upon the ground, while the agonized mother went on. There was not time nor were there means to make even a shallow grave. One woman bore her dead babe in her arms for twenty miles rather than abandon its little body to the beasts. Finally the refugees reached Fort Penn and the towns of the good Moravians, where, half-famished, they were given food, and those who needed it tender care, until they could go to their old homes or find new ones.

It needed no exaggeration in the story of Wyoming to fire the hearts of the colonists with a new zeal against the enemy under whose auspices the appalling deed of that July day had been committed. But in the meantime Wyoming was silently working in the minds of men far away a vaster result.

The significance of events—the relation of cause and consequence—is seldom seen contemporaneously, and sometimes not fully recognized when time has finally unrolled the scroll on which it is written, so slow are men to read aright. But in this case it did not take long to reveal the fact that Wyoming had won the heart of the world for the struggling colonies of America, against whom the mother-country had armed and arrayed savages who could perform such atrocities as were now told. What was of vastly more practical importance, it became apparent that the massacre had struck confusion into the camp of the Tories in England, who had to endure the odium of employing the Indians in subduing the rebellion; and finally when men had got far enough from the event to see clearly its meaning, they read that what had seemed at first an unmitigated disaster was in reality a disguised victory, and that Wyoming must take rank with

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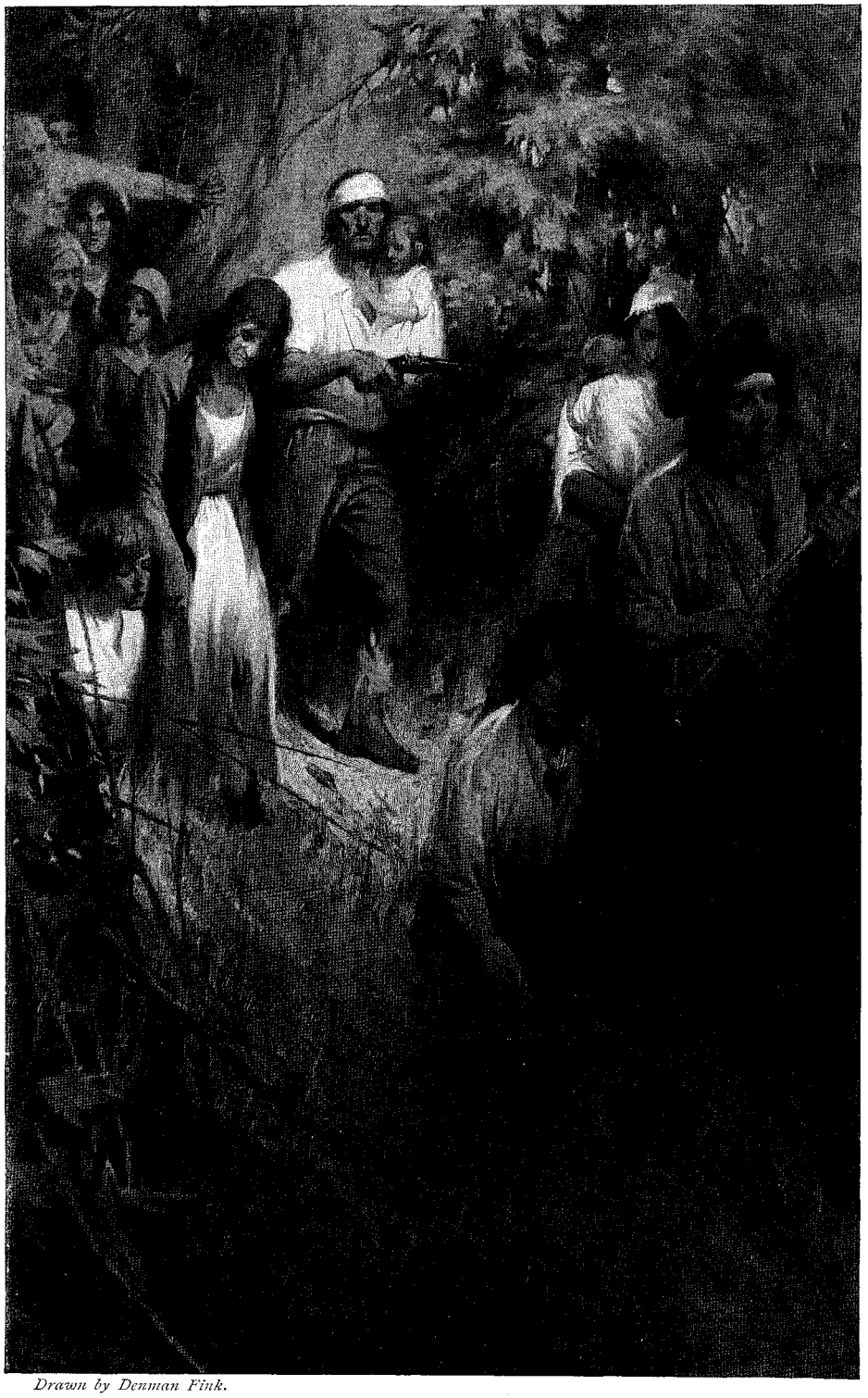

Drawn by Denman Fink.

The Flight of the Survivors of the Wyoming Massacre Through "The Shades of Death."

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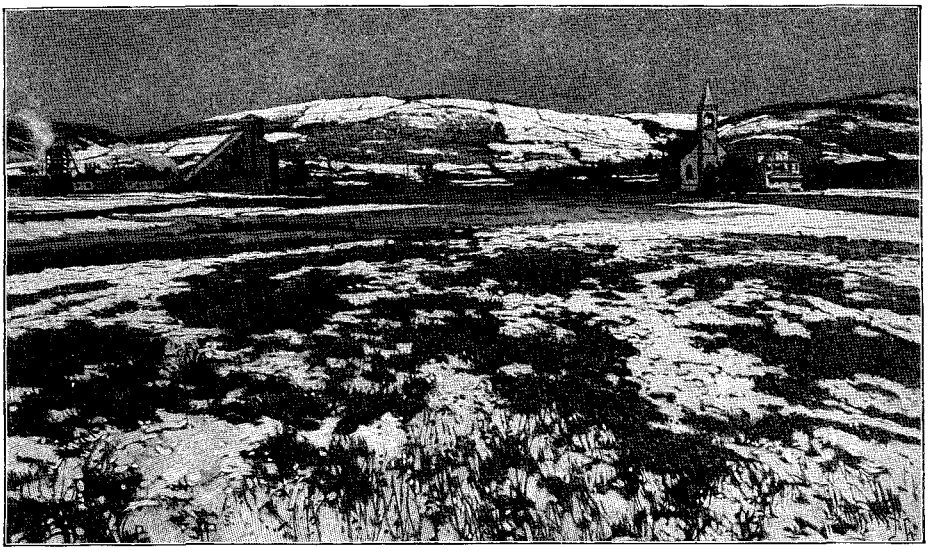

A Portion of Abraham's Plains, Exeter Township, Wyoming Valley.*
The scene of the Battle of July 3, 1778.

Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill in effect upon the long fight for freedom. The victims who fell in the valley before British muskets in Indian hands, and those slain by the tomahawks of savages who were British allies and commanded by a British officer, deserve a prouder monument than the one erected to their memory on the battle-field. They were really the marked martyrs of the Revolution, and the blood of the martyrs was the seed of independence and of the republic. These men — "the undisciplined, the youthful, the aged" — who marched out to battle against great odds, with guns poorly loaded with powder and ball made by their besieged women, in the awful deaths they died, supplied a mass of telling ammunition of fact to Edmund Burke and the Earl of Chatham which they employed against the Tory ranks in Cabinet and Parliament until the party tottered.

Another and later effect of the massacre abroad, was that for the first time an American subject engaged the pen of a British poet, and Thomas Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" confirmed the renown of its author. It was not published until 1809, but long before that time it was given to the coterie which assembled at Holland House, and the tragical event which inspired the production, having become universally familiar to the English, had carried with its horrors the fame of the region which was its theatre. The Wyoming Valley was the Yosemite of those days, but with the added interests of tragedy and romance, of the pastoral, and all the charms of sylvan solitude, so that it is not strange it appealed to the poetic mind and became in the imagination of Coleridge and Southey, the Lloyds and Charles Lamb, the ideal planting-ground for that projected experiment in communal life which they called Pantisocracy, and for a long time cherished. With all that was written of Wyoming it is curious that its charms were not overdrawn, but they were not; and when in later years Halleck and Drake and Bryant and scores of prose writers came to dwell upon the beauties of the spot, each in turn seems to have been surprised that more had not been said in song and story of the most romantic region in all known America.

The bodies of the murdered men of Wyoming remained where they had fallen, a prey for the wolves and for the elements, until October 22d, nearly four months, when a military guard repaired there, and collected and buried them in one huge grave.

* This and the following illustrations are from material furnished by Oscar J. Harvey, Esq., of Wilkes-Barre.

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The blood of the martyrs cried aloud for retribution, and slowly but surely preparations were making to shatter the whole system of the hostile Indian alliance in New York. The once struggling settlement of the Susquehanna Company, looking only to its own people and indirectly to Connecticut for sympathy and support, now that it was struck from physical being, had suddenly become a subject for general consideration. Washington himself was at the head of the movement for avenging its great wrong, and General John Sullivan, one of the best soldiers and most picturesque personages of the Revolution, being selected to "chastise and humble" the Six Nations, most effectually performed that duty.

Pistol Found on the Wyoming Battle-field.
In the collection of the Wyoming Historical Society.

Almost any other people than the Connecticut Yankees would now have abandoned Wyoming for all time, but these pioneers seemed not only to have been filled with the spirit of New England enterprise, but to have developed extra determination through long-time opposition. Many of them returned to the valley even in the autumn of the year forever made memorable by the massacre. They built a little fort and took up again their old manner of life, which was one of calm, matter-of-fact defiance of danger and death. The Indians made a notable raid in November, but the majority of the settlers never appear to have been greatly disconcerted. The tide of immigration was renewed and bore in a great throng. With the rank and file came new leaders, among them Colonel John Franklin, destined to be one of the conspicuous characters in the militant new Connecticut.

Pennsylvania, during the Revolution, had made no attempt to renew hostilities nor to repel the invasion, for the colony had been urged by Congress to remain inactive until the greater struggle was over. But as the Revolution drew to a close she prepared to resist aggression. The lands now belonged to the State instead of a private family, and there was an access of general interest in their disposal. A greater change in the situation, however, lay in the fact that there was a new power to appeal to for settlement—the Congress of the Confederation. There was impatience to have the question of ownership decided, and only a fortnight after Cornwallis's surrender, on November 3, 1781, a petition was presented to Congress asking that the case be adjudicated by that body, under the clause of the Articles of Confederation relating to disputed boundaries. It was finally agreed that the subject of jurisdiction should be left to a board of commissioners to be selected by the delegates from the two colonies, and those agreed upon were William Whipple, of New Hampshire; Welcome Arnold, of Rhode Island; David Brearly and William Churchill Houston, of New Jersey; Cyrus Griffin, Joseph Jones, and Thomas Nelson, of Virginia. On November 12, 1782, the court opened at Trenton, N. J. Distinguished counsel, including on both sides men then or afterward famous for service as soldiers, statesmen, legislators, appeared before the tribunal—Eliphalet Dyer, William Samuel Johnson, and Jesse Root for Connecticut; and William Bradford, Joseph Reed, James Wilson, and Jonathan D. Sargeant for Pennsylvania.

It is a remarkable fact that although this court held a session of forty-one judicial or working-days, heard voluminous arguments from the full array of able attorneys—of whom one spoke for four days—and delivered a momentous decision, scarcely any record exists of its deliberations, or in the century since has it transpired just what were the arguments made nor on precisely what ground was the verdict rendered. The judges had announced in advance that they would not make public the reasons which guided them to their decision, and they kept their secret inviolable. The verdict was flatly for Pennsylvania. "We are unanimously of opinion that Connecticut has no right to the lands in controversy," declared the

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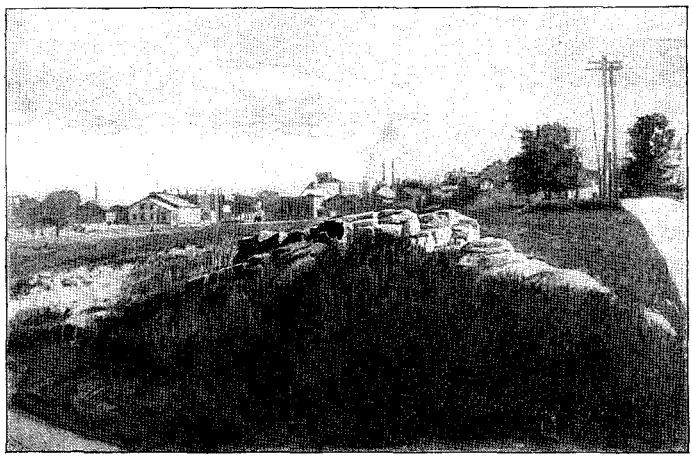

Site (on the North Common, Wilkes-Barre) of the Redoubt Built by the Connecticut Settlers, and Used by Them in the Summer of 1771 when Besieging the Pennamites in Fort Wyoming.

judges, and they added: "We are also unanimously of opinion that the jurisdiction and pre-emption of all the territory lying within the charter of Pennsylvania, and now claimed by the State of Connecticut, do of right belong to the State of Pennsylvania."

While it is reasonable to suppose that all of the old contentions concerning the charter claims were most minutely gone over, it amounts almost to a certainty that the tedious and dangerous dispute was decided more on the matter of *intent* than on the literal rendering of the fundamental documents, and that expediency was paramount in the minds of the judges to all other considerations combined. On its face, taking everything as literal, Connecticut's "real, though impracticable claim" would doubtless, in the estimation of an unbiassed judge, have appeared better than Pennsylvania's; and yet that Connecticut should have jurisdiction over the great slice of Penn's province lying westward of her border, and so continuing westward "to the South Sea," would have been not only monstrously absurd, but dangerous to the public interest.

A new nation was entering upon the critical period of its formation, and its young life was imperilled by the conflicting claims of the very States that went to compose it. Massachusetts had a claim for millions of acres in western New York, on the same ground that Connecticut claimed a portion of Pennsylvania. Virginia and other States had similar imaginary mortgages on the West. Contention and bloodshed had already ensued, and the future threatened worse results than the past had developed. Somewhere a sacrifice must be made—a sacrifice of individual interests, or even rights—for the common good. The case in hand was that of Connecticut against Pennsylvania. Why not begin here? Such, in brief, it seems sure was the most weighty argument in the minds of the judges, and dictated the Trenton Decree. The opinion of public men, in surprisingly unanimous approval of the verdict, was strong testimony to its wisdom and practical justice. It was a first, firm, forward step in nationality.

Another curious question that arises from the finding of the Trenton Court is: Did not the judges enter into a tacit and secret understanding with the Continental Congress that, in recompense for being deprived of her claim in an existent sister-State, Connecticut should be allowed a grant from the lands farther west, which would inflict loss upon no single colony, because they were the common heritage of the new nation as a whole? Again there is not an iota of legal evidence on which to reply, but an affirmative answer is, nevertheless, almost compelled by the conditions which existed. Such supposition is rational, leaves nothing to be accounted for, satisfies one's sense of justice toward a long-suffering people, and is given strong support of a negative nature in the partial secrecy of the proceedings

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of Congress relating to the preliminaries of the grant to Connecticut of the Western Reserve, in Ohio.

The Wyoming men acquiesced quietly in the decree, but a new trouble arose. Jurisdiction had been securely vested in Pennsylvania, but the question of private ownership had not been touched upon, and therein lay the seed of a new contention which brought on a third "Pennamite War"—for, though the Penns were eliminated from the equation, the old name was retained. Pennsylvania, however near the right formerly, was now clearly in the wrong. Her people would not even allow the question of private ownership to be settled by a tribunal provided for in the Articles of Confederation. Thomas Jefferson sought in Congress to have such a solution of the problem resorted to, but a spirited remonstrance from the Pennsylvania Assembly put an end to the proceedings. In lieu of Jefferson's wise measure, the Pennsylvanians proposed an immediate relinquishment of half the Yankees' possessions, and an early relinquishment of all (with a slight time indulgence for the benefit of "the widows of those who had fallen by the savages"). These terms they resolved to enforce, and when the Yankees rejected the offer the matter was put for execution into the hands of that same Captain Alexander Patterson who had been conspicuous in the former contentions, and with two companies of militia he repaired to the long-troubled valley. His first act was the summary arrest of Colonel Zebulon Butler, the old hero of Wyoming, and Colonel John Franklin. A flood assisted the designs of the Pennsylvania claimants and land jobbers. It swept away many buildings and obliterated some landmarks. Patterson's men did the rest. They proceeded to lay out the lands in accordance with the Pennsylvania survey, created new civil divisions, and even replaced the cherished name of Wilkes-Barre with that of Londonderry.

In the middle of May the work of wiping Wyoming from the map was ruthlessly completed. The scenes that followed the massacre were now re-enacted. The soldiery marched out and at the point of the bayonet dispersed at least 150 families, in many instances setting fire to their dwellings. Five hundred of the evicted—men, women, and children, infants in arms and old men—were literally driven from the valley, mostly on foot, poorly provided with food. They tramped through the mountainous wilderness toward the Delaware, only less miserable than the thronging refugees from the scene of the massacre six years before. Some died in the forest. Others reached the settlements only to succumb there to the rigors of their seven days' forced march—semi-starvation, exposure, and exhaustion. This was the seventh time the Connecticut people had made an enforced exodus from the valley.

The Pennsylvanians were in possession, but their high-handed method of procedure had alienated the sympathy of the right-minded of their own State. Shame and indignation led to the sending of a sheriff's *posse* to restore order, and the hasty recall of the evicted settlers. Patterson remained sufficiently in power to extend to the first who returned a warm reception, but finally, as the refugees rallied in greater force, Colonel John Franklin took command of them, and they went through the valley like a scourge, dispossessing the Pennsylvanians wherever they came upon them. Patterson, gathering his followers in a fort, stood at bay. A battle ensued in which men were killed on both sides. And so civil war again crimsoned the country. To quell this, Colonel John Armstrong—the same who was the author of the celebrated "Newburg Addresses" which had brought Washington's army to the verge of mutiny in the Revolution—was ordered with 400 militia to the scene of disturbance. It was the expectation that he would act impartially as a peace officer, but like his colleague, Patterson, he hated the Yankees, and it was those only that he disarmed; and having done so immediately declared them prisoners, manacled them in couples, and marched them to prison.

It is probable that now, but for the intervention of a peculiar Pennsylvania institution, the Council of Censors, and John Dickinson, who together created a new sympathy for the Yankee settlers and mitigated the rigors of their prosecution, the colony of Wyoming would once more have been stricken from existence. But most of Armstrong's prisoners escaping, or being re-

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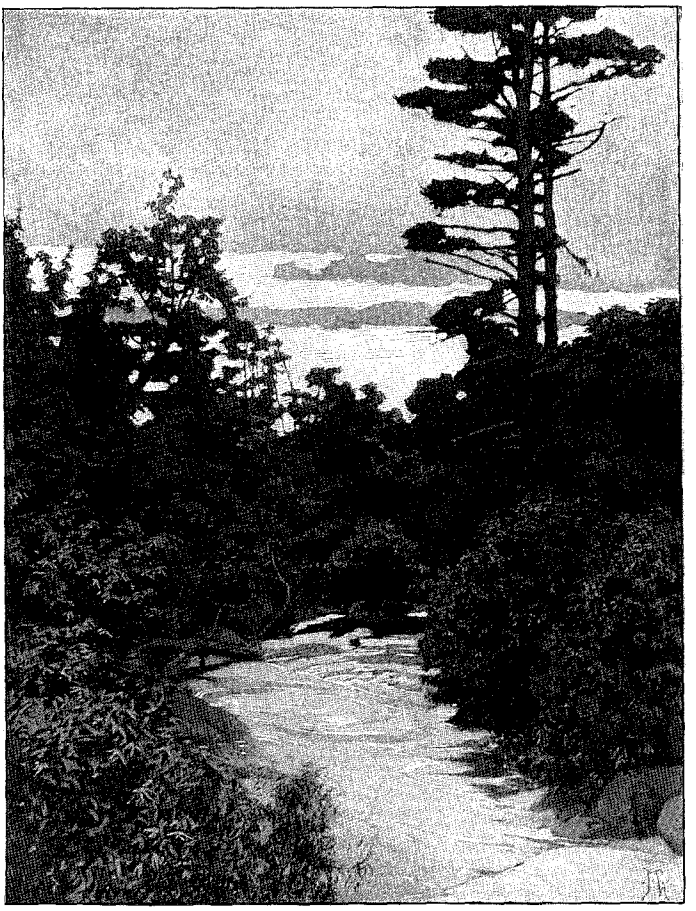

Bear Creek, Luzerne County, Penn.

In the mountainous region east of Wyoming Valley and contiguous to the Great Swamp or "Shades of Death,' through which the Wyoming settlers fled after the massacre, and upon other occasions when driven out of the Valley by the Pennamites.

leased, they swarmed back to the valley with that indomitable persistency they had exhibited for a quarter of a century, and resumed the defence of their homes. The conflict was now carried on in a desultory but determined way for years, and many lives were lost, both through the predatory Indian methods of war, involving the scouting of sharpshooters, and in collisions of considerable forces, before the war closed.

But cessation of armed hostilities in this case did not mean any improvement in the situation. Every change in the Pennamite Wars seems to have been to something worse. And now, while there was a respite from fighting, it was only because of the withdrawal of Armstrong and Patterson's soldiery; and the Connecticut men, who had so long battled for homes in Pennsylvania with numbers augmented by fresh arrivals and emboldened by partial success, were preparing for a *coup* which, had it been carried out, would have convulsed the country, and made its history read very differently from that we now have.

Civil war at the beginning, instead of seventy-odd years afterward, would very probably have rent the Confederation and possibly have precluded the formation of the republic itself; but civil war — and of very formidable dimensions, and over an issue well calculated to shatter faith in the success of a democratic government—was precisely what the Connecticut people now meant.

The formation of a new State — it might have been the State of Franklin or

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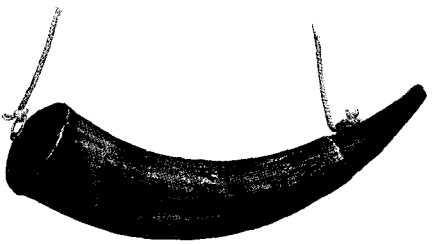
Susquehanna — was not only contemplated, but actually commenced, and that it would have been consummated had not Pennsylvania finally accorded tardy justice is beyond doubt. Considering their experience with Pennsylvania and their long siege of complicated troubles, it is not strange that the Connecticut settlers at last conceived the idea of severing themselves from connection with the Quakers, and founding a new and independent State of which Wyoming should be the nucleus, and which they would probably have so carved as to contain all of Pennsylvania originally claimed by Connecticut; that is, all north of the forty-first parallel of latitude. By 1787 the new-State idea amounted to a furore in Wyoming, and there was an enthusiastic backing for the project in New England and New York. The plan was immediately upon its declaration to rush in a great mass of immigrants, to each of whom should be granted 200 acres of land, and maintain its existence and integrity against all assaults.



Powder-horn, Spear or Pike-head and Sword Found on the Wyoming Battle-field.

In the collection of the Wyoming Historical Society, Wilkes-Barre.

Colonel Ethan Allen, with the fresh prestige of leading the "Green Mountain Boys" to success, came out to Wyoming in the summer, and it has always been supposed was not only there to lend enthusiasm to the undertaking, but with a view to conducting a campaign of arms when the action of the long-oppressed settlers should precipitate attack. It is significant that he had been presented with several thousand acres of land by the Susquehanna Company.

Another remarkable man of the times, Colonel Timothy Pickering, also appeared, but he came as one of the Pennsylvania commissioners, and it was largely owing to his skilful and astute handling of affairs that the most serious situation that ever confronted tortured Wyoming, and in fact equally threatened Pennsylvania and the country at large, was eased by diplomacy combined with judiciously decisive acts. He showed here much of that ability which enabled him in later years to adorn successively the high offices of Postmaster-General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State, and to render acceptable service as Member of Congress and Senator of the United States from Massachusetts. He was originally from that State (to which he returned), and was chosen for that reason by the Pennsylvania Government, for it was believed that a New Englander could more effectively labor with the Connecticut men than could a Pennsylvanian. Pickering went among the Wyoming folk intent on making an equitable settlement of the vexed question and authorized to promise, in the name of the Government, that their lands should be confirmed to the settlers in clear title. Pennsylvania came reluctantly but of necessity to this concession, for her leading men had grown to fear that the unjust course which had been persisted in would bear bitter fruit. So it was with a mingling of the patriotic and politic in motive that the shrewd Pickering went on his mission. He took up lands under Connecticut title, cultivated the people, talked conciliation and concession, and almost at the outstart made an adherent of brave old Zebulon Butler.

Simultaneously with Pickering's progress, very important work of a diverse nature went on in the States of Pennsylvania and Connecticut. The former passed what became famous as "the Confirming Act of 1787," expressly to disrupt the new-State movement; and at the very time, though the Quakers did not know how far it had gone, the Connecticut schemers were actually drawing up a plan of government for the proposed new State. Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut, had written its constitution, while Major Will-

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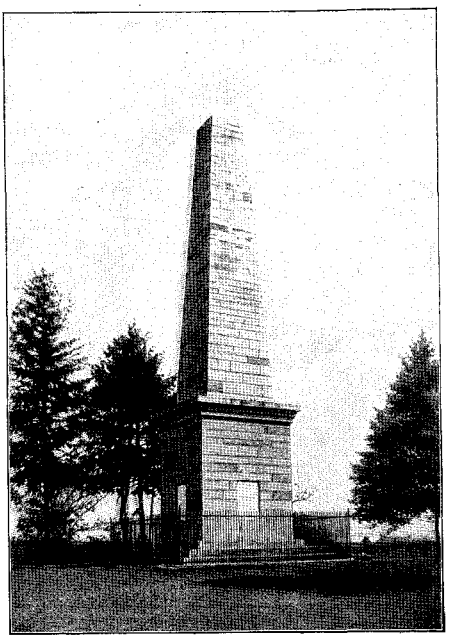
iam Judd, of the same State, had been decided upon for the first governor and Colonel John Franklin for lieutenant-governor.

Thus close had the new State come to bursting into being, when the legislative act of Pennsylvania and the diplomacy of Pickering averted the danger. But the colonel, redoubtable in peace as he had been in war, was still unable to swerve all of the Wyoming men to acceptance of his proposition. Not being able to conciliate his old companion-in-arms, Colonel Franklin, he forcibly captured him, put him in irons very promptly, and sternly hustled him off to Philadelphia, where he was clapped into prison and long languished under the charge of treason. As a sequel to this, Colonel Pickering was in June, 1788, arrested in retaliation, held as a hostage, and hurried from place to place by his Yankee captors, who for weeks eluded four companies of militia, a troop of horse, and a sheriff's *posse*.

Long before this the Connecticut settlers held a typical New England "town meeting" to discuss the question of accepting or rejecting the Compromise Act of 1787, which revealed the fact that a majority of them were in favor of accepting Pennsylvania's terms. Those opposed argued that the act confirming their titles had only been passed to stop the new-State movement, and time proved they were right, for in 1790 the Legislature repealed it as being unconstitutional. But the land-jobbing projects of the holders of Pennsylvania titles, who had brought about the repeal, gained nothing by the measure. There was in the act so much of wisdom and good policy, so much of justice to the long-suffering Connecticut men who had bought in good faith those Wyoming lands and expended their blood in defending them, that the spirit of the law actually survived and was potently active, even when the body of the act was dead and destroyed — stricken from the statutes. The settlers continued to hold their lands and were not again molested, though the legal war continued for years. The "Yankees" eventually made the State a trifling payment for the lands, and finally the last vestige of injustice toward them was wiped out by an act passed in 1807, exactly half a century from the date when Connecticut's pioneers came to Cushu-



The Wyoming Monument, Erected in 1833.
It stands near the scene of the battle and massacre of July 3, 1778.

tunk on the Delaware, and almost as long since the initial settlement at Wyoming.

What, now, were the ultimate results to Pennsylvania and rewards to Connecticut flowing from this unique invasion and unparalleled contention?

In a certain sense Pennsylvania was the chief gainer. Already having a more heterogeneous population than any State in the Union, she received still another distinct element, and the Yankee people who came among the Germans and Scotch-Irish either with, or as a result of, the Connecticut invasion were by no means the least useful and influential citizens of the so-called Quaker State, as becomes evident on reflection that among the representative men of this blood were such statesmen as David Wilmot, of "Proviso" fame (who, in 1846, became a conspicuous figure in the great Congressional campaign against slavery, in which, as we shall see, his Ohio compatriots of Connecticut origin were already engaged); Hon. Galusha A. Grow, Pennsylvania's veteran Congressman-at-Large, whose career covers half a century; Governors William F. Packer and Henry M. Hoyt; such able commanders of industry, co-

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lossal philanthropists, and college founders as Asa Packer and Ario Pardee, and such a sterling city founder as Joseph H. Scranton.

Aside from the Connecticut contribution of men to Pennsylvania, thus merely indicated, perhaps the most important service that the Yankees rendered Pennsylvania lay in its initiative and example of the common-school system. They had been at Wyoming—as, indeed, wherever the New England colonies were planted—the pioneers of public schools; and when Pennsylvania came tardily to establish these institutions she was influenced by the Connecticut element and found models on the Susquehanna which had existed for more than half a century.

With these facts in view, it is apparent that there were results of far-reaching good growing out of Connecticut's contest for Wyoming, which it is gratifying to chronicle; for without these there would appear a peculiarly pathetic and irreconcilable inadequacy of outcome for all those fifty years of stubborn strife.

As for the Yankee colonists, they secured clear title eventually to what is called "the seventeen townships" or about 300,000 acres of land, including the beautiful valley they had fought for for fifty years, from which they had seven times been evicted and in which their people had twice been massacred. They had coveted and contested this ground for its agricultural worth and its picturesqueness; and curiously enough their heirs found the value of the lands doubled or deci-multiplied, and the loveliness of the land for the most part destroyed by one and the same cause—the discovery of anthracite coal therein, and the development of the most extensive mines in all America.

But the greater reward that came to the Connecticut people lay not in the country for which they had carried on their heroic, even if mistaken contest, but in the Western Reserve, which is a region a trifle larger than Connecticut, possessing a population almost equalling it at the last census, and exercising, in some respects, a power surpassing it.

In the granting to Connecticut of that huge tract—unquestionably influenced, as before explained, by the idea that some measure of mercy, if not of justice, was due in compensation for its being deprived of possession in Pennsylvania—in its superb colonization and the consequences flowing therefrom—is to be found, historically speaking, the justification for the warfare at Wyoming.

The reward which Connecticut received in Ohio, for her otherwise profitless persistency in Pennsylvania, was a reward of victory vicariously bestowed, inasmuch as it came, for the most part, to other men than those who had toiled, in the Quaker State—and even to another generation—but it redounded to the advantage of the State; and her people as a whole improved the opportunity opened to them to the very utmost.

The Western Reserve came into existence through the thrifty forethought of Connecticut in attaching conditions to her deed of cession of Western land-claims to the United States. She had exactly the same claim to lands between latitude 41° and 42° in Ohio which she had to those of the same zone in Pennsylvania—claims based upon her charter (as stated in the first of these papers), which extended her northern and southern boundaries indefinitely westward, and gave her all between them. She had been divested of title in Pennsylvania in 1782 after a contest unparalleled in the annals of intercolonial strife, but she resolutely hung on to the claim farther west. When she made her deed of cession to the United States, relinquishing claim to the territory northwest of the Ohio River she reserved a tract supposed to contain 3,000,000 acres (it afterward proved to be larger) lying upon the south shore of Lake Erie, and the deed of cession being accepted by Congress, May 26, 1786, Connecticut was granted the tract, for which a deed was issued to her on September 14th following.

The best evidence that the divestment of title to the Wyoming lands, which Connecticut had undergone by the Trenton Decree of 1782 (heretofore alluded to), was taken into consideration by Congress and influenced the grant, was that her tract was made to extend westward from the Pennsylvania boundary 120 miles, which was supposed to make it equal to the Susquehanna tract which had been taken from her.

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

The Connecticut Settlers Entering the Western Reserve.

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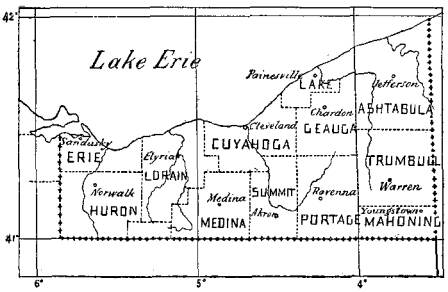
Connecticut's first act in regard to her grant was to reserve (in 1792) half a million acres from her own Reserve for the reimbursement of losses sustained by her citizens in the Revolution. These, located in the extreme western end of the tract, became known in Connecticut as "The Sufferers' Lands," and in Ohio as "the Fire Lands," because the majority of the losses they satisfied were those by fire, in the towns burned by the British, Norwalk, New London, Norwich, New Haven, and others—names all duly transplanted to Ohio. The residue of the lands the State resolved to put into the market for the benefit of her school fund, and in due time she sold them for $1,200,000 to the Connecticut Land Company, composed of some of the leading financiers and most prominent characters of the State, with a few members from Massachusetts and New York. To tell how this company surveyed and sold its lands, and the region was filled with settlers, mostly from Connecticut, would fill a volume, but the story would consist of the dry details common to the peaceful growths in population and power of other Western regions, save that here it would exhibit a marked conservation of the characteristics of Connecticut. The surveying party, led by General Moses Cleveland, a soldier of the Revolution, came into the tract in 1796, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the Declaration at "Port Independence," as they named Conneaut Harbor, and founded the city of Cleveland a few days later.

At first there is no question these pertinacious Yankees thought to establish a State, as they had tried to do in Pennsylvania, but this idea was soon given over; though through the persistence of a certain modified Puritanism and other traits transplanted from Connecticut, they became a peculiar power, and the Reserve soon gained the distinctive title of "a State separate from the rest of Ohio." This was largely by reason of the early, unremitting, and exceedingly zealous advocacy of anti-slavery doctrine, which was the chief political characteristic of the people. Charles B. Storrs, the first president of Western Reserve College—which was the earliest of several colleges which sprang up among this peculiarly enlightened and progressive people — began the propaganda which was afterward aided actively by President Finney and "Father" Keep at Oberlin, and carried into Congress by



Map Showing the Portion of Ohio Known as the Western Reserve.

the greatest of the Reserve's early contributions to the roll of national statesmen, Joshua R. Giddings and Benjamin Franklin Wade, both, like their successor, Garfield, of New England and Puritan origin. John Brown came here from Connecticut as a child of five years; and it was through the inculcation of early Western Reserve radicalism, operating excessively on a peculiar nature, that he was projected upon the country at large as a lurid figure, whatever its defects, not to fade from history. It has been chiefly through a certain stalwart moral stamina of its people, combined with a genius for politics, that the Reserve early became conspicuous, and has all along exercised a huge influence, relative to its size, upon the State and country. It has contributed six governors to the State in the time of its need, five Senators and two Presidents to the United States; educators, authors, scientists almost innumerable. The mere names of Wade and Giddings, of James A. Garfield and William McKinley, of Jay Cooke, financier of the War for the Union, of Governors Samuel Huntington, Seabury Ford, Reuben Wood, David Tod, John Brough, and Jacob D. Cox — the latter also one of the ablest generals in the Civil War, and of those other generals, Q. A. Gillmore, Opdyke, Dewey, Alger, Reilly, John Beatty and the two Paines, both major-generals, who, though entering the service elsewhere, were natives of the Reserve; of such practical scientists as Edison and Brush; of such authors as W. D. Howells, James Ford

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Rhodes, Edith Thomas, George Kennan, Ambrose Bierce, Sarah Woolsey, Albion W. Tourgee, Thomas Jay Hudson, and Delia Bacon (of Bacon-Shakespeare fame), and of such educators as ex-President James Fairchild, of Oberlin, the late Thomas W. Harvey and Burke A. Hinsdale, and Professor George Trumbull Ladd (the world-famous philosopher and psychologist of Yale's faculty), are sufficient to attest that it was no people of mere mediocrity which Connecticut's remarkable colonizing movement placed in Ohio.

In material growth the Reserve has shown an advance from a mere handful of people (1,320) in 1800, and 16,000 in 1810, to almost 885,000 in 1900, of which Cleveland has 381,768, becoming the chief city of the State, and the seventh in the United States.

This compact community, settled principally by Connecticut people—preserving to a large extent the peculiarities of Connecticut, forming the largest distinct colony to be found in the whole nation—which more than any other similar body of people west of the Alleghenies has "impressed the brain and conscience of the country," represents the final organized outcome of that same irrepressible, almost explosively expansive, but misdirected force which made its first feeble manifestation at Cushutunk, and strove in vain to break State barriers at Wyoming. It was a force which only needed a slight favoring from fate to become enormously useful, as it finally did.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA

By Henry Cabot Lodge

SOMEWHAT more than a year ago Eduard Suess, the distinguished Austrian geologist, eminent alike in science and in public life, celebrated his seventieth birthday. To a gathering of his friends who had waited upon him to present their congratulations, he made an address in which he discussed the political and economic future of the nations of the earth. The theme was very appropriate to the speaker, for modern history in these latest days has been engaged in demonstrating more and more surely and clearly that the discovery, possession, and development of mineral deposits have played always a leading and often a controlling part in the rise and fall of states and empires, in the growth and decay of civilizations, and in the movements of trade and the accumulation of wealth. This phase of history was, therefore, the one naturally taken by Herr Suess for his text, and in the course of his discussion he is reported to have said that owing to their mineral resources, the future belonged to three nations—the United States, Russia, and China, but with a long interval between the first and second; and that the supremacy of the nations of western Europe and of England was over, because their natural resources, heavily drawn upon for many centuries, and never very large, were rapidly approaching exhaustion. To the geologist a thousand years are, indeed, but as yesterday, and that which he speaks of as immediate frequently seems to the average man extremely remote. Many years, no doubt, must elapse before the mineral resources of England and western Europe actually give out or become unprofitable from difficulty in working. Yet the end is pressing sufficiently close to cause England and Europe to watch the progress of the United States with an interest hitherto unknown and which, whether it finds expression in serious discussion, in sneers, or in denunciations, is none the less real and none the less tremulous with apprehension of the rival at whom they have been wont to scoff. We, on the other hand, do not fret ourselves overmuch about the nations we are overtaking and passing in the race for trade, commerce, and economic supremacy. We observe all they do, with great care, but without anxiety. To us the great country placed next behind us by the geologist is a subject of keener interest, although no cause for present fear. It is true that owing to the superior energy of the Amer-

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ican people a long interval still separates us from Russia, in the prediction of Herr Suess. But none the less Russia has the natural resources—she has, like ourselves, a large future; her natural resources are still undeveloped. The nations which have hitherto held economic supremacy, but whose natural resources have begun to contract and decline, demand, no doubt, our most watchful attention, but need not excite undue apprehension. Ultimate peril, if there is any, can only come from a nation of the future, with possibilities as yet unmeasured and unknown.

To every reflecting American, therefore, Russia is of absorbing interest, not only on account of the friendship she has frequently shown us, but because she is potentially an economic rival more formidable than any other organized nation. We know that somewhere in that vast territory which extends from the Baltic to the Pacific, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea, there is to be found every variety of soil and climate, and every kind of mineral wealth. The coal, the iron, the gold, and the copper may not be so compactly or so conveniently placed as in the United States, but they are all there. That which it concerns us to know is how far this great country and its resources are now developed, whether they can be fully and effectively developed by the Russian people, and, if so, how soon will they reach the point of dangerous and destructive rivalry. These were the questions to which I sought reply when I travelled in Russia last summer; and on the principle of seeking and finding, I received a number of very vivid impressions which seemed to furnish in some degree answers to the questions I had in mind. I shall try here to set down certain of those impressions, with the hope that they may help us to understand the present and gauge the future conditions with some accuracy, for upon our knowledge of these conditions our success in the great economic struggle, upon which we have entered so victoriously and so cheerfully, largely depends.

We came into Russia from Vienna by way of Poland, and stopped at Warsaw. Here was a large city full of business activity, curiously devoid of any sign of age more remote than the days of "Augustus, the Physically Strong," and with new quarters which closely resembled Chicago. Everywhere there was bustle, life, energy; very clearly an economic people with abundant capacity for the competition of the present time. And over this large, thriving, moving, rather commonplace community lies ever the shadow of 80,000 armed men, for that is the garrison needed, apparently, to maintain the peace for which Warsaw has become proverbial. The people are Polish and Jewish, the soldiers are Russians. In other words, the economic people here are not Russians, and their obvious capacity for modern business throws no light upon Russia unless by way of contrast. But from another point of view the relative positions of the two races are full of instruction, and embody very strikingly the great truth that economic capacity is futile unless it is sustained by the nobler abilities which enable a people to rule and administer and display that social efficiency in war, peace, and government without which all else is vain. It is well worth while to pause a moment as one looks at Warsaw, and remember how great a part the Poles have played in history. They were the barrier of Europe against the Turk. Only three centuries ago they were in Moscow, pulling down and setting up Tsars. They were, and are, a gallant people, brilliant in war, versatile, clever, interesting. They were, and are, far cleverer, far more attractive, far quicker than the Russians; but they were unable to govern themselves or others, and the Russians have shown themselves able to do both. They were anarchic, weakly unable to combine and make sacrifices for a common end. The Russians were orderly, organized, concentrated. One is irresistibly reminded by Poland of Bagehot's famous proposition that in great governing races there is always a certain amount of stupidity, and that "while the Romans were prætors, the Greeks were barbers"—an illustration which he might have supplemented by one equally apt, drawn from contemporary Warsaw. But none the less, however we may explain it, and however much we may dislike the political system and methods by which Poland is controlled, the fact remains that the Russians govern Poland, which could not govern itself, as well as much other vast territory and many other hostile or alien peoples. We may object

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to their way of doing it, but we must concede at the outset that the Russians have the governing capacity, without which no race and no nation can aspire to political power or hope for material success. The manner may be harsh, but the Russians can maintain order, with which failure is likely enough, but without which nothing is possible, except anarchy and chaos, hateful above all things to gods and men and Thomas Carlyle.

The railroad from Warsaw to Moscow follows almost exactly the route of Napoleon and the Grand Army. The country is still the same as in his day, except for the railroad itself; and as the dreary plain, broken only by vast stretches of monotonous birch and pine forests, slips by, hour after hour and mile after mile, the greatness of the man who crossed it with an army looms ever larger on the imagination. The military genius of Napoleon seems more marvellous than ever before, while the lone and level plain, the marshes, the woods, the chill and sluggish rivers, silent witnesses of his great march, stare back at the gazer as the train runs slowly onward. It was this same country that destroyed his army on its retreat after the ruinous and inexplicable delay at Moscow which insured a defeat that could have been so easily avoided. The victory of the desolate wind-swept plains over the only soldier of modern times worthy to rank with Cæsar, Alexander, and Hannibal suggests some interesting reflections. The Russians have expanded their borders and added to their possessions more than any people in modern times, except those who speak English. The Tsar holds sway to-day over a territory as compact as the United States and more than twice as large. Throwing out the Arctic wastes of Canadian North America, Russia in Europe and Asia has nearly as large an area as that of all the widely scattered British possessions. Yet it was not until late in the sixteenth century, less than four hundred years ago, that Russia shook herself free from Tartar dominion. Two hundred more years elapsed before her political organization became consolidated and coherent, free from the intermeddling of Poles and Swedes. Her great extension of territory has practically taken place within 200 years; that is, since the accession of Peter the Great. When it is remembered that the world movement of the English-speaking people began nearly a hundred years earlier, with the first settlement of America and the opening of the East India trade, the length and rapidity of the strides Russia has made in the acquisition of territory and the spread of her empire can be quickly appreciated. Yet a very conspicuous fact about Russian history is that she has never been a conquering nation, in the usual military sense. She has never swept, swift and conquering, over vast spaces of the earth, like the Tartar hordes which held her in bondage for 250 years, and whose scattered remnants are now her peaceful subjects. Her best known victories in war have been, as a rule, defensive victories, where country and climate were the allies of her soldiers, as when she ruined Charles, of Sweden, at Pultava, or destroyed the Grand Army of Napoleon, pursuing his retreating columns over snow and ice, more deadly and destructive than all her soldiers and artillery. She has steadily pushed back the Turks in many wars of varying success, but the empire has not been made by military conquerors of the type of Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon. Suvaroff, alone, had large success in the offensive, outside his own country, and after his recall the Russian army was beaten by Massena at Zurich. The Russians, indeed, have not been oversuccessful in war. They have always fought with dogged stubbornness, but military genius seems to have been lacking. It is true that they have slowly driven back the Turks, and yet in their very last war Turkey, crippled as she was, inflicted many bloody repulses upon them and stayed the march to Constantinople. Nevertheless, with the exception of the English-speaking race, no people have acquired territory so rapidly and steadily, or held it more firmly. No matter what checks they have received, the Russian movement has gone persistently forward. They have spread to the Baltic on the north and to the Black Sea on the south. They have crossed the Urals and carried their empire to the Pacific. Even now they are grasping Manchuria and have opened their way to the Persian Gulf, despite the fact that England, if we may believe Captain Mahan, has been increasing her

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prestige and improving her military strength in South Africa. They hold Poland, Finland, and the German Baltic provinces in an unwilling, but complete, subjection. They have brought the Cossacks, that wild blend of Tartar and Greek with outlawed Poles and Russians, to an entire and satisfactory loyalty, while the still wilder tribes of Central Asia accept their dominion quietly, and rest content under their rule. The people of the South and East, with a less advanced civilization, welcome Russian government, while those of the western border, more civilized and more intelligent than their masters, detest it, but both alike are held quiet and submissive in an iron grip. Here, then, is a nation which has shown two great and vital qualities of an imperial and ruling race—the ability to govern and the ability to expand and conquer, as well as to consolidate and hold its conquests.

Twenty years ago it would have been admitted unquestioningly that a nation with such attributes and such achievements in the recent past was soon to become, not only a portentous rival to all other nations, but that, except for some very unforeseen contingency, was certain to attain to supremacy, if not to absolute domination in the affairs of the world. Since that time, however, a new school of historians has arisen, of which Mr. Brooks Adams, in his "Law of Civilization and Decay," was the pioneer and first exponent, and which has set forth and sustained the theory that the rise and fall of states and civilizations, nations and races, are governed by processes of evolution as sure as those applied by Darwin to the world of nature, and less definite only because our knowledge of the highly complicated facts is inferior and our opportunities of observation more limited. This new school further holds that in these processes of evolution the controlling forces, in ancient and modern times alike, have been economic. This doctrine, if carried to extremes, may easily become as misleading as any other; for the one thing absolutely certain about human history is that, in the infinite complications of human motives and passions, no single theory and no simple truth can alone explain all the doings of mankind and all the events of the past. The economic forces have been so utterly overlooked hitherto, and have really played such a great and, at times, controlling part in the history of mankind, that it is easy in reaction against their undeserved neglect to go too far with them. Properly understood, they give light in many places where before there was darkness; they often show continuity, where hitherto blind chance seemed to reign; they demonstrate the processes of evolution and they explain much, but taken alone they do not explain everything. A nation may produce great economic capacity, and yet fail. Even the towering genius of Hannibal could not save the Carthaginians, a race of high economic ability, from defeat by a people at that time of low economic capacity, but endowed with greater tenacity of purpose, greater ability to stand punishment, and superior quality in war. The Huns swept over Europe in conquest and disappeared, for they had neither organizing, administrative, nor economic capabilities. The nation which can only fight, no matter how brilliantly, will not endure. Like Hun and Tartar, it will go down. The nation which is purely economic, no matter how much it wins in commerce or how vast the wealth it piles up, cannot long survive; for some fighting people whom it has beaten in trade will destroy it in war. Carthage fell before the advance of Rome. A people may combine fighting and economic qualities, and yet break down because they cannot organize and govern. Poland furnishes a sad example of such a case. A nation may be able to fight, trade, and organize, and yet, if unable to expand and spread, will not endure. Spain rose to domination under her statesmen and soldiers, and was brought to the ground by Holland, grotesquely unequal as an antagonist, because Holland could not only fight desperately, but by marvellous economic talents turned the tide of wealth to Amsterdam and ruined her mighty foe, who could not make, but could only spend, money. The Dutch in turn failed to expand, and after a period of great power dropped out of the race and lost their place among the leading nations.

It is not enough, therefore, that a nation should have shown, as Russia has shown, the power to conquer territory, to fight, govern, and expand. She must also prove that she is gifted with the economic qualities, never so essential as now when the

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economic forces are more relentless and controlling than ever before in history. Does she possess these qualities, or can she develop them? On the answer to these questions her future depends. To seek to make this momentous answer complete would be a life-work for one man; and when the life had been given, the task would probably remain unfinished. But indications of the right reply, foundations for just conclusions, contributions to the final settlement of the problem, these can be gathered everywhere, in the history of the past, in the facts and statistics of the present; they can even be discovered in the first vivid impressions of the passing traveller, if he will take the trouble to look at the scenes and people before him with considerate eyes, and formulate what he perceives, so that it shall be intelligible to others.

To a native of western Europe or of the United States, the first feeling which masters him in Russia is that he has come among a people whose fundamental ideas, whose theory of life, and whose controlling motives of action are utterly alien to his own. There is no common ground, no common starting-place, no common premise of thought and action. The fact that the Russians on the surface and in external things are like us, only accentuates the underlying and essential differences. In all the outward forms of social life, in the higher education, in methods of intercourse both public and private, they do not differ from us, and Peter's imitative policy has in all these things been carried to completion. That the man in the breech-clout, that the wearer of the turban or the pigtail, should be wholly alien to us is so obvious that we are not startled. But that men who in the world of society and in the cities dress like us and have our manners should be at bottom so utterly different, gives a sharp and emphatic jar to all one's preconceived ideas.

It is always difficult to state in few words the radical differences which separate one people from another in thought and habits, in the conduct and ideals of life. But here the past helps us to a definition at once broad and suggestive. We are the children of Rome, and the Russians are the children of Byzantium. Between Rome, republican or imperial, and its Greek successor at Byzantium there was a great gulf fixed. One was Latin, the other was the Greek of decadence and subjection. One was Western, the other was Eastern. Ideas inherited from Rome permeated western Europe and were brought thence to America. From Rome comes our conception of patriotism, to take but a single example, that love of country which made Rome what she was in her great days. The patriotism of the Russian applies only to the Tsar. In Glinka's fine and most characteristic opera, "A Life for the Tsar," the old peasant who saves his sovereign has no word for Russia, but only for the Tsar. Give your life, give everything for the Tsar! is his cry; and the songs which move the audience to profound excitement are passionate appeals ending in prayer to sacrifice all for the preservation of the Tsar. That which moves an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German to heroic deeds is devotion to his native land, to his fatherland, to that ideal entity which is known as "country." That which moves the Russian is devotion to a man who, next to God, commands his religious faith and stands to him for his country. The first conception is Roman, and of the Western World. The second is Oriental, and pertains to the subtle Greek intellect in its decadence. Nor is this feeling the personal loyalty of the Cavalier and the Jacobite to the Stuarts, or of the French *noblesse* to the house of Bourbon. The loyalty of the Russian is not to Alexander or to Nicholas or to the Romanoffs, a family of mixed blood, chiefly German and less than three hundred years ago of the rank of boyars. The intense Russian loyalty is to the crowned and consecrated Tsar, whoever he may be, the head of the State and the head of the Church, next to God in their prayers. Superadded to the deep religious feeling for the Tsar is that due to the fact that when Peter came to the throne commerce and industry belonged to the Tsar, like everything else, and in the words of Peter's latest biographer, Waliszewski, "The Tsar is not only master, he is, in the most absolute sense of the word, proprietor of his country and his people." Whatever changes or modifications came from the "great reformer," or have come since, have been in details. The great central idea that the Tsar not

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only represents God on earth, but that he owns country and people, is still dominant and controlling. In other words, the State, in the person of the Tsar, is owner and master, and the result is a military and religious socialism which is economically a wasteful and clumsy system, utterly unable to compete against the intense individualism of other countries working through highly perfected and economical organizations. The same difference of feeling as to the relations of men may be seen in everything. The religious obeisance of the Russians, for example, with its crouching attitude and the head touching the pavement is thoroughly Oriental, and never was known in any Western Church. One feels at every step the great gulf fixed between those who inherit the ideas of Roman law, liberty, and patriotism, and those who still hold to the slavish doctrines of the Greek Empire of Byzantium.

In the famous opera of Glinka, which has just been mentioned, one catches, indeed, the keynote of the Russian system. The hero is not a prince or a boyar or a victorious general, but a simple moujik, and the other great figure is the Tsar, who never appears on the stage at all, but upon whose fate the entire play turns. The moujik is Russia, and on the moujik rests the government of the Tsar. So long as the moujik remains as he is, the Russian autocracy can neither be touched nor shaken. The outbreaks of Nihilists and students are mere froth upon the surface of society. While the moujik fills the army and believes in the Tsar, all the efforts of the discontented and the agitators are as vain and empty as the passing wind. But as the moujik is Russia, it is on him and his qualities that, not only the government, but the future of the country depends. Is he able to take a successful part in the economic competition of the time? If he is, Russia will succeed, and the most prosperous and powerful of nations may dread the rivalry. If he is not, Russia will ultimately fail. It is true that in the Finns and the Poles, in the Germans of the Baltic Provinces and the Tartars of the South — remnants of the hordes which once held the country to tribute—we have industrial and economic people capable of economic development, and even now largely in possession of the business and capital of the empire. But these outlying races are in a hopeless minority, and, with the exception of the Tartars, they, in various degrees, detest their masters; they have no control, and never will have: in a word, they are not Russian and the spirit and soul of Russia are not in them. There is no need to waste time over them. If we would try to read, however dimly, the future of Russia, we must look to the Russian alone, and really to the Russian moujik; for the educated upper class, cultivated into an external imitation of western Europe, are not Russia, and have power and meaning only when they represent and are in close accord with the vast inert mass of the population beneath them, as was the case alike with the Russian Peter and the German Catherine, the two great rulers and builders of the empire.

What does the moujik reveal, then, to the eyes of the passing traveller? I saw him and his country first, as we slowly crossed the vast plain which lies between Warsaw and Moscow. In that long, monotonous stretch of 800 miles, one notes that there are only three cities of any size —Minsk, with 91,000 inhabitants; Brest-Litovsk, with 48,000; and Smolensk with 46,000. There are only six towns, including these three, of over 10,000 inhabitants, and only nine with more than 5,000. This is an old part of the empire, some of the cities having been important in the Middle Ages, but there has been no industrial growth, no concentration of labor and capital, no organization like that of the West. Yet the country is all occupied. The farming villages appear at intervals. They are composed of log houses huddled together, tumble-down, dirty, the chinks stuffed with clay. They closely resemble the worst cabins of the early American pioneers which gave place to the clapboarded or brick house in a generation, so quickly, indeed, that except in the region of the negro and in remote districts they have largely disappeared from our Southern and Western country in the course of a century's advance. But the Russians have not advanced beyond the log-cabin stage in 800 years. In some of the larger villages one sees sometimes two or three houses sheathed in boards and looking like an American frame house, but these are the exceptions. It is true that Russia is a

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country of wood and without building stone, but they could build frame houses, and they have abundance of brick-clay. Yet there they are in the rudest pioneer stage in this long-settled region (Moscow was nearly all wood less than 200 years ago), and there they have remained in rural districts, while the centuries have slipped by unheeded. The eager desire for improvement in material condition, so characteristic of the people who settled the United States, seems to be lacking in the Russian peasant, for even the most adverse circumstances could not account for such widespread absence of progress. Such immobility cannot arise from outside causes, but must have its roots deep down in the nature of the race.

Even more striking than the primitive character of the villages is the absence of roads, of which, in White Russia, at least, there are apparently none better than casual cart-tracks. One can hardly believe, as the watch indicates approach to the journey's end, that the train is drawing near a great capital of a million inhabitants and a thousand years old. The blank, roadless plain goes on up to the edge of Moscow, which has no suburbs; and even when one drives to a pleasure-resort only five miles from the city, that which passes for a road would be thought bad in the most remote mountain districts of the southern Alleghanies. One is also struck in this part of Russia by the absence of any improved implements of agriculture. A horse-plough is the only advance made over hand labor, the reaping, gleaning, and threshing all being done by hand and chiefly by women and girls, the men being largely away in the army or earning money in the cities as cabmen or laborers or in small and simple industries. In southern Russia, American agricultural machinery has been introduced and is extensively used; but White Russia, lying between Warsaw and Moscow, is apparently destitute of such improvements, although its inferiority of soil and vast extent of arable land render improved methods of cultivation peculiarly necessary, from the economic point of view.

Far stronger, however, than any impression received from the villages or farms as to the nature of the Russian is that conveyed by his religious attitude. Watch the people at church during some of the noble and always imposing ceremonies, at the shrines of saints or in the holy places of the Kremlin on a feast-day, and you recognize at once that you are in the presence of a religious faith of a kind unknown to western Europe and to America, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. Here one feels at once that he is in contact with a faith very touching and beautiful to see, which never reasons and has never recognized reason or sought even to dispute its arguments. The devotion is simple, blind, and so unquestioning that the onlooker of another creed finds no intolerance apparent anywhere, and never is disposed to think that the forms so sedulously observed are in the least perfunctory or mechanical among the mass of the people. It is the extreme faith of the Middle Ages in full life, but without the ferocity, the blind fears, or the asceticism which disfigured that period in western Europe. While the Russian people hold to their faith, the Tsar, who is part of their worship and belief, has an authority founded on a rock which nothing can shake. The hero of Glinka's opera, the scene of which is laid in the seventeenth century, wears the dress of the First Crusade; and however glaring the anachronism historically, the sentiment is true of Russia to-day and always, for the faith of the people is of the time of the crusaders, and could be stimulated even now to similar outbreaks. The question which confronts those who try to read the future, is, what effect will religious faith of this kind have ultimately in the struggle of the present day?

We know that when the darkness of the Middle Ages broke, when our ancestors again discovered themselves and the world, when they read once more in the story of ancient times what civilization had been, that the dominion of fear passed away, and the economic forces rose again out of their long twilight, and assumed their pristine influence in states and empires. We know that the nations which most thoroughly and readily adapted themselves to the changed conditions climbed most quickly to wealth and power, and those who failed in adaptation went to the wall. France, Germany, Holland, and, above all, the English-speaking people pushed to the front and strove for supremacy. The Spaniard, nearest to-day to the mediæval

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man, and least able to meet the new demands, sank steadily until he lost even his great qualities of war and statecraft which had made the vast empire of Charles V., and so went down in hopeless wreck. The Spaniards were an old people, who were unable to survive as a great power in new conditions. The Russians are a new people so far as Western civilization is concerned, but the inexorable economic forces are upon them now, and they must meet them or fall back. It may be asked what practical effect the religion of the Russians has, economically speaking. Two examples will suffice. The Russian calendar is a fortnight behindhand and is a constant annoyance, disturbance, and hinderance to the conduct of commerce. The Government is anxious to bring Russian dates into harmony with facts and with the rest of the world, but does not dare to do so because popular feeling would be outraged by dropping a fortnight, which would efface in one year some saints' days and feast-days and would disarrange the rest. When Peter changed the Russian date from the year 7208 dating from the creation of the world to 1700 A.D., bold as he was he did not dare to accept the Gregorian Calendar, and among his many reforms this partial one required as much audacity as any. The same feeling which Peter thus outraged exists to-day as strongly as ever, and the Russian will not sacrifice to business convenience a sentiment about the calendar of no real moment whatever to his faith or his religion.

This feeling for the existing calendar grows from the profound popular reverence and affection for the saints' days and holy-days, and here the effect in practical affairs is much more marked. In addition to the fifty-two Sundays, Russia has about thirty-nine holidays or feast-days of the Church. They are kept as rigidly almost as a London Sunday. Business ceases, except in nooks and corners, while drunkenness, the bane of the Russian, cripples work for twenty-four or forty-eight hours after each feast. In round numbers, there are thirty days on which the Western World works while the Russian stands idle. Consider the enormous production of thirty days in the United States alone; look at the statistics, and you realize at once that in this single point Russia labors under a well-nigh hopeless disadvantage.

But the matter of holidays is but a single concrete example of a state of mind. Far more serious and deep-rooted is the mental attitude of the men who make and who are the Russian Empire, who sustain the great military and religious socialism which that empire really is, toward the principles of business which are not merely the truisms, but the ordinary instincts of the Western nations. Two little anecdotes will illustrate my meaning.

A secretary of embassy took a house one summer outside St. Petersburg, and, driving to the station the first day, when he paid the driver his twenty-five kopecks, said: "I shall go into St. Petersburg and come out daily now for a month, and I should like to make an arrangement with you to take me back and forth from the station every day." The reply was prompt: "If I am to take you back and forth from the station every day I shall have to charge you more than twenty-five kopecks, which you paid me for a single trip this morning."

Again, a foreign minister was in the habit of having books bound two or three at a time. Just before his departure he wished to have some fifty books bound in the same way; sent for the binder and asked him at what price he would bind fifty volumes. The reply was: "If you are going to have as many as fifty bound I shall have to charge you more per volume than for two or three."

It may be said these are isolated instances, but they are none the less typical of a mental attitude among the masses of the people upon economic questions which is suggestive in the highest degree. It is safe to say that it would be impossible to find a huckster in the streets of London, Paris, or New York who would not at once, and instinctively, make a reduction in price to anyone who would buy a quantity instead of a single one of his petty wares. The same ignorance of the simplest laws of successful business runs through everything in Russia, from the use of beads strung on wires to count with in the shops and banks, to the clumsy fee system for the payment of public officials.

When one passes from the habits and customs which can be easily noted by the observant traveller, to the broad facts open

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to all who will study books, statistics, and economic development, the indications furnished in the daily life of the people receive a profound and startling confirmation. Take, for example, the railroad system, probably more vital to national success, in the conditions of the present day, than any other single element.

When George Stephenson devised the locomotive and railroads began, it was as open to Russia as to any other country to develop railways in the empire, but now, nearly three-quarters of a century after Stephenson's day, Russia, with more than 8,000,000 square miles of territory, has barely 35,000 miles of railway, while the United States, with 3,000,000 square miles of territory, excluding Alaska, has 200,000 miles.* It would be difficult to find a stronger expression of the comparative economic energy of two great nations than is conveyed by this single and striking example. One sees constantly in the magazines articles, especially by English writers, expressing the most profound admiration at the completion of the Siberian Railway, and yet nothing could be more convincing of the very low economic force of Russia than that same railroad. That it is an important work, that it will help Russia in the East, both economically and for military purposes, cannot be questioned, and yet to wonder at the building of the Trans-Siberian Railroad is only possible if we fail to look below the surface. Russia has been occupied for more than ten years in building 6,000 miles of railway over a very easy country for the most part, and that railway is not yet completed. The turn around Lake Baikal, which involves serious difficulties, is not yet made, and will not be for some years. The Manchurian branch is not yet complete. But assume that we may call the railway completed, what do we find? It has taken Russia ten years to build 6,000 miles of railroad. The annual construction of railways in the United States has twice reached 6,000 miles. The Russian road has cost in the easiest part $30,000 a mile, and in Siberia it has probably cost, with the equipment, $50,000 a mile. Yet, despite this enormous and wasteful expenditure, they have only got a single track laid with rails so light that they must relay it from one end to the other. It is as yet a complete failure commercially. It is not paying its expenses. If it was a private corporation it would have gone into bankruptcy. It has been paid for in loans which have helped to sink Russia in debt, and is maintained out of taxes imposed upon the people. In one year the people of the United States, by private enterprise, without any aid from the Government or without any taxes upon the people, have built as much as Russia has built in ten years, and most of it is profitable and has been built at a cost which would make Russian competition commercially impossible. The Trans-Siberian Railroad, when its statistics are examined, is a most startling exhibition of economic inefficiency.

There is no need here to enter into a discussion of the general economic condition of Russia. The railroads alone tell the story. They are totally inadequate to the business of the country. Most of them have been laid for a military or strategic purpose, and this has thrown many of the industrial towns of Russia out of the line of communication and has made them eccentric. This meagre railway system is also totally inadequate for distribution or transportation. Famines recur yearly in different parts of Russia, and yet the total wheat crop is more than enough to feed her whole people, but the means of transportation make intercommunication and relief impossible.

The truth is that the Russians are a primitive people, and at the same time an old people; that is, they have been long established in their present territory. It is important to remember these two facts, because it shows that they have not been able to grow out of their primitive ideas during a long period of time, which indicates that they are, as a people, incapable of the economic advancement or of the adaptation to modern conditions by which alone they can hope to survive and win ultimate success in the struggle. A primitive people is economically wasteful, and the Russian system is wasteful and in-

* The Almanach de Gotha for 1902 gives the railroad mileage of Russia as follows:

Russia in Europe	28,042 miles
Russia in Asia	4,710 miles
Finland	1,757 miles

The "United States Railway Gazette" estimates the railway mileage of the United States at the present time as 199,378 miles.

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efficient to the last degree. With a vast country and unlimited resources, the problem before Russia is that of development. Can they develop the enormous property which is theirs? Thus far they have failed to do so, except in a comparatively slight degree, and there is no present indication that they will be able to develop their country with their existing methods. It would be rash to say of any people that they cannot be turned into an economic and industrial nation, especially when they are as patient, docile, stubborn of courage, and tenacious of purpose as the Russians; but it is certain that it would take many generations to bring this about with the Russians under the most favorable conditions, and it certainly will never come to pass until individualism of effort is encouraged and personal energy rewarded. It is also true that if the Russian people should be converted into an industrial and economic organization it would be necessary to gather them into towns and cities, to concentrate their labor, and to educate them. Not more than three per cent. of the moujiks, it is said—and correctly, I believe—can now read or write. There are newspapers printed in Moscow, but I never saw one sold on the streets, nor did I see anybody reading one, and the signs on the shops which appeal for the trade of the masses are largely pictorial. To make such a people economic and industrial, they must be educated, organized, and quickened. When that is done, the docile peasant, with his depressed look, his quiet ways, and his simple faith in God and the Tsar, will have disappeared. His place will be taken by the active and energetic workingman, and the present system of autocracy will come to a speedy end. Whether this change can be wrought in the character of the Russian is doubtful, but if it can be effected it would take a long time, and no effort is now being made to bring it about. Perhaps those who control the destinies of Russia perceive that securing industrial success after the Western fashion requires a change in the character and training of the people which would involve a revolution in the forms of government; but whether they see it or not, they are making no effort to advance their people in that way. The great body of the Russians, consisting of the peasant and farmer classes, are fettered hand and foot by the communal land tenure and by the burden of payments, which they are forced to make for the lands which they formerly worked as serfs. This constitutes an absolutely insurmountable barrier at present to their advancement. They have, moreover, no outlet for their products, because there is no system of distribution sufficient to their needs, and there is no encouragement whatever to individual progress and personal effort.

Russian statesmen are not blind to the perils of the existing situation; and if they are not seeking to give opportunity to individualism, they are at least trying to secure, in their own socialistic way, industrial development for Russia. This is the controlling idea of M. de Witte, the Minister of Finance, who is to-day the strongest man and the dominating force in the public life of Russia. He sees very plainly the vital necessity of industrial development, and he is trying to secure it through the Government. To Americans the effort, powerful and well directed as it is, seems painfully hopeless. The Government undertakes to run not only the railroads and the telegraphs, but it regulates sugar production and interferes directly with all the industrial activities of the country. The banks are urged to lend money for the assistance of industries. The industries expand beyond their strength, and fail. The banks are threatened with disaster, and fall back upon the Government. The Government sustains the banks and turns to western Europe and to America for loans. If the loans fail—and sooner or later borrowing for enterprises which do not pay must come to an end—the machinery of business will stop. Such a system, no matter how energetically it is pressed, cannot sustain itself or hope to compete in the long run with the highly organized and thoroughly economical systems of other countries like France and Germany, or like England and the United States.

With patience and tenacity of purpose, with courage and much governing capacity, Russia has gone on adding one great region after another to her possessions. She has shown two leading qualities of a ruling race in her ability to expand and

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govern; but when the territory comes into her possession, no matter how rich it is, she either cannot develop it at all or at best only partially and unprofitably. Her own original territory is still undeveloped and unorganized, and what is true of European Russia is true also of her great Eastern possessions. It is useless, economically speaking, to acquire territory if nothing can be done to improve it; if it cannot be made a benefit either to its own inhabitants or to the country which has taken possession of it. Every acre of land that Russia now adds is a weakness. Her undeveloped territory involves an immense burden of expense, and a great deal of it practically yields nothing. The point has been reached when the more she adds to her domain the essentially weaker she grows. There is but one remedy, and that is to develop the personal energy and industrial force of the people, if they possess these qualities. It will certainly be a slow process, but it is the only one which will succeed. Russia cannot use her vast resources; cannot survive under modern conditions in the long run by any of the devices of a military socialism. While she is as she is, the better organized nations have nothing to fear from her trade competition. She can bar them out from the vast regions under her sway, but she can win no share of the world's trade, and she cannot apparently build up a domestic trade and industry of serious importance. She has an immense domain, she is potentially a great force of the future, but all this force will rust unused unless it can be grasped by the masses of the people, who must then adapt themselves to the modern conditions, under which survival is alone possible.

The work of diplomacy, and the ability to govern in which the statesmen of Russia have shown themselves masters, a powerful army, judicious alliances, and a patient, obstinate adhesion to well-matured plans can do much, can make Russia as they have made her, formidable to all her neighbors and a great power in Europe and Asia. But farther than this she cannot go, no position less precarious than that of to-day can she occupy, until the energies of her people are called out and given full play. If these energies, once set free to hope and strive, prove to be capable of high economic development, then she can look forward to winning a position as a world-power commensurate with her vast resources and perilous, indeed, to all her rivals. Unless all the teachings of history and science are vain, there is no other way.

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TO VICTOR HUGO

1802–1902

By Henry van Dyke

HEART of France for a hundred years,
Passionate, sensitive, proud, and strong,
Quick to throb with her hopes and fears,
Fierce to flame with her sense of wrong!
You, who hailed with a morning song
Dream-light gilding a throne of old:
You, who turned when the dream grew cold,
Singing still, to the light that shone
Pure from Liberty's ancient throne,
Over the human throng:
You, who dared in the dark eclipse,—
When the pygmy heir of a giant name
Dimmed the face of the land with shame,—
Speak the truth with indignant lips,
Call him little whom men called great,
Scoff at him, scorn him, deny him,
Point to the blood on his robe of state,
Fling back his bribes and defy him:
You who fronted the waves of fate
As you faced the sea from your island home,
Exiled, yet with a soul elate,
Sending songs o'er the rolling foam,
Bidding the heart of man to wait
For the day when all should see
Empire, built on the sands of lies,
Fall in a flood from the angry skies,
And France again be free:
You, who came in the Terrible Year
Swiftly back to your broken land,
Now to your heart a thousand times more dear,—
Prayed for her, sung to her, fought for her,
Patiently, fervently wrought for her,
Till once again,
After the storm of fear and pain,
High in the heavens the star of France stood clear:
You, who knew that a man must take

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Good and ill with a steadfast soul,
Holding fast, while the billows roll
Over his head, to the things that make
Life worth living for great and small,—
Honor and pity and truth,
The heart and the hope of youth,
And the good God over all:
You, to whom work was rest,
Dauntless Toiler of the Sea,
Following ever the joyful quest
Of beauty on the shores of old Romance,
Bard of the poor of France,
And warrior-priest of world-wide charity:
You who loved little children best
Of all the poets that ever sung,
Great heart, golden heart,
Old, and yet ever young,
Minstrel of liberty,
Lover of all free, wingéd things,
Now at last you are free,—
Your soul has its wings!
Heart of France for a hundred years,
Floating far in the light that never fails you,
Over the turmoil of mortal hopes and fears
Victor, forever victor, the whole world hails you!

THE TRIAL OF THE "RED-INK SQUAD"

By Harvey J. O'Higgins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

WHEN the new chief took the fire-brigade, he swept its veterans into retirement with a broom. The "probationers" crowded in to fill their places, and in three months Captain Meaghan found himself, as he said sourly, "teachin' kindergarten" in the truck-house of Hook and Ladder Company No. o. He ruled a shabby red-brick building of three stories that stood between the knees of two downtown wholesale-houses in a warehouse district where "packing-case fires" gave the men the worst of "punishment" and the best of training. It followed that the captain's roll had more probationers and new men on it than any other; and because the names of the probationers are entered in red ink, these raw recruits were nicknamed, in contempt, the "red-ink squad."

They were teased and bullied by the older men. They quarrelled among themselves, disturbing the "club" quiet of the truck-house leisure, and they were despised by their captain, who demanded aggrievedly of his assistant, "Where'll we be if we run into a big blaze with a gang like that?"

His lieutenant, Gallegher, flattered him with an assurance that the chief sent

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the new men to him as a good master. "There's Brodrick has the same sort of district," he said, "and he don't get them."

Captain Meaghan shook a head of dumb melancholy. "He breaks their backs."

Gallegher rubbed his chin. "They're not so bad takin' them singly," he reflected, "but they're too many of them. . . . And those two Guinnys was a double dose too much." He referred to two Italians; one of whom was called "Dan Jordan" by the men because his name was "Giovanni Giordano," and he was good-natured; and the other was maliciously miscalled "Spaghetti," because his name was unpronounceable and he turned black when he got the substitute.

"They'll be sendin' us Chinese next," Captain Meaghan complained.

Gallegher cast a look behind him. "They will," he said, "as soon as the Chinks begin to vote," and closed his part in the conference with that hot shot at the powers that ruled Tammany Hall.

"Well," Captain Meaghan sighed, "I wish they'd get into a scorcher, so's if they're the stuff that makes firemen I'd know it; and if they *ain't*, the chief'll know it and cut them out."

And he had his wish.

The alarm of the Torrance fire was rung in just before daybreak on a chill March morning, while the men still lay sleeping in their bunk-room under the glow-worm glimmer of a lowered gas-jet. They leaped from their cots with the simultaneous suddenness of the start in an obstacle race at the crack of the pistol, tugged on their "turn-outs" of rubber boots and trousers with a muttering of growls and imprecations, vaulted beds while still snapping the catches of suspenders, threw themselves at the brass sliding-poles in the corners, and shot down into the glare and noise and seeming disorder of the ground floor, where the horses were already tossing their great heads in their harness, and the driver was already bending forward in his seat, and the doors stood open on the darkness of the night. Captain Meaghan sprang into the light rig in which the absent battalion chief rode to fires, and swung out into the street with a sudden clatter of hoofs on the stone sidewalk and the burst and echo of a jangling gong in the dead quiet out-of-doors. The truck followed—fifteen seconds after the alarm had sounded—with little "Spaghetti" climbing over the tail of the bed-ladders behind King, who had the "tiller" on the hind wheels.

That was a good start. But it was only a start. The driver was a new man, who was not new to driving, but who *was* new to driving a hook-and-ladder truck. He had been a coachman, and he knew all about horses; but for the seat of a five-ton truck a man needs the nerve of a *chauffeur* and the shoulders of a Roman chariot-racer; and he does not need to know a bridle from a belly-band. The new man had the nerve, but he lacked the shoulders. And before they had rounded their second corner, King, on the tiller, was braced and ready for the turn at a gallop that might be a run on the rocks for him.

It came within sight of the fire. The horses were already beyond control when the piping wail of a "steamer" screeched suddenly in their ears from a side street; the driver tugged and shouted; three white horses with a shining engine leaped out of the darkness ahead of them, and King, with a great oath, wrenched the wheel of his tiller around to send the rear of the hook-and-ladder truck swinging for a lamp-post on the curb. The crash broke the rear running-gear, and brought down the truck on the cobble-stones, ham-strung. The engine flashed past them, dropping fire.

The collision had been averted, but little "Spaghetti" had been thrown out on the stone pavement, and lay curled up on a sidewalk grating with a broken body. King crawled out from the ladders, his left arm hanging limp. The other men were unhurt. They had braced themselves against the shock by clinging to the side ladders; and, moreover, they had not received the terrific momentum of the full swing. They were on their feet about the fallen "nigh" horse when Lieutenant Gallegher called out to them to follow him on foot with such scaling-ladders, hooks, and axes as they could carry; and they stormed the truck for tools. King and

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"Dan Jordan" lifted "Spaghetti" between them and carried him to a bed of life-lines covered with a coat. The crew disappeared round the corner, running heavily in their rubber boots. "Be off now," King ordered the Italian, and "Dan Jordan" followed them reluctantly, looking back at his unconscious countryman as he turned into the side street.

Now, the first truck company to arrive at a fire opens an entrance at doors and windows, and incidentally saves whatever lives are in danger; the second forces its way through an adjoining building to open smoke-vents in the roof; the third is scattered wherever its assistance is most needed, to help the engine crews in laying new lines of hose, to tear down burning woodwork, to carry ladders and wield forcible-entrance-tools in the secondary movements which are made against a fire after its position has been developed. The accident which wrecked Gallegher's truck brought up Company No. 0, the third crew to arrive where it should have been the first. And that was how the probationers came to be separated from their elders, to face their trial in a body and alone.

Captain Meaghan was already raging at the disgrace which their delay brought to him, and the danger which it brought to the first unsupported engine companies that had gone in against the fire. When he saw his men straggling in afoot, disordered, winded, and trailing their few tools, he threw his helmet at his feet and kicked it, cursing, into the gutter. The new men gathered behind Gallegher and the front line of the company's old guard, and waited like school-boys for a disciplining, with muttered asides to one another which they spoke with their eyes on their feet. Linemen shouldered through them, dragging hose. A water-tower almost ran them down. Shout answered shout around them. And when they looked up for their orders, Captain Meaghan stood bareheaded and raving before them, shaking an impotent fist at Gallegher and roaring unintelligible abuse. Gallegher picked up his helmet for him from the gutter. The Captain took it roughly and shambled off with it in his hand to report to his battalion chief.

The lieutenant was known as the mildest-mannered man that ever "rolled" to a fire. "Much more like this," he said, "and the old man'll blow up and bust."

Pim, who was biting a quid of tobacco from his chum Parr's plug, rolled the morsel, bulging, in his lean cheek. He had no consolation to offer, so he gave the remainder of Parr's tobacco, and Gallegher accepted it with a mute nod of thanks. The occasion was plainly past words.

The Torrance building before them was nine stories in height, a structure of granite pillars and red brick, used as a wholesale house by a chemical company on the ground floor, and as an office building in the upper stories. The fire was in the lower part of it. Already the "deadlights" in the sidewalk had been broken in with heavy steel mauls and a cellar pipe was spouting its stream through the opening into the basement. Long lines of hose stretched from doors and hung from windows where the smoke puffed from gaping sashes and men in helmets and rubber coats appeared for a moment to shout reports into the disorder below them and vanish again in the darkness. The roof of the seven-story building adjoining was alive with men who were raising ladders to the burning structure. It did not seem to Gallegher and his company that there would be much for No. 0 to do. They waited—the inglorious reserve in a battle which they should have led—in the smoking turmoil of pulsing engines, the cry of orders and the hurry of men.

They were roused from their inaction by Captain Meaghan, who charged down on them like a dog on chickens and sent them scurrying in all directions—chased Lieutenant Gallegher, Pim, and two probationers, Sexton and Fuchs, to the ladders with a shout of orders to open smoke-vents through the upper stories—ordered three of the old men into the basement with a whack of his helmet on their shoulders and a yell at their heels, to aid the linemen who were flooding the cellar—thrust aside two others who carried axes, shouting at them, "You come after me"—sent Parr, "Dan Jordan," and a probationer named Murphy up the ladders after Gallegher's squad—and then crushed his mudded helmet down on his head and raced with the axemen for the ground floor

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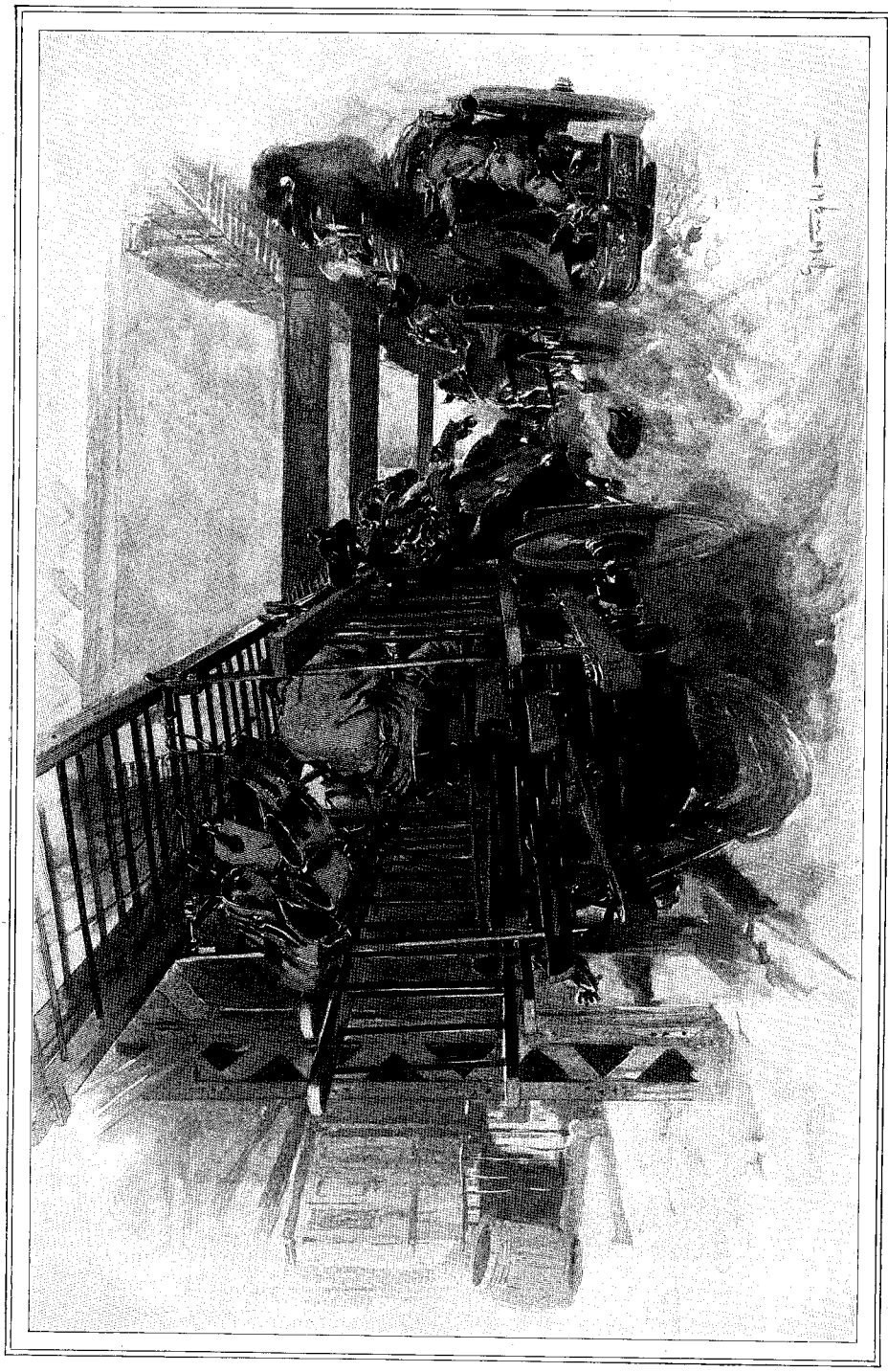

Drawn by George Wright.

The crash broke the rear running-gear.—Page 583.

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where a line of hose trailed from the black smoke of the doorway.

That disposition of his men put the veterans of the company where they were most needed—in the cellar and on the first floor—to fight the fire at the fierce root of it, and it sent all the probationers aloft in charge of Lieutenant Gallegher to the less important and less dangerous duty of opening smoke-vents. It is with these "red-inkers" only that we are concerned. How the men in the cellar were driven back by the poisonous fume of burning chemicals, fighting in water that was knee-deep and in a smoke that stuck like sulphur in the lungs; how the flames got behind Captain Meaghan and the two men with him, and cut off their retreat from the burning ground floor; how they were rescued by their comrades and taken unconscious to the hospital in the waiting ambulances — all this may not be told here. These were merely the trials of a valor that had been proven many times in fires not less difficult and dangerous. With the probationers it was a different story.

While the battle below them was being fought and lost, they carried out their captain's orders to aid and relieve the engine companies manning the streams in the upper stories. They worked their way from the front to the rear of the building, and threw open the steel shutters of the back windows to let in the air and to let out the smoke. They found the pipemen fighting the vanguard of the fire that was coming up the elevator shaft. The blaze here was not dangerously large; the heat was not excessive. The only menace was the smoke; and Gallegher, with good judgment, cried on his little squad against it. Being without scaling ladders, they used the stairs; and worked with axe and hook-butt from the third floor to the sixth, crashing down doors and beating out window sashes until they had a clean chimney-flue for the smoke that had been stifling the pipemen on the floors below.

They were on the sixth story, ignorant of what had been happening on the ground floor, when an explosion of "back draught," below, alarmed them. Gallegher had thought that the fire was well under control by this time; he had not known of the poisonous fume in the smoke. And the magnitude of the explosion indicated a greater accumulation of gas, and therefore a fiercer flame and a greater area of heat, than he had thought for.

He ran to a window and hung out of it to see linemen sliding down the ladders from the second story. A huge flame spat out from the ground floor; and he knew from the retreat and counter-rush, the scurry and confusion of the crews in the street, that the fire was carrying all below him, and that his escape would be cut off. He bawled down to warn them of his danger, and then ordered his squad to follow him by the stairs. They groped their way back through the dark passages, only to come on the deadly smoke which was pouring up stairs and elevator shaft in advance of an unchecked fire. A puff of it struck them like a hand at the throat, and they dropped to the floor to catch the low draught of cleaner air which is always to be found there. It was impossible to go forward. Gallegher led them back at a blundering run to the window.

One look below convinced him that they were trapped. It was not possible for the men in the street to put up ladders to them. They themselves, because of the accident to their truck, were without scaling ladders or other means of escape.

"We're up a tree," Gallegher said, soberly.

The new men, panting from exertion and excitement, and coughing from the irritation of the smoke in their throats, grew suddenly quiet, staring blankly at their lieutenant and at one another. They looked out at the street five stories below them, obscured in a belch of smoke. They heard the flames behind them singing a fierce undertone in the elevator shaft. And when "Dan Jordan" began to mutter, in a jabber of Italian, an appeal to all the saints to save him, which the men mistook for profanity, they relieved their feelings in oaths of bewilderment and disgust.

Pim had been too busy to remember the quid in his cheek. He chewed now thoughtfully. "If we could crawl back and go higher," he suggested, "there ought to be a crew on the roof."

"There's something in that smoke," Gallegher said. "Cellar and first floor's

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Drawn by George Wright.

Captain Meaghan stood bareheaded and raving before them.—Page 584.

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full of drugs—chemical company. They're tryin' to get out the men down there. They're too busy to do anything for us."

Fuchs, the probationer, who had been a bridge-worker, got out on the window-ledge and craned his neck.

"Too far to jump," Lieutenant Gallegher warned him.

"Sure," he said, "but here's a two-inch ledge that may reach to the next building."

Three feet below the window-sill there was a projecting ledge of ornamental stone facing that crossed the Torrance building with a stripe of gray on the red-brick front.

Pim looked down at it. "Think we're giddy sparrows," he complained.

"Dan Jordan" peeped out and fell back from the window waving an unintelligible protest.

Fuchs drew off his rubber boots. "If you'll just put a hand between my shoulders," he said to Gallegher, "I'll see how far it goes."

The lieutenant answered: "Yes. Wait a second. Knock that sash in, Parr."

Parr made a sashless gap of the window-frame with two blows of his axe. Fuchs swung over the sill with Gallegher's hand in his collar, and found the stone ledge with his toes. "All right," he said. "Now brace yourself to hold me to the wall, and let me get as far as you can."

Gallegher straddled the sill, Parr sitting on the leg which anchored him to the room, and gave Fuchs an arm's length with a great palm spread between the probationer's shoulders. Fuchs edged forward, his ear scraping the bricks, until he could be certain that the ledge led to the windows of the next building. "All right," he said, evenly; "it's a long stretch, but I guess we can do it," and came back inch by inch. "This ledge joins a sort o' cornice."

Gallegher turned to the others. "You do by each other what I do with Fuchs," he said. "Sexton'll follow me, and then Jordan, and then Murphy and Pim. Parr, you'll have to anchor us here till Fuchs reaches the other window. Get your boots off, men. You'll have to get a grip with your toes."

"I got holes in my stockings," Pim said, coyly.

The men laughed—all but "Dan Jordan." The accident to his chum "Spaghetti" had first broken his nerve; the blind groping in the darkness and the smoke through an endless succession of bewildering passageways and offices, with a fire that seemed to him to be stalking them into the dangerous upper regions of the burning building, had added a child's fear to this weakness; the attempt to escape through the choking smoke, and the sudden realization of all his worst fears when that attempt failed, had put him in a panic terror; and now, when he saw Gallegher's preparations to climb out on a ledge that no man could cling to, he lost his last control of himself, ran to the other window of the room, and screamed wildly out of it, "Hel-l-lp-ah! Hel-l-lp-ah!" His voice cut through the uproar in the street with the shrill sharpness of a steam-whistle. The workers there looked up at him in postures of dumb amazement. He began to yell a frightened gibberish at them in a voice of crazy fear.

Parr's hand closed suddenly on his throat, choked him from behind, and threw him back from the window to fall in a hysteric grovel on the floor. "There's a blamed fine mess," Parr said to Gallegher.

The lieutenant was thinking of the effect of it on the other new men. He prodded Jordan with his toe. "Get up," he said, sternly.

The Italian covered his head with his hands and wailed in his jargon. Gallegher kicked him in the side. "Get up," he ordered. "Get up out of that."

Jordan rolled away from him in a paroxysm of terror. The lieutenant bent down, caught his hand in the probationer's collar, and, raising him to his knees, shook and strangled him till he gasped for breath. "Get up," he said, easing his hold on him.

The Italian sprang to his feet, broke from the lieutenant, and ran toward the window, screaming. Parr grappled with him. He fought like a madman, with wild blows that fell on Parr's face and blinded him so that he loosed his hold to defend himself; and the Italian, slipping through his arms, jumped to the sill of the window. He crouched there a moment huddled up with fear, and then—whether

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The chain now stretched itself inch by inch across the wall.—Page 590.

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it was that he lost his balance, or that he had been really driven out of his mind by this "fire fright"—just as Parr caught at his legs, he uttered a last frantic cry and dived headlong into the street.

They saw him fall, spread like a bat. Gallegher, with a roar of "Get back there!" drove the probationers from the window before they saw the rest.

He faced them. Sexton's lips were trembling. Murphy was laughing weakly. Parr wiped his forehead with a grimy hand. The lieutenant said, in a low voice: "That's what happens when a man loses his head."

The hubbub from the street grew in their silence until Fuchs, on the ledge outside the window, said, reflectively: "That's like Mullen did on the old cantilever."

Gallegher knew from his manner that he could depend on one of the probationers at least. He tried to encourage the others. "And there was no need for it," he said. "There's no danger about gettin' out of here—not a bit. The same thing's been done before. There was Rush did it—for the matter of that—at the Manhattan Bank fire. . . . Get your wind, now. There's no hurry."

"No; what's the use of hurryin'?" Pim said, grimly. "Jordan's beat us down already."

Sexton shuddered. He felt sick and weak; he flushed hot and went cold in waves; and his knees melted into tremblings. He leaned against the wall. Murphy laughed brokenly at Pim.

"Pull yourselves together now," Gallegher said, and the probationer's laugh choked in a catch of breath that was somewhere between a gulp and a sob.

The lieutenant summed them up in a glance. "Just do what I tell you," he instructed them, "and don't think of what *might* happen. Keep your eyes off *that*. See?"

A puff of smoke warned him of approaching danger. He turned to the window and climbed out on the sill. "We've got our hands full," he said to Fuchs. "And if either of those men goes dizzy we'll all go down."

The lieutenant lowered himself to a place on the narrow ledge. Fuchs, then, with Gallegher's arm to support him, edged out against the wall. The lieutenant made room on the ledge for the next comer. "Sexton," he said.

Sexton came trembling over the sill with his teeth shut on his nervousness. "Put your hand between my shoulders," Gallegher ordered, ignoring the man's condition, "and let me and Fuchs go forward as far as you can."

Sexton said, "Yes, sir," gratefully.

The two leaders edged forward. "Pim's next," Gallegher said.

With Pim in position, the chain now stretched itself inch by inch across the wall. The noises from the street beat up at them like the sound of surf at the foot of a cliff to which they were clinging.

"A few feet more'll do it," Fuchs reported.

Gallegher knew that he could not depend on Murphy. Sexton was frightened, but his pride tried to conceal it, whereas Murphy had laughed at his own weakness. And Gallegher knew enough of the psychology of fear to rate this last hysteria near the break-down. "Parr next," he ordered.

"Parr next," Sexton repeated, huskily.

"You're next," Pim said, in the cheerful voice of a barber to his customer. "Billy, if you loves me, hold me close."

Parr spat on his hands and lowered himself to the ledge. The men moved forward—Murphy, in the window, holding Parr; Parr supporting Pim; Pim holding Sexton to the wall with an arm of iron; Sexton crushing Gallegher's broad shoulders with a pressure that spoke of over-tense nerves; Gallegher steadying Fuchs, and waiting quietly for the first signs of collapse in the man behind him. The smoke stung in their nostrils. The bricks scratched their perspiring faces. Their heels stood on nothing, and the cords of their insteps ached with the strain of their weight. "My knees are getting weak," Sexton said, hoarsely.

No one answered him. Fuchs was still going forward, and Gallegher's hand slid heavily across the little bridge-worker's back as they stretched their link of the chain to the breaking point. The lieutenant felt his fingers pass from the hollow of the probationer's shoulders to the ridge of his shoulder-blade — felt that drawn slowly under his palm—felt the ball of his thumb slipping over the shoulder.

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There was a crash of broken glass. "Got my hold," Fuchs reported.

He passed beyond Gallegher's reach, and they could hear him beating in the glass of the window with his hatchet. He came back to put a hand behind Gallegher. The lieutenant changed the strain to his other arm. "All right now," he said to Sexton. "Fuchs's got me. You hold up Pim. Tell Murphy to get out on the ledge."

"I can't do it," Murphy said to Parr.

"Stay there and burn, then," Parr answered, moving away.

"Hold on," he pleaded. He clambered out, white and weak. "Oh, if I ever get out of this," he said, "it's the last the fire brigade'll ever see of me."

Fortunately he was on the end of the line, and Parr held him up. The men worked their way along with a painful cautiousness. "I feel like a blamed planked shad," Pim said. He was answered only by the hoarse breathing of Sexton.

Fuchs was already over the window-sill. Now Gallegher followed him. Sexton caught the sill and clung to it. "I can't," he panted. "I can't lift my leg. It's par-rar-alyzed."

Gallegher said, cheerily: "Come along, then, far enough—so's we can get Pim."

Sexton's teeth were chattering when Fuchs put a hand in his collar and held him while Pim came grinning to the window-sash. They dragged Sexton into the window, and he collapsed on the floor. "I can't stand up," he confessed, shamefacedly. "I got wabbles in the legs."

They lifted Murphy in and stood around him and Sexton, drawing deep breaths. "How are you, Murphy?" Gallegher asked.

"Oh, I'm out of this game," Murphy said. "There's easier ways of earning a living than this."

They did not answer him. Pim and Parr put an arm each about Sexton and raised him to his feet. "I suppose we'll have to carry you down," Pim said. He added, at thought of his unprotected feet: "It'll just be my luck if this place's a tack factory."

Sexton staggered away from their support. "I'm all right," he said. "It was just in my legs, an' that scared me because I thought I'd bring you all down if I went. . . . Lord! How Jordan yelled."

They straggled along in silence to the stairs, and were met there by the basement squad of their own company who had been sent to the roof to lower ropes to them, and had looked down to see them, through the drift of the smoke, clinging miraculously to the flat wall at the sixth story. A triumphal procession escorted them to the street.

And that was the end of the Torrance fire so far as the "red-ink squad" was concerned. Of the five probationers who had answered the alarm, only Fuchs and Sexton stood with Company No. 0 when the basement squad lined up with Gallegher's shoeless following at a neighboring bar to drink the health of the crew. "Spaghetti" was in the hospital. Murphy had taken himself off to his home without handing in any formal resignation. "Dan Jordan"—a ring of whispering men gathered around Lieutenant Gallegher with their glasses in their hands and heard of the end of him. The saloon-keeper came to listen to them across the bar. Gallegher saw him. "To the 'red-ink squad'!" he called.

They put their glasses to white teeth that flashed like negroes' in the blackness of their smoke-begrimed faces.

"And to the fire that made them black!" Pim added.

And that, as the sequel showed, was at once a pun and a prophecy.

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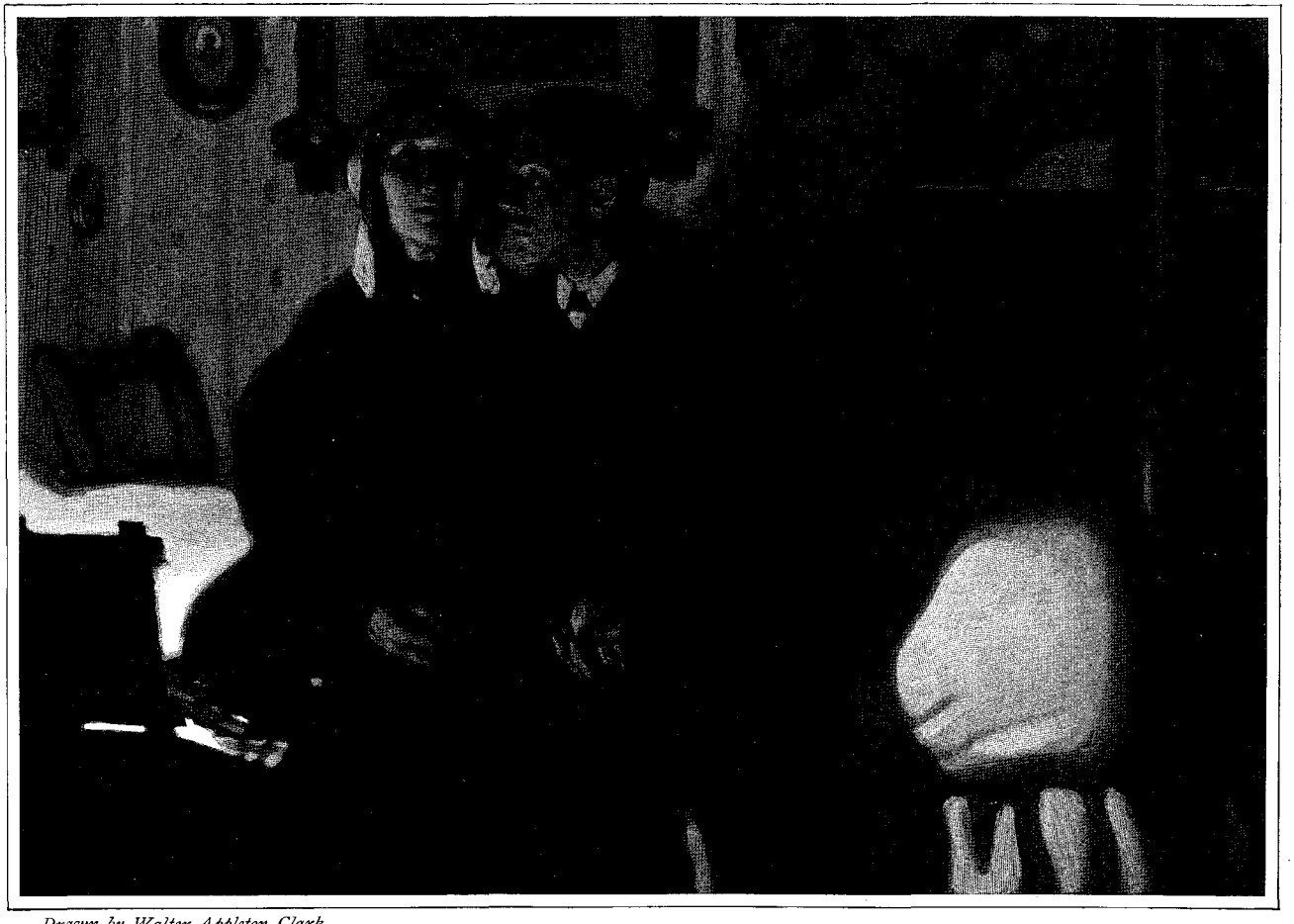

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"No man has a right to marry beneath him."—Page 600.

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THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

CHAPTER XVI

LIVE COALS FROM MISS CLENDENNING'S WOOD FIRE

ONE absorbing thought now filled Oliver's mind—to reach Kennedy Square on the wings of the wind and there to pour into the ears of his mother and Miss Lavinia, and of anyone else who would listen, the whys and wherefores of his love for Margaret, with such additional description of her personal charms, qualities, and talents as would bring about, in the shortest possible time, the most amicable of relations between Kennedy Square and Brookfield Farm. He was determined that his mother should know her at once. He knew how strong her prejudices were and what her traditions would cause her to think of a woman who led the life that Margaret did, but these things did not deter him. A new love now filled his heart—another and a different kind of love from the one he bore his mother. One that belonged to him; one that was his own and affected his life and soul and career. He was prepared to fight even harder for the desire of his heart than for his art.

There being no air-ships available for immediate charter, nor big balloons waiting for passengers, with sand-bags ready for instant unloading, nor any underground pneumatic tubes into which he could be pumped and with a puff landed on his own doorstep in Kennedy Square, the impatient lover was obliged to content himself with the back seat of the country stage and a night ride in the train down the valley.

Then came a delay of a week in New York waiting for the return of Mr. Slade to the city—"whom you must by all means see before coming home," so his mother's letter ran. This delay was made bearable by Waller Bowdoin and old Professor Cummings who went into spasms of delight over the boys' sketches. Waller especially predicted a sure future for him if he would have the grit to throw overboard every other thing he was doing and "stick it out and starve it out until he pulled through" and became famous.

Mr. Slade, while welcoming him with both hands, was not so cheering. The financial and political situations were no better, he said. They had really become more alarming every day. The repudiation of Northern accounts by Southern merchants had ceased—at least some of Morton, Slade & Co.'s customers had redeemed their obligations and had forwarded them their overdue remittances, tiding them over for a time—but no one could say what was in store for any firm whose business lay largely in the Southern States. He would, however, make his word good. Oliver's situation was still open, and he could again occupy his desk as soon as he returned from Kennedy Square. The length of his service depended entirely on whether the country would go to war or whether its difficulties could be satisfactorily settled in the next Congress.

But none of these things—none of the more depressing ones—dulled for an instant the purpose or chilled the enthusiasm of our young lover. Wars, pestilence, financial panics and even social tidal-waves might overwhelm the land and yet not one drop of the topmost edge of the flood could wet the tips of his high stepping toes: Margaret was his; he trod an enchanted world.

An enthusiasm of equal intensity, but of quite a different kind, had taken possession of the Horn mansion.

Any one happening to be inside its hospitable walls after the receipt of Oliver's letter saying he was on his way home would have noticed that something out of the common was about to happen. There was an unusual restlessness in Malachi totally at variance with his grave and dignified demeanor. He could not keep out of

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the hall. Richard had to speak to him twice and Mrs. Horn lifted her head in astonishment when that hitherto attentive darky handed her Richard's spectacles instead of her own. He would start to enter the dining-room, his hands laden with plates, or the library, his arms filled with logs to replenish the fire, and then stop suddenly and listen with one foot raised, standing like an old dog locating a partridge. So nervous did he become as the twilight deepened, and he began to set the table for supper, that he dropped a cup, smashing it into atoms, a thing that had not happened to him before in twenty years—one of the blue Spodes, too—priceless heirlooms in the family, and only used when a distinguished guest was expected. At another time he would have dropped the whole tray with everything upon it, had not Aunt Hannah saved it in time. How she came to be in the pantry with her two eyes on the front door, when her place was in the kitchen with both of them on the pots and kettles, no one could tell. Everything seemed to be at sixes and sevens in the old house that night.

And the other members of the household inside the drawing-room seemed just as restless. Richard got up from his easy-chair half a dozen times and roamed aimlessly about the room, stopping to pick up a book, reading a line and laying it down again. Mrs. Horn dropped so many stitches that she gave up in despair, and said she believed she would not knit.

Malachi heard him first.

"Dat's him—dat's Marse Ollie," he cried. "I know dat knock. Here he is, Mistis. Here he is!" He sprang forward, threw wide the door and had him by the hand before the others could reach him.

"Fo' Gawd, Marse Ollie, ain't ol' Malachi glad ter git his han's on yer once mo'!"

It was unseemly and absurd how the old man behaved!

And the others were not far behind.

"My boy," exclaimed Mrs. Horn, as she held him close to her breast. There are few words spoken in times like this.

Richard waited behind her until that imperceptible moment of silence had passed—the moment after a mother gets her arms around the son she loves. Then when the sigh of restful relief that always follows had spent itself, and she had kissed him with his cheek held fast to hers, Oliver loosened his hold and threw his arms about his father's neck, patting him between his shoulder-blades as he kissed him.

"Dear old dad! Oh, but it's good to get home! And Aunt Hannah, you there?" and he extended his hand while his other arm was still around his father's neck.

"Yas, Marse Ollie, dat's me; dat's ol' Hannah," and she stepped closer and grasped his outstretched hand. "Lord, Marse Ollie, but ain't you filled out? You is de probable son, sho', honey, come home to yo' people."

But Oliver was not through with Malachi. He must take both of his hands this time and look into his eyes. It was all he could do to keep from hugging him. It would not have been the first time.

"Been well, Mallie?"

Of course, he had been; he saw it in his face. It was only to say something to which the old darky could reply to—to keep in touch with him—to know that he was speaking to this same old Malachi whom he had always loved.

"Middlin' po'ly, yas—middlin' po'ly, suh."

Malachi had not the slightest idea what he was talking about. He had not been sick a minute since Oliver left. His heart was too near bursting with pride at his appearance and joy over his return for his mind to work intelligently.

"Dem Yankees ain't spi'led ye; no, dey ain't. Gor-a-mighty, ain't Malachi glad." Tears were standing in his eyes now. There was no one but Richard he loved better than Oliver.

No fatted calf was spitted and roasted this night on Aunt Hannah's swinging crane for this "probable son," but there was corn-pone in plenty and a chafing dish of terrapin—Malachi would not let Aunt Hannah touch it; he knew just how much Madeira to put in; Hannah always "drowned" it, he would say. And there was sally-lunn and Maryland biscuit; here, at last, Aunt Hannah was supreme—her elbows told the story. And last of all there was a great dish of escal-

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loped oysters cooked in fossil scallop shells thousands of years old, that Malachi had himself dug out of the marl-banks at Yorktown when he was a boy, and which had been used in the Horn family almost as many times as they were years old. Oh, for a revival of this extinct conchological comfort! But no! It is just as well not to recall even the memories of this toothsome dish. There are no more fossils, neither at Yorktown nor anywhere else, and no substitute in china, tin, or copper will be of the slightest use.

Supper served and over with, Oliver jumping up half a dozen times to kiss his mother and plumping himself down again to begin on another relay of pone or terrapin or oysters, much to Malachi's delight—(" He do eat," he reported to Aunt Hannah. " I tell ye. He's bearin' very heavy on dem scallop shells. Dat's de third shell—"). The doors were opened with a flourish, and the three, preceded by Malachi, entered the drawing-room in time to welcome the neighbors.

Nathan, who was already inside sitting by the fire, his long, thin legs stretched out, his bunchy white hair, parted in the middle, falling to his collar's edge, sprang up and shook Oliver's hand heartily. He had charged Malachi, when he admitted him, to keep his presence secret. He wanted them to have Oliver all to themselves.

Miss Clendenning entered a moment later with both hands held out. She would not stop in the hall to unwind her nubia or take off her little fur boots, but motioned Oliver to her knees after she had kissed him joyously on both cheeks, and held out those two absurd little feet for his ministrations, while Mrs. Horn removed her nubia and cloak.

The rat-a-tat-tat at the door was now constant. Judge Bowman and old Dr. Wallace and four or five of the young men, with the young girls, entered, all with expressions of delight at Oliver's return home, and later, with the air of a Lord High Mayor, Colonel John Clayton, of Pongateague, with Sue on his arm. Clayton was always a picture when he entered a room. He stood six feet and an inch, his gray hair brushed straight back, his goatee curling like a fish-hook at its end. " Handsome Jack Clayton" was still handsome at sixty.

After the Colonel had grasped Oliver's hand in his warmest manner, Sue laid all of her ten fingers in his. It was as good as a play to watch the little witch's face as she stood for a moment and looked Oliver over. She had not written to him for months. She had had half a dozen beaus since his departure, but she still claimed him all the same as part of her spoils. His slight mustache seemed to amuse her immensely.

" Are you glad to see me, Ollie? " she asked, looking archly at him from under her lashes.

" Why, Sue! "

Of course, he was glad—for a minute not much longer. How young she is, he thought, how provincial. As she rattled on he noticed the mass of ringlets about her face and the way her head was set on her shoulders. Her neck, he saw, was much shorter than Margaret's, and a little out of drawing. Nor was there anything of that fearless look or toss of the head like a surprised deer, which made Margaret so distinguished. Oliver had arrived at that stage in his affection when he compared all women to one.

All this time Sue was reading his mind. Trust a young girl for that when she is searching a former lover's eyes for what lies behind them. She was evidently nettled at what she found and had begun by saying " she supposed the Yankee girls had quite captured his heart," when the Colonel interrupted her by asking Oliver whether the Northern men really thought they could coerce the South into giving up their most treasured possessions.

He had been nursing his wrath all day over a fresh attack made on the South by some Northern paper, and Oliver was just the person to vent it upon—not that he did not love the lad, but because he was fresh from the despised district.

" I don't think they want to, sir. They are opposed to slavery and so are a good many of us. You have a wrong idea of the life at the North, Colonel. You have never been North, I believe? "

" No, my dear Oliver, and I never intend to. If ever I go it will be with a musket. They have had it all their own way lately with their Harriet Stowes, William Lloyd Garrisons, and John Browns; it is our turn now."

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"Who do you want to run through the body, Clayton?" asked Richard, joining the group and laying his hands affectionately on the Colonel's shoulders.

"Anybody and everybody, Richard, who says we are not free people to do as we please."

"And is anybody really saying so?"

"Yes; you see it every day in every Northern editorial — another to-day — a most villainous attack which you must read. These Puritans have been at it for years. This psalm-singing crew have always hated us. Now, while they are preaching meekness and lowliness and the rights of our fellow-men—black ones they mean—they are getting ready to wad their guns with their hymn-books. It's all a piece of their infernal hypocrisy!"

"But why should they hate us, Clayton? asked Richard in a half-humorous tone. He had no spirit of contention in him to-night, not with Oliver beside him.

"Because we Cavaliers are made of different stuff; that's why! All this talk about slavery is nonsense. These Nutmeg fellows approved of slavery as long as they could make a dollar out of the traffic, and then, as soon as they found out that they had given us a commercial club with which to beat out their brains, and that we were really dominating the nation, they raised this hue and cry about the down-trodden negro and American freedom and the Stars and Stripes and a lot of such tomfoolery. Do you know any gentleman who beats his negroes? Do you beat Malachi? Do I beat my Sam, whom I have brought up from a boy and who would lay down his life any day for me? I tell you, Richard, it is nothing but a fight for financial and political mastery. They're afraid of us; they've been so for years. They cried 'Wolf' when the fugitive slave law was passed and they've kept it up ever since."

"No, I don't believe it," exclaimed Richard, with a positive tone in his voice, "and neither do you, Clayton. It's largely a question of sentiment. They don't believe one man should hold another in bondage."

"That's where you're wrong. They don't care a fippenny bit about the negro. If they ever succeed in their infernal purpose and abolish slavery, and set the negro adrift, mark my words, they won't live with him, and they won't let him come North and work alongside of their own people. They'll throw him back on us after they have made a beggar and a criminal of him. Only a Southern man understands the negro, and only a Southern man can care for him. See what we have done for them! Every slave that landed on our shores we have changed from a savage into a man. They forget this."

Judge Bowman joined in the discussion —so did Doctor Wallace. The Judge, in his usual ponderous way, laid down the law, both State and National—the Doctor, who always took the opposite side in any argument, asking him rather pointed questions as to the rights of the Government to control the several States as a unit.

Richard held his peace. He felt that this was not the night of all others to discuss politics, and he was at a loss to understand the Colonel's want of self-restraint. He could not agree with men like Clayton. He felt that the utterance of such inflammatory speeches only added fuel to the smouldering flame. If the ugly jets of threatening smoke that were creeping out everywhere because of the friction between the two sections were in danger of bursting into flame, the first duty of a patriot, according to his creed, was to stand by with pails of water, not with kegs of gunpowder. So, while Clayton's outspoken tirade still filled the room, he with his usual tact did all he could to soften the effect of his words. Most of all, he did not want Oliver's feelings hurt.

Malachi's entrance with his tray, just as the subject was getting beyond control, put a stop to the discussion. The learned group of disputants with the other guests quickly separated into little coteries, the older men taking their seats about an opened card-table, on which Malachi had previously deposited several thin glasses and a pair of decanters, the ladies sitting together, and the younger people laughing away in a corner, where Oliver joined them.

Richard and Nathan, now that the danger was averted (they were both natural born peace-makers), stepped across the room to assist in entertaining Miss Clendenning. The little lady had not moved from the chair in which she sat when Oliver relieved her of her fur boots. She

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rarely did move when once she was seated in a drawing-room. She was the kind of woman who could sit in one place and still be surrounded—by half-moons of adorers if she sat against the wall, by full moons if she sat in the open. She had learned the art when a girl.

"If Clayton would go among these people, my dear Lavinia," said Richard, in a deprecating tone, drawing up a chair and seating himself beside her, "he would find them very different from what he thinks. Some of the most delightful men I have ever met have come from the States north of us. You know that to be so."

"That depends, Richard, on how far North you go," Miss Clendenning answered, spreading her fan as she spoke, looking in between the sticks as if searching for specimens. "In Philadelphia I find some very delightful houses, quite like our own. In New York—well, I rarely go to New York. The journey is a tiresome one and the hotels abominable. They are too busy there to be comfortable, and I do not like noisy, restless people. They give me a headache."

"Oliver has met some charming people, he tells me," said Richard. "Mr. Slade took him into his own home and treated him quite like a son."

"Of course he did; why not?" Miss Clendenning was erect now, her eyes snapping with roguish indignation. "Anybody would be glad to take Oliver into their home, especially when they have two marriageable daughters. Oliver's bow as he enters a room is a passport to any society in the world, my dear Richard. My Lord Chesterfield Clayton has no better manners nor any sweeter smile than our own Lorenzo. Watch Oliver now as he talks to those girls."

Richard had been watching him; he had hardly taken his eyes from him. Every time he looked at him his heart swelled the more with pride.

"And you think, Lavinia, Mr. Slade invited him because of his manners?" He was sure of it. He only wanted her to confirm it.

"Of course. What else?" and she cut her eye at him knowingly. "How many of the other clerks did he invite? Not one. I wanted to find out and I made Ollie write me. They are queer people, these Northerners. They affect to despise good blood and good breeding and good manners. That's all fol-de-rol—they love it. They are eternally talking of equality—equality; one man as good as another. When they say that one man is as *good* as another, Richard, they mean that *they* are as good, never the other poor fellow."

"Now, my dear Lavinia, stop a moment," laughed the inventor in protest. "You really do not mean to say there are really no gentlemen north of us?"

"Plenty of gentlemen, Richard, but few thoroughbreds. There is a distinction, you know."

"Which do you value most?"

"Oh, the thoroughbred. A gentleman might some time offend you by telling you the truth about yourself or your friends. The thoroughbred, never," and she lifted her hands in mock horror.

"And he could be a rogue and yet his manners would save him?"

"Quite true, dear Richard, quite true. The most charming man I ever met except yourself"—and she bent her body forward and lowered her voice as if what she was about to tell was in the strictest confidence—"was a shrivelled-up old prince who once called on my father and myself in Vienna. He was as ugly as a crab, and walked with a limp. There had been some words over a card-table, he told me, and the other man fired first. I was a young girl then, but I have never forgotten him to this day. Indeed, my dear Nathan," and she turned to the old musician and laid her wee hand confidingly on his knee, "but for the fact that the princess was a most estimable woman and still alive, I might have been—well, I really forget what I might have been, for I do not remember his name, but it was something most fascinating in five or six syllables. Now all that man ever did to make that unaccountable impression upon me was just to pick up my handkerchief. Oh, Nathan, it really gives me a little quiver to this day! I never watch Oliver bow but I think of my prince. Now I have never found that kind of quality, grace, bearing; presence—whatever you may choose to call it—in the Puritan. He has not time to learn it. He despises such subtle courtesies. They smack of the cavalier and the

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court to him. He is content with a nod of the head and a hurried handshake. So are his neighbors. They would grow suspicious of each other's honesty if they did more. Tut, tut, my dear Richard! My prince's grooms greeted each other in that way."

Richard and Nathan laughed heartily. "And you only find the manners of the ante-chamber and the throne-room South?" asked the inventor.

"Um—not always. It used to be so in my day and yours, but we are retrograding. It is unpardonable in our case because we have known better. But up there" (and she pointed in the direction of the North Star) "they never did know better; that's some excuse for them."

"Ah, you incorrigible woman, you must not talk so. You have not seen them all. Many of the men who do me the honor to come to my workroom are most delightful persons. Only last week there came one of the most interesting scientists that I have met for——"

"Of course, of course, I have not a doubt of it, my dear Richard, but I am talking of *men*, my friend, not *mummies*."

Again Richard laughed. One of his greatest pleasures was to draw Miss Clendenning out on topics of this class. He knew she did not believe one-half that she said. It was the way she parried his thrusts that delighted him.

"Well, then, take Mr. Winthrop Pierce Lawrence. No more charming gentleman ever entered my house. You were in London at the time or you would certainly have dined with him here. Mr. Lawrence is not only distinguished as a statesman and a brilliant scholar, but his manners are perfect."

Miss Clendenning turned her head and looked at Richard under her eyelashes. "Where did you say he was from?"

"Boston."

"Boston?" A rippling, gurgling laugh floated through the room.

"Yes, Boston. Why do you laugh?"

"Bostonians, my dear Richard, have habits and customs, never *manners*. It is impossible that they should. They are seldom underbred, mind you, they are always overbred, and, strange to say, without the slightest sense of humor, for they are all brought up on serious isms and solemn fads. The excitement we have gone through over this outrageous book of this Mrs. Stowe's and all this woman movement is but a part of their training. How is it possible for people who believe in such dreadful persons as this Miss Susan Anthony and that Miss Lilly something-or-other—I forget her other name—to know what the word 'home' really means and what graces should adorn it? They could never understand my ugly prince, and he?—well, he would be too polite to tell them what he thought of them. No, my dear Richard, they don't know; they never will know, and they never will be any better."

Oliver had crossed the room and had reached her chair.

"Who will never be any better, you dear Midget?" he cried.

"You, you dear boy, because you could not. Come and sit by me where I can get my hand on you. If I had my way you would never be out of reach of my five fingers."

Oliver brought up a stool and sat at her feet.

"Your Aunt Lavinia, Ollie," said Richard, rising to his feet (this relationship was of the same character as that of Uncle Nathan Gill), "seems to think our manners are retrograding."

"Not yours?" protested Oliver, with a laugh, as he turned quickly toward Miss Clendenning.

"No, you sweetheart, nor yours," answered Miss Clendenning, with a sudden burst of affection. "Come, now, you have lived nearly two years among these dreadful Yankees—what do you think of them?"

"What could I think of people who have been so kind to me? Fred Stone has been like a brother, and so has everybody else."

Mrs. Horn had joined the group and sat listening.

"But their manners, my son," she asked. "Do you see no difference between them and—and—and your father's, for instance?" and she motioned toward Richard who had now moved across the room to speak to other guests.

"Dad is himself and you are yourself and I am myself," replied Oliver with some

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positiveness. When people are kind I never stop to think how they do it."

"Lovely," Miss Clendenning whispered to Nathan. "Spoken like a thoroughbred. Yes, he is *better* than my ugly prince. He would always have remembered how they did it."

"And you see no difference either in the ladies?" continued Mrs. Horn, with increasing interest in her tones. "Are the young girls as sweet and engaging?" She had seen Margaret's name rather often in his letters and wondered what impression she had made upon him. Oliver's eyes flashed and the color mounted to his cheeks. Miss Clendenning saw it and bent forward a little closer to get his answer.

"Well, you see, mother, I do not know a great many, I am so shut up. Miss Grant, whom I wrote you about, is—well, you must see her. She is not the kind of girl that you can describe very well—she really is not the kind of girl you can describe at all. We have been together all summer, and I stopped at her father's house for a few days when I came down from the mountains. They live in the most beautiful valley you ever saw."

Miss Clendenning was watching him closely. She caught a look that his mother had missed.

"Is she pretty, Ollie?" asked Miss Lavinia.

"She is better than pretty. You would not say the Milo was pretty, would you? There is too much in her for prettiness."

"And are the others like her?" The little body was only feeling about, trying to put her finger on the pulse of his heart.

"No; there is nobody like her. Nobody I have ever met."

Miss Clendenning was sure now.

Malachi's second entrance—this time with the great china bowl held above his head—stopped further talk in this direction.

Since the memory of man no such apple-toddy had ever been brewed!

Even Colonel Clayton, when he tasted it, looked over his glass and nodded approvingly at its creator—a recognition of genius which that happy darky acknowledged by a slight bend of his back, anything else being out of the question by reason of the size of the bowl he was carrying and the presence of his master and of his master's guests.

This deposited on a side table, another bowl filled with *Olio*—a most surprising and never-to-be-forgotten salad of chicken and celery and any number of other toothsome things—was placed beside it, together with a plate of moonshines and one of Maryland biscuits.

Then came some music, in which Oliver sang and Miss Clendenning played his accompaniments; and next the "wrappings up" in the hall, the host and hostess and the whole party moving out of the drawing-room in a body. Here Nathan, with great gallantry, insisted on getting down on his stiff marrow-bones to put on Miss Clendenning's boots, while the young men and Oliver tied on the girls' hoods, amid "good-byes" and "so glads" that he could come home if only for a day, and that he had not forgotten them. Oliver's last words were whispered in Miss Clendenning's ear informing her that he would come over in the morning and see her about a matter of the *greatest importance*. And so the door was shut on the last guest.

When the hall was empty Oliver kissed his father good-night, and, slipping his arm around his mother's waist, as he had always done when a boy, the two went slowly upstairs to his little room. He could not wait a minute longer. He must unburden his heart about Margaret. This is what he had come for. If his mother had only seen her it would be so much easier, he said to himself as he pushed open his bedroom door.

"You are greatly improved, my son," she said, with a tone of pride in her voice. "I see the change already." She had lighted the candle and the two were seated on the bed, his arm still around her.

"How, mother?"

"Oh, in everything. The boy is gone out of you. You are more reposeful; more self-reliant. I like your modesty too." She could tell him of his faults, she could also tell him of his virtues.

"And the summer has done you good," she continued. "I felt sure it would. Mr. Slade has been a steadfast friend of yours from the beginning. Tell me now about your new friends. This Miss Grant

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—is she not the same girl you wrote me about, some months ago—the one who drew with you at the art school? Do you like her people?" This thought was uppermost in her mind—had been in fact ever since she first saw Margaret's name in his letters.

"Her mother is lovely and she has got a brother—a Dartmouth man—who is a fine fellow. I liked him from the first moment I saw him." Oliver answered simply, wondering how he would begin.

"Is her father living?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Well—of course, he is not like our people. He is—a—well—he always says just what he thinks, you know. But he is a man of character and position." He was speaking for Margaret now. "They have more family portraits than we have." This was said in a tone that was meant to carry weight.

"And people of education?"

"Oh, I should certainly say so. It is nothing but books all over the house. Really, he has more books than Dad." This statement was to strengthen the one regarding the family ancestors—both telling arguments about Kennedy Square.

"And this girl—is she a lady?"

The question somehow put to flight all his mental manœuvres. "She is more than a lady, mother. She is the dearest—" He stopped, hesitated for an instant, and slipping his arm around her neck drew her close to him. Then, in a torrent of words—his cheeks against hers—the whole story came out. He was a boy again now; that quality in him that would last all his life. She listened with her eyes on the floor, her heart torn with varying emotions. She was disturbed, but not alarmed. One phase of the situation stood out clearly in her practical mind—his poverty and the impossibility of any immediate marriage. Before that obstacle could be removed she felt sure his natural vacillation regarding women would save him. He would forget her as he had Sue.

"And you say her brother works in the fields and that her father and mother permitted this girl to leave home and sit night after night with you young men with no other protection than that of an old Irishwoman?" There was a tone of censure now in her voice that roused a slight antagonism in Oliver.

"Why not? What could harm her? There was no other place for her to go where she could learn anything."

Mrs. Horn kept still for a moment, looking on the floor. Oliver sat watching her face.

"And your family, my son," she protested with a certain patient disapproval in her tones. "Do they count for nothing? I, of course, would love anybody you would make your wife, but you have others about you. No man has a right to marry beneath him. Do not be in a hurry over this matter. Come home for your wife when you are ready to marry. Give yourself time to compare this girl, who seems to have fascinated you, with—Sue, for instance, or any of the others you have been brought up with."

Oliver shrugged his shoulders at the mention of Sue's name. He *had* compared her.

"You would not talk this way, dearie, if you could see her," he replied in a hopeless way as if the futility of making his mother understand was now becoming apparent to him. "She is different from anyone you ever met—she is so strong, so fine—such a woman in all that the word means. Not something you fondle and make love to, remember, but a woman more like a Madonna that you worship, or a Greek goddess that you might fear. As to the family part of it, I am getting tired of it all, mother. What good is Grandfather Horn or anybody else to me? I have got to dig my way out just as they did. Just as dear old Dad is doing. If he succeeds in his work who will help him but himself? There have been times when I used to love to remember him sitting by his reading-lamp or with his violin tucked under his chin, and I was proud to think he was my father. Do you know what sets my blood on fire now? It is when I think of him standing over his forge and blowing his bellows, his hands black with coal. I understand many things, dearie, that I knew nothing about when I left home. You used to tell me yourself that everybody had to work, and you sent me away to do it. I looked upon it then as a degradation. I see it differently now. I have worked with all my

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might all summer, and I have brought back a whole lot of sketches that the boys like. Now I am going to work again with Mr. Slade. I do not like his work, and I do love mine, but I am going to stick to his all the same. I have got something to work for now," and his face brightened. "I am going to win!"

She did not interrupt him. It was better he should unburden his heart. She was satisfied with his record; if he went wrong she only was to blame. But he was not going wrong; nor was there anything to worry about—not even his art—not so long as he kept his place with Mr. Slade and only took it up as a relaxation from more weighty cares. It was only the girl that caused her a moment's thought.

She saw too, through all his outburst, a certain independence and a fearlessness and a certain fixedness of purpose that sent an exultant thrill through her even when her heart was burdened with the thought of this new danger that threatened him. She had sent him away for the fault of instability, and he had overcome it. Should she not now hold fast, as she had before, and save him the second time from this girl who was beneath him in station and who would drag him down to her level, and so perhaps ruin him?

"We will not talk any more about it to-night, my son," she said, in tender tones, leaning forward and kissing him on the cheek—it was through his affections that she controlled him, never by opposing him. "You should be tired out with your day's journey and ought to rest. Take my advice — do not ask her to be your wife yet. Think about it a little and see some other women before you make up your mind."

A delicious tremor passed through Oliver. He *had* asked her, and she *had* promised! He remembered just the very day, the hour, the minute. That was the bliss of it all! But this he did not tell his mother. He would not hurt her any further now. Some other day he would tell her; when she could see Madge and judge for herself. No, not to-night, and so with the secret untold he kissed her and led her to her room.

And yet strange to say it was the one only thing in all his life that he had kept from her.

Ah! these mothers! who make lovers of their only sons, dominating their lives! How bitter must be the hours when they realize that another's arms are opening for them!

And these boys — what misgivings come; what doubts. How the old walls, impregnable from childhood, begin to crumble! How little now the dear mother knows—she so wise but a few moons since. How this new love steps in front of the old love and claims every part of the boy as its very own.

Faithful to her promise, Miss Clendenning waited for Oliver before a wood fire in her little boudoir that opened out of the library. She wore a morning gown of soft white flannel belted in at the waist. Covering her head and wound loosely about her throat was a fluff of transparent silk, half-concealing the two nests of little gray and brown knots impaled on hair-pins. These were the chrysalides of those gay butterfly side-curls which framed her sweet face at night and to which she never gave wing until after luncheon, no matter who called. The silk scarf that covered them this morning was in recognition of Oliver's sex.

A bright fire blazed and crackled, sending its beams dancing over the room and lighting up the red curtains that hung behind her writing-desk, its top covered with opened letters—her morning's mail. Many bore foreign postmarks, and not a few were emblazoned with rampant crests sunk in little dabs of colored wax.

She had finished her breakfast and was leaning forward in her rocking chair, her elbows on her knees, her tiny feet resting on the fender. She was watching the fire-fairies at work building up their wonderful palaces of molten gold studded with opals and rubies. The little lady must have been in deep thought, for she did not know Oliver had entered until she felt his arm on her shoulder.

"Ah, you dear fellow. No, not there; sit right here on this cricket by my side. Stop, do not say a word. I have been studying it all out in these coals. I know all about it — it is about the mountain girl, this—what do you call her?"

"Miss Grant."

"Nonsense! What do *you* call her?"

"Madge."

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"Ah, that's something like it. And you love her?"

"Yes." (Pianissimo.)

"And she loves you?"

"*Yes.*" (Forte.)

"And you have told her so?"

"YES!" (Fortissimo.)

"Whew!" Miss Clendenning caught her breath and gave a little gasp. "Well, upon my word! You don't seem to have lost any time, my young Romeo. What does her father say?"

"He doesn't know anything about it."

"Does anybody except you two babes in the wood?"

"Yes, her mother."

"And yours? You told her last night. I knew you would."

"Mother is all upset."

"Of course she is. So am I. Now tell me—is she a lady?"

"She is the dearest, sweetest girl you——"

"Come now, come now, answer me. They are all the dearest and sweetest things in the world. What I want to know is, is she a *lady?*"

"Yes."

"True now, Ollie—honest?"

"Yes, in every sense of the word. A woman you would love and be proud of the moment you saw her."

Miss Clendenning took his face in her hands and looked down into his eyes. "I believe you. Now what do you want me to do?"

"I want her to come down here so everybody can see her. If I had a sister she could invite her, and it would be all right, and maybe then her mother would let her come."

"And you want me to play the sister and have her come here?"

Oliver's fingers closed tight over Miss Clendenning's hand. "Oh, if you only would, that would fix everything. Mother would understand then why I love her, and Madge could go back and tell her people about us. Her father is very bitter against everybody at the South. They would feel differently if Madge could stay a week with us."

"Why won't her father bring her?"

"He never leaves home. He would not even take her to the mountains, fifteen miles away. She could never paint as she does if she had relied upon him. Mother and Mr. Grant are both alike in their hatred of art as a fitting profession for anybody, and I tell you that they are both wrong."

Miss Clendenning looked up in surprise. She had never seen the boy take a stand of this kind against his mother. Oliver saw the expression on the little lady's face and kept on, his cheeks flushed and a set look about his eyes.

"Yes, wrong. I have never believed mother could be wrong in anything before, and when she wanted me to give up painting I did so because I thought she knew best. But I know she's not right about Madge, and if she is wrong about her, how do I know she was not wrong about my working with Mr. Crocker?"

Margaret's words that day in the bark slant were now ringing in his ears. He had never forgotten them—"Your mother cannot coddle you up forever."

Miss Clendenning held her peace. She was not astonished at the revolt in the boy's mind. She had seen for months past in his letters that Oliver's individuality was asserting itself. It was the new girl whom he was defending—the woman he loved. She knew something of that feeling herself, and she knew what blind obedience had done for her. With a half-smothered sigh, she reached over Oliver's head, dipped a quill pen in her inkstand, and at Oliver's dictation, wrote Margaret's address.

"I will invite her at once," she said.

Long after Oliver had gone Miss Clendenning sat looking into the fire. The palaces of rose and amber that the busy fingers of the fire fairies had built up in the white heat of their enthusiasm were in ruins. The light had gone out. Only gray ashes remained, with here and there a dead cinder.

Miss Clendenning rose from her chair, stood a moment in deep thought, and said, aloud:

"If she loves him, she shall have him. There shall be no more desolate firesides if I can help it."

(To be continued.)

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THE MAN AND THE CAT

By James Robb Church

THE cat sat on the rude window-ledge in the cone of light that flared out from the lamp on the table inside, and in desperation patted sharply on the glass with his cold, pink toes, and the man within heard the faint little raps, and, looking out through the rain-blurred panes, saw the shivering little mass of fur, and the pink mouth as it gaped in a plaintive cat-cry for warmth and shelter.

He opened the window, and the cat came in with a gust of rain and wind, and, marching across the table to the man, left on the dry boards the prints of its little wet feet.

He arched his back and lifted a little stump of a tail, and, treading water with his front feet, looked up at the man and said, "I am hungry."

The friendship began there between a lonely man and a forsaken tabby cat, and each was glad of the other's presence and company.

The log-cabin was in the woods, eighteen miles from a neighbor, in the valley of the East Fork of the Skokomish, shut in by tall peaks and presided over by giant firs.

The man was much alone, for he was working with a purpose, and a man with a purpose is not very good company.

The cat liked him, purpose and all, and made himself very much at home. He followed him about the clearing, and even to the hole up among the crags, where the man dug out senseless rocks and made loud and startling noises that shook things and scared away the squirrels that the cat hunted.

At night, after supper, he stuck his finger-nails in the man's trousers, climbed up his leg to the table, and, folding his arms over the white star on his chest, shut his eyes to lazy slits and rattled out a drowsy, contented song, entirely unconcerned by the smoke the man blew in his face. And when the light was out, and the man in bed, he would jump down, pit-pat across to the cot, and, walking up and down on the blanket, ask the man politely to let him in; and, if he did not, he would smite him gently on the face with his closed fist, just to show him how disagreeable he might be if he wanted to.

The cat did not altogether understand the man: he did so many foolish things. Where was the sense in digging that black hole in the hills? It was much better fun hunting squirrels. And what was the use of those silly letters the man made so much of once each month? They were always from the same person, as the cat knew from what the man said, and very long and tedious, at least to the cat. But then the man was always pleased with them, and he used to read and re-read them, and go away and work and sing in his hole in the hill.

So they lived for nearly a year, and the man had his letters, and his work in the hill, but he told the cat he was losing heart, and that perhaps the squirrels were of as much account as the long, black tunnel. And then one evening the man came back from his work, and the cat knew that something had happened, because he was forced to join in a dance around the cabin on his hind legs, and that is not good for cats, as anyone knows: it addles their brains, and makes them dizzy. And such a senseless reason, too: a lot of little yellow rocks, that gleamed dull in the lamplight, and were not good to eat, and too heavy to play with. But the man was pleased, and, therefore, the cat rejoiced with him, and looked as interested as he could at the dull-shining stones.

Time went by, and as the weight of yellow metal in the canvas bag grew, the man became more cheerful, and confided many plans to the cat. He learned that they were soon to leave it all; the cabin, with its meagre comforts, the wondrous singing firs, forever glorifying their Maker with uplifted arms, the green, sliding river, where lived the fish the cat could not catch, and the mysterious black hole in the hills.

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It all had some bearing on the blue letters; but just what, the cat could not quite make out.

Finally they were ready—only waiting for the last blue letter. And then that came, and the cat never understood the rest. It was as fat and crinkly as all the others—no difference that he could see—but there must have been, for the man opened it, singing, read the first page, and stopped so still and stiff that the cat thought he must be hunting, and looked with his green-gray eyes for the game. But there was none, and then fear and pain came in the man's eyes and dwelt there, and he cried out, and the cat was afraid and crawled under the stove and was very quiet.

All day the man sat there, numb and alone in his agony, and the cat watched him as he turned the blue paper with stupid fingers and read and re-read the marks thereon. The light from the window crept across the floor, turning from golden yellow to golden red, to the blue haze of twilight and the gray of early night, and the cat came and cried for his supper, and the man lifted a white, drawn face from his arms on the table and patted the arched furry back and smoothed the round head from which looked the eyes that tried to tell their sympathy.

The cat had his supper, and from his post on the table under the lamp watched the man as he moved over the rough floor, apathetically putting away again the things he had packed to take with him.

At last he sat down with all the blue letters in his lap and read them one by one and burned them in the stove.

It took a long time, for there were many, but at last it was over, and then he mixed himself a drink in the glass, as he did every evening, and sat down at the table in front of the cat to smoke.

The night wore on, and the great north wind came moaning down the gulch, shaking the firs and whining in through the chinks of the ill-built cabin.

The snow came with it and hissed softly on the stovepipe and beat with faint white, ghostly hands on the black, shining glass of the window. The noises of the night came blurred and staggering through the storm: the groan of the fir-boughs as they ground together; the soft rush as some limb cast off the white load that oppressed it, to send it whirling and thudding to the ground; the weird, whining scream of the cougar, the cat's big brother, as he tramped outside in the snow.

And inside, as the tin clock ticked out the hours with uncertain step, the man's eyes blinked and closed, and his head nodded and sank until it rested on the worn, patched blue sleeve that covered the arm on the table, and the yellow hair and the gray fur mingled and they slept together—the man and the cat. The lamp flickered, and wheezed, and died down, and the cat stretched himself and changed his position, but the man with his arms outstretched to the East, with palms open, as though summoning something gone, asking for something lost, slept on—quiet, rigid, immovable.

EAST AND WEST

By Marguerite Merington

EASTWARD over the billowing prairie's sea;
On-speeding eastward down to the rising sun—
But you in the west are heart of east to me—
Wake-song of a world in joy for life begun;
And I, tho' east, forever your west shall be—
Love's even-song when the work of day is done!

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THE THIRD AND A HALF GENERATION

BY NELSON LLOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LEVERING

GENERATIONS come in waves in Six Stars, and Willie Calker had not arrived in the natural course of events, but had moved in from the neighboring valley with his mother. The third generation had been but recently married off, and the fourth was rolling over the rag-carpets of the village. His was the third and a half. So he was alone in his boyhood. And in truth he had become the oldest man for a lad of his age Six Stars had ever seen, for worldly wisdom he had acquired as he sat unnoticed, unheeded, squeezed between the worthies of the store porch; and a higher knowledge he had attained as day after day he wandered along the creek, watching the fish sporting there, or followed the tinkle of the cow-bells through the hemlock woods, with his dog Jimmy at his heels. Through the long summer afternoons, as he sat by the mill-dam, idly twirling pebbles into the placid water, he had explored his own brain; he had travelled far beyond the mountains and the ridges that formed the valley; he had wandered the world over, always keeping in sight of the old stone mill, and in sound of the splashing water-wheel. Thus he had conceived an inward contempt for the three generations that spent so much of their time on the store bench, but he sat at their feet and absorbed such stray bits of wisdom as they let fall. He borrowed their county paper, and heard the faint echoes of the great world without.

For a long time the store underestimated Willie. In fact, it never even troubled itself estimating him at all. He was nothing but a boy, the only one in the village, whose loneliness entitled him to a place on the bench as long as he did not become intrusive with his childlike opinions or embarrassing questions. The store even tolerated him to the extent of allowing him to make a guess on the weight of Moses Pole's famed Chester White hog. It was here that the trouble began. This was the Black Friday in the history of Six Stars.

Just two days before that particular Friday, Willie Calker celebrated his twelfth birthday, and from some place off there in the blue, a mysterious place called Kansas, a place no more distant and no more unreal than Heaven itself, there had come to him a bright silver quarter. It was the gift of the grandmother he had never seen, and had it been brought to him in the bill of a raven, instead of in the semi-weekly mail, he could not have been more astounded. It took him two days to recover his astonishment, and then he began to cast about for something to do with it. It was the enormousness of the sum that overwhelmed him. To many lads of his age it would have represented no more than a jarful of those beautiful yellow lemon-sticks that adorned the shelf in the store. To Willie Calker, lemon-sticks were things to be measured in pennies; quarters were the measure of the rolling hills.

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He had been lifted above the candy-shelf. He was a man of means. As became a man of means, he must stroll to the store —not with an idea of purchasing mere sweets, but possibly with an eye on the building itself.

The Six Stars store is a fine bit of property, standing where the ridge road and the turnpike meet, commanding a view of the mill-dam, and beyond that of the scrub country that slopes away to the southward, getting higher and higher until it breaks down into the great valley, where the farms are rich and the barns all white and green. The boy paused on the steps and looked away to where a line of tree-tops fringed into the sky. He thought of that valley beyond. He had had glimpses of it as he stood there at the head of the ridge that jutted into it. It was so different from this, his own land of rough woods, and choppings, and clearings, and stone-covered farms, that calling the Elysium to mind sufficed to alter any intention he had of making his friend Smith an offer for his "General Emporium." But he stepped within, anyway, just to see what was doing.

In spite of his wealth and his grand plans Willie Calker could not but halt before the counter and give a wistful glance at the yellow lemon-sticks, wishing, perhaps that he was a boy again with a solitary penny to spend as his mouth willed and not a man with a quarter and a mind. He grasped his fortune a bit tighter in his hand, and, as if to prove his mastery over self, gazed defiantly at the alluring jar.

Behind him sounded the rasping cackle of Martin Holmes, the sole surviving representative of the first generation. "Well, sonny, it looks like you'll take a guess, eh?"

The old man made a demonstration with his cane, threw back his head, stuck out his white beard and performed a short series of facial gymnastics, the usual evidences of his merry mood. His gibe was followed by a chorus of guffaws from the bench and from the counter, from the nail-keg in the corner, from the empty egg-crate behind the stove.

Willie flushed. His eyes moved from the jar to the cigar-box on the shelf below it, from which arose this placard:

> Hog gessin contest on Moses Poles Chester White 25 cents a gess Butcherin next wensday.

The lad wheeled about and faced the generations above him.

"Mebbe you'd like two guesses, or mebbe four, Willie," said Martin in his most insinuating tones. Then he clapped a hand so hard on the knee of Lucien Spade, who sat next him, that the bark-peeler gave vent to a cry of pain that sent the store into paroxysms of laughter again.

Willie's fighting blood was up. Dreams of vast possessions faded away before the stern realities of the moment.

"How many is comin' in, Martin?" he asked in the deepest tone he could command, with his chest cramped as it was in a three-year-old jacket, and his throat hampered by an enormous woollen muffler.

The old man's reply was drowned in a general burst of laughter.

"How many is comin' in?" demanded the lad again. But this time he drew from his pocket a bright silver coin and twirled it carelessly about in his hand.

The effect was instantaneous. Martin seized his beard and pulled at it reflectively as he stared at the boy.

Ned Smith, leaning over the counter, broke the silence:

"Sence you are showin' the color o' your money, Willie, they is ten in already —still."

"Ten," said Willie, meditatively. "That means two-fifty if I win."

"If you wins?" cried the venerable Holmes. "Well, I'll swan!"

He pointed a quivering finger at the diminutive, the easy figure there before him. Martin was unrivalled at guessing the weight of a hog. So expert was he that it was an established rule that he should pay an additional dime for the privilege of competing. No one knew this better than Willie Calker. And now the picture of this chit defying, not the store, but him, Martin Holmes, brewed a storm of emotion, mingled anger and merriment, beneath the old man's coat. He could only shake his finger and sputter.

"It ain't right, Ned," broke in Moses

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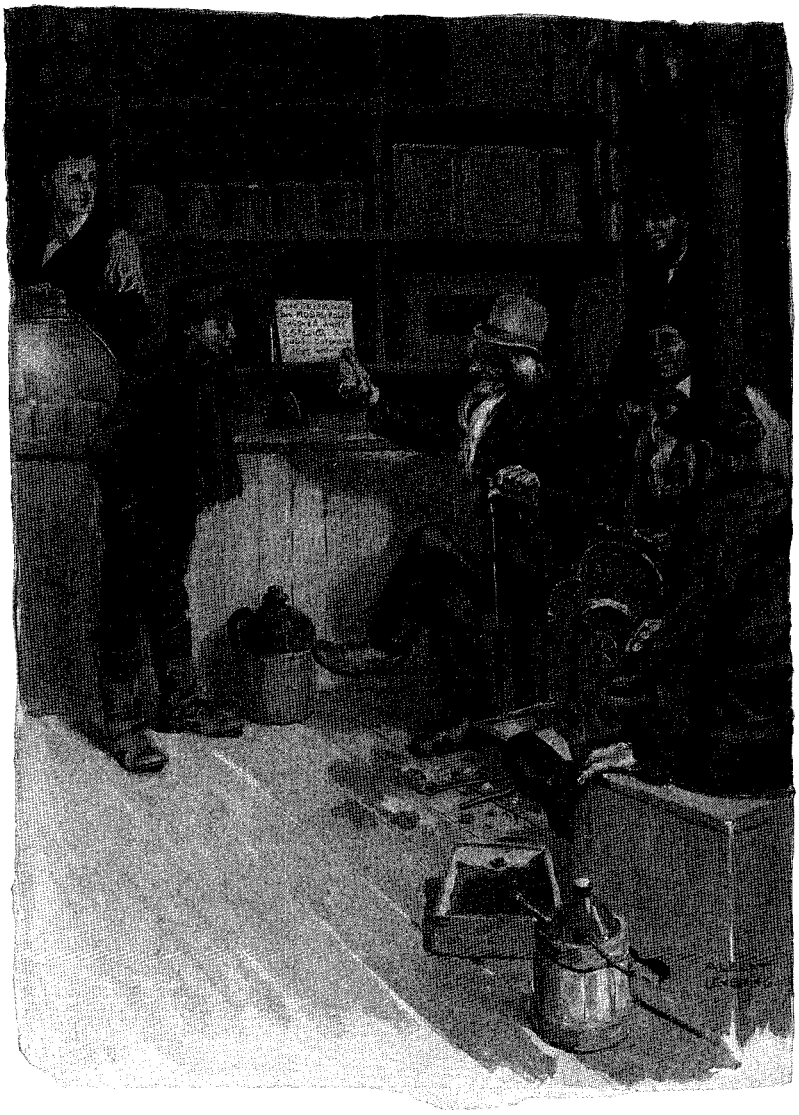

"Well, sonny, it looks like you'll take a guess, eh?"—Page 606.

Pole. "It ain't right fer you uns to let him resk his money on no hog guessin'."

"It ain't, it ain't," chimed in Martin Holmes, just recovering his power of speech. "An' you knows it Ned Smith, an' you Lush Spade, an' you Moses Pole. Do you s'pose I want to tech his money."

"Ned," said Willie, standing with his fists in his pockets, looking up into the storekeeper's face, ignoring the mingled cries of approval and disapproval behind him. "Be Moses's Chester White you uns mean the one that had his ear tore off in the barb-wire fence."

"Personal friend o' yours, Willie?" old Holmes put in cheerfully.

"Personal friend?" returned the boy, coolly. "I should say he was, Martin. Why, I've know'd that old Chester White fer years, an' such bein' the case, I'll take one guess."

With that he laid his fortune on the counter.

The question had its moral side and, to do the store justice, it revolted at the

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picture of the unsophisticated boy staking his money on a guess. He would not be gambling, of course. Gambling was a vice, a sin, a crime. The preachers had always put particular stress on that idea when they pounded the pulpits and hurled forth their warnings against the dangers of horse-racing, the wine-cup and other such pleasant sins that the valley, by reason of its remoteness and poverty, had heard of but could never enjoy. Gambling was associated with cards. Its evils were presented pictorially in tracts, showing shirt-sleeved young men sitting around tables burdened with bottles and money. The store had never seen these same abandoned creatures represented as staking fortunes on the weight of a hog. Hence it placed its loved sport without the ban.

So had Willie Calker faltered as he laid his money on the counter, the store would have arisen in one grand protest. But he was so firm, so quick, so self-possessed, that he seemed to take on for the moment the proportions of a man. The store was awed. It watched him in silence as he picked up a pencil and thoughtfully, but with studied care, eyed the point. Then, on a slip of paper, he scrawled his name and the few figures that gave his estimate of the weight of Moses Pole's Chester White.

Willie Calker won the guessing. He was within a pound and a half of the actual weight of his corpulent four-footed friend, and Martin Holmes, the peerless, lost by a pound. His gibe on that Black Friday had cost him dear, for now, with the enormous sum of two dollars and a half at his command, the boy was a capitalist, and when the name of Aaron Jones appeared above the cigar-box, he ventured two guesses on the blacksmith's wonderful Jersey Red, and one was within three pounds of the actual weight. Martin Holmes was short by ten. This was in itself most remarkable, for in years he had not put in figures so far wrong. In fact, he had had the game down to so fine a point as to disdain to call it guessing at all. He always referred to it as "estymaytin'." The result on the Chester White unnerved him. That on the Jersey Red routed him. When the sign was hoisted for McMitt's Berkshire, Martin boldly demanded the abrogation of the rule that he pay an extra dime to enter the contest. This was a great humiliation for the poor man. It was as though he were turning over the crown and sceptre before his time. It was an admission of defeat, a succumbing to the forces of decay. He, the first generation, was broken, and in his place was rising not the second, as in the natural course of events, nor even the third, but the third and a half—that mere sprig of a boy who had never done anything but moon around the dam and the woods. The old man tried to pass it by as a "good un" on him, but the store saw through his forced jollity as he paid the regular quarter for the first time in years and handed in his "estymayte" on the Berkshire.

He paid the regular quarter for the first time in years.

Willie Calker had taken four guesses, and again he won. Martin knew that he would. And so did Moses Pole. For three days preceding the butchering, the pair had sat together on the bench gloomily watching the box and declaring that it wasn't any use. Moses was inclined to think that the boy was not playing fair, but was using a

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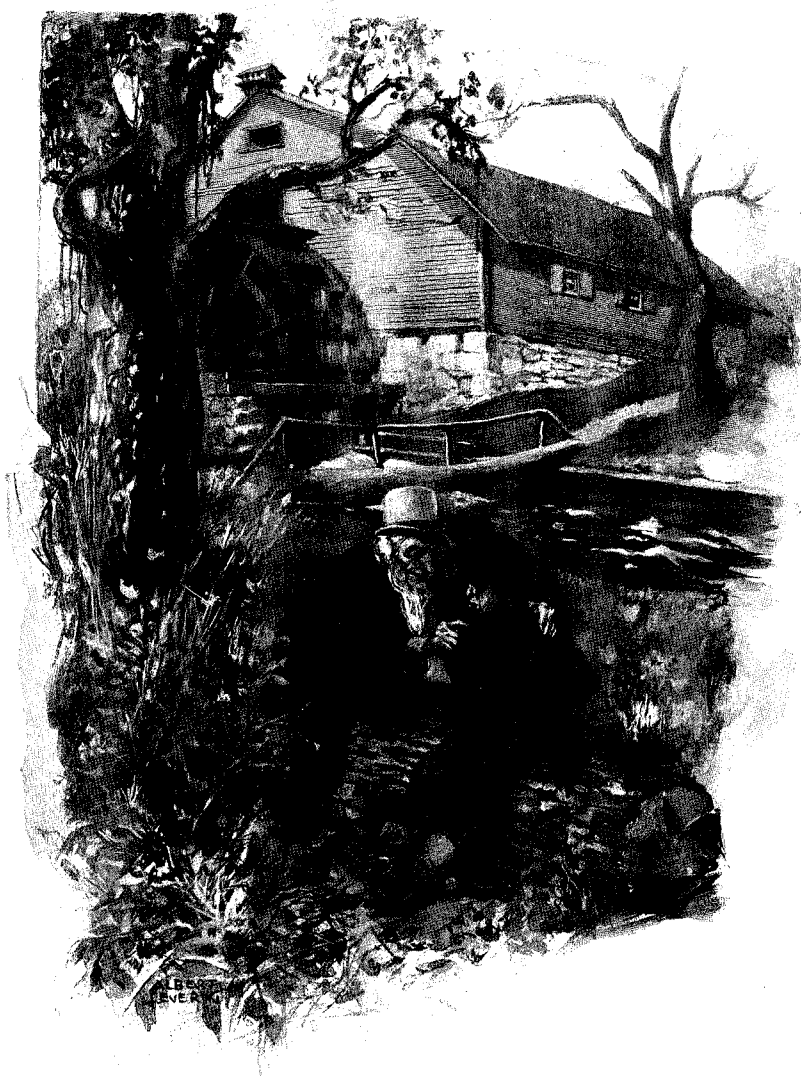

"Of course it's gamblin'. Gamblin's a wice."—Page 611.

charm. In this theory he had no support. Martin declared that there was nothing in superstition anyway, excepting as far as it affected rheumatism. But the store now felt that for the preservation of the sport something should be done. The grumbling became more general and open when the boy took six guesses on Solomon Harker's black runt and won. When he bought eight chances on the Pintons' Poland China and with one came within nine ounces of the actual weight, the store arose in revolt. This lad had no family to support, and there was no limit to his ability to guess. The welfare of the nation demanded prompt action, for not only the money of the valley, but of the county and the country was draining into this mere child's pockets.

The store did act. This was when Emerson Tumbell set the date for the killing of his wonderful hog that for two months had hardly been able to stagger about under its burden of rolling fat. Twice had Willie slipped up to Emerson's farm to inspect the beast, so his disap-

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pointment was keen when he went to deposit his guesses and saw added to the usual notice above the cigar-box the words, "Barrin' Willie Calker."

"Barrin' me," he repeated, slowly. Then, turning to Martin Holmes, he asked: "What does that mean?"

"It means, sonny," said the old man, with much gravity, "that Emerson butchers a Monday, an' that guesses will be received as usual, barrin' Willie Calker. Willie is too young, sonny. It ain't right fer us old folks to let a boy o' his tender years resk his money."

"Is that true, Ned?" asked the lad, appealing to the storekeeper who was leaning over the counter, an amused smile on his face. Ned nodded in the affirmative and smiled the more.

Without another word Willie Calker strode to the door and down the road. At the mill-dam he paused a moment to send a flat stone hurtling along the water. Then he crossed on the foot-log to his favorite retreat behind the mill, where, in seclusion, soothed by the swishing of the water over the wheel and the rumble of the grinding stones, he could think it all over. But hardly had he seated himself on a log when the venerable Holmes confronted him.

"Willie," said the old man, soothingly.

"Well," returned the boy in frigid tones.

"Ye ain't mad, are ye?" the other asked, softly.

"Course I ain't. But you did it, you know you did," snapped the lad.

"Now, sonny, don't be hard on me. It was fer your good, really," pleaded Martin, seating himself on the log. "But say, Willie, you might jest tell me somethin'."

"Tell you what?" snapped the boy.

"What does you allow that there Berkshire of Emerson Tumbell's weighs?"

"Martin, you shut me out, you know you did, didn't ye?"

"I didn't, sonny, really I didn't," answered he of the first generation. "I had a woice in the matter, I admit, but whatever I done was fer your sake, Willie. Gamblin' is a terrible wice."

"Gamblin'," retorted Willie. "This

The blacksmith had chuckled to himself and winked at the ceiling.—Page 613.

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It was a cold day when Emerson Tumbell butchered.—Page 612.

ain't gamblin', Martin. This is only hog guessin'. Why, I've heard you say a hundred times that they was different."

The old man raised a finger in warning. "Ssh!" He smiled knowingly. "You know, Willie, what I meant. You an' me understands one another, don't we? Of course it's gamblin'. Gamblin's a wice. Them fellers at the store don't know it, an' I ain't the boy to spile their fun. You knows that—hey, sonny—you knows that. Now what does you cal'late that hog o' Emerson——"

"But Martin, if it is a vice, as you says, why should I tell you how many pound that animal weighs. Ain't that encouragin' you to do wrong?"

"There you go agin," said the old man, laying a horny hand on the small knee that was knocking against his own boots. "It's this 'ay, Willie. Gamblin' is a wice. It biteth like an adder; it stingeth like a serpent. Oncet it gits its grip on you, it don't let go. It ruins your life. An', Willie, it——"

"But Martin——"

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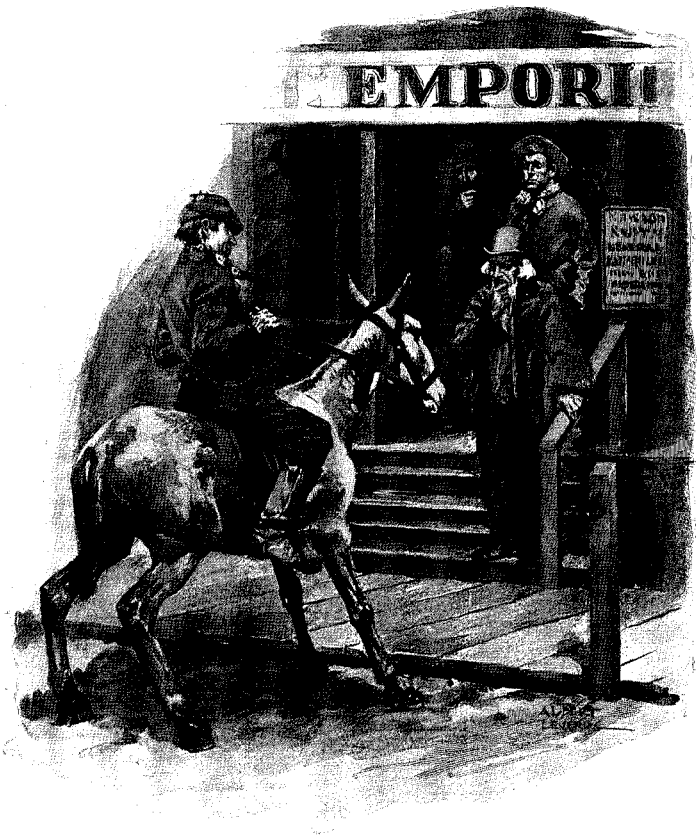

"Ye can't beat me, boys," he gasped. "I'm within seven ounces."—Page 613.

"Wait a bit, an' hear me out. It ruins your life. It sappeth at the blood, an' you are young yit, my boy, an' I couldn't see the wice gittin' its deadly holt on you. Fer me it ain't so bad, fer my summertime has gone. I've only a few year left to spile. Now what does you guess—" Martin stopped abruptly and drew a quarter from his pocket. He looked at it steadfastly for a minute. Then he smiled at Willie.

"Now what does you guess will be the weight o' Emerson's killin'?" he asked again.

The boy closed his eyes and held out a hand.

"I guess—I guess—I guess," he repeated, slowly. His fingers tightened on the coin. "I guess five hundred an' eleven pound an' seven ounces," he said, quickly.

He opened his eyes and looked rather wistfully at the old man. Martin says now that he winked at him.

It was a cold day when Emerson Tumbell butchered. His place is full three miles above the store, on the cross-road that leaves the pike just beyond the covered bridge. Every farm in his neighborhood sent a delegation to witness the execution of the ponderous Berkshire, but Six Stars contented itself with a single emissary. Aaron Jones volunteered to ride up there on his white mule about noon, though it was a gray, melancholy morning, with a promise of snow in the clouds overhead, and the average man would have preferred the warmth of the store stove. Aaron was always accommodating. The boys were anxious to get the news, and he was anxious to please the boys. But besides this he had an interest in the cigar-box. He had even boasted

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his confidence that the entire contents would find their way into his pockets. He had dreamed a dream, and in his sleep the actual weight of Emerson Tumbell's Berkshire had been revealed to him. Then the blacksmith had chuckled to himself and winked at the ceiling.

The group on the store porch watched the white mule and its rider until they were lost to sight in the gloom of the bridge; then they moved inside, and in silence watched the clock. When the hands pointed the noon hour, the whole company shuffled out to the old point of vantage, and strained their eyes up the pike. It was not long until the white mule hove into view again. He was really not going at break-neck speed, but he did trot, so Aaron was bumping violently up and down, a rein in each hand, his elbows flapping like wings. The store lined up to receive him as he drew up and turned half around in the saddle and faced them. There was an expectant silence, in which the courier laid one hand on his chest and caught his lost breath. Then he smiled.

"Ye can't beat me, boys," he gasped. "I'm within seven ounces."

Ten faces fell. Ten hands went to ten chins to stroke them sadly.

"I told you I drumt it true," cried Aaron, his voice now ringing clear and triumphant. "You uns laughed at my dream, but I got within seven ounces."

"What's the—eh—weight?" ventured Martin Holmes, after a moment of silence in the company.

"Five hundred an' eleven pound even," cried Aaron. He was half out of the saddle, and waved one long, booted leg in the face of the store. It was defiance he expressed thus, for as he reached the ground he shouted: "I guessed five hundred an' eleven pound, seven ounces. You uns can't beat it."

"I allow we can't, Aaron," Martin Holmes exclaimed, with a sudden, cheery ring in his voice. "But I think we'll have to dewide, me an' you, fer I guessed five hundred an' eleven pound, seven ounces, too."

"Well, I'll swan!" broke in Moses Pole. "So did I. That was my estymayte—five hundred an' eleven pound, seven ounces."

"See here, Moses, you stop your joshin'," cried Martin, angrily. "This is no time fer joshin'." The old man saw that several others wanted to speak, but he silenced them by raising a warning hand. "It ain't regular," he exclaimed. "Open the box, an' then we'll see how much we dewide."

So he led the company into the store.

"It's be fur the best estymaytin' I ever done," he said, as Smith was unfolding the paper slips on the counter. "It's wonderful guessin', an' I don't propose havin' the laurels drug offen me brow be no jolliers like Aaron or Moses there."

"Nor me," spoke up Lucien Spade from the outskirts of the crowd. "I guessed five hundred an' eleven pound, seven——"

Martin laughed.

"Boys—boys, no joshin'. It ain't regular," he cried, with a genial wave of his arms.

"But I did guess five hundred an' eleven pound, seven ounces," shouted McMitt, the miller.

"Hol' on—hol' on," protested Martin, still more genially. "I don't mind a joke, Aleck, but wait till Smith gits th'oo openin' the guesses. Then we'll see who it's on."

It did not take long to find this out. When the storekeeper had transposed the figures to a long slip of paper, he eyed them quizzically for what seemed an age to the men before him.

"It's re-markable," he said at last.

"It was most a mighty good estymayte—only seven ounces off," chuckled old Holmes.

"Emerson's hog weighs five hundred an' eleven pound," said the storekeeper, rapping for order.

There was a strained silence.

"There are thirteen guesses, an' every man estymaytes the weight at five hundred an' eleven pound, seven ounces. Sech bein' the case, we all git a quarter apiece."

"But that's all we paid in," Moses Pole protested.

Some one cried: "Willie Calker—where's Willie Calker?"

It was a reckless thing to do. There was a sudden hush over the company. The men looked from one to the other, and not one said a word.

A moment passed, and Martin Holmes forced his way through the crowd that pressed about him, and went out on the

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porch, slamming the door behind him as a sign that he wished to be alone. For a long time he was alone, leaning against a pillar, watching the lazy ripples on the mill-dam. Had it been a bright day, the old man might have at least grinned a bit over his defeat and the defeat of the whole store company. But he could hear the splash of the water over the mill-wheel, and it was cold and cheerless music. All around him the dry bones of the year were rattling—in the limbs that crackled under the brisk wind, in the leaves that bowled along the hard road, in the whirr of the few songless birds that shot to and fro. A half-score of sheep were huddled in the protection of the blacksmith shop, baaing to keep warm. The valley was in no mood to cheer him up.

Suddenly a sharp report rang down the slope from the woods. He looked up quickly. Again he heard it, and still again.

"Who's a-shootin' up there on the ridge, Earl?" he called to one of the fourth generation who chanced to be passing in pursuit of a flock of geese.

The lad halted and pulled his muffler down from his mouth.

"Willie Calker," he cried. "He has got a new revoliver."

"Mighty souls!" said Martin Holmes.

PLEASANT INCIDENTS OF AN ACADEMIC LIFE

By Daniel C. Gilman

"THE life within college walls," of which the songsters sing, is, in general, free from excitements, at least from any excitements that are of interest to the non-participants. I am not speaking of undergraduates, who have athletics, fraternities and politics, but of the teachers and advanced students whose days are monotonous, passed in quiet, hidden, often solitary devotion to study. New books, instruments, and periodicals give flavor to their pursuits and evoke new ideas. This is the excitement that the scholar loves. To the public his occupations are not only forbidding—they seem dry and fruitless, certainly imbued with incomprehensible dulness; for while the world welcomes the results, it cares no more for the processes of study and investigation than children care for the receipts of the pastry-cook. When a scholar interprets the history of the Chaldæan Deluge, written upon a tablet of clay and long buried in Mesopotamia, a new chapter is opened to the reader of the Book of Genesis—but it is more than probable that he knows little of the century of cuneiform scholarship from Grote-

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fend to Haupt, by which this extraordinary story has been made intelligible. It is just the same in every branch of study: conclusions are welcomed, especially in the form of benefits; processes are forgotten. Yet dull as the life of a scholar appears to the outside world, it is often varied by incidents that are entertaining and inspiring. Some such occurrences I propose to narrate.

Of late years, international comity has led to academic celebrations of an international character. They are ostensibly intercollegiate, but they are in reality of broader scope. Within the last five-and-twenty years Bologna, Padua, Heidelberg, Glasgow, Cracow, Montpellier, Edinburgh, and Dublin, among European universities; Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Williams, St. John's, Chapel Hill, Bowdoin, and Union, among American institutions, have invited the world of science and letters to be represented at celebrations, centennial, sesquicentennial, bicentennial, tercentennial, and even quinquennial and sextennial. The ceremonies on these occasions are among the most pleasant as well as the most brilliant events in academic life. Faculties and students, with the dignitaries of civil and ecclesiastical stations, take part in jubilees prolonged through several days. Ordinary commencements, commemorations, and convocations are cast into the shade.

The latest, and to me, for many reasons, the most memorable of the academic festivals that I have attended, is that which commemorated the 200th anniversary of the foundation of Yale College, when the President of the United States, the Chief Justice, the Secretary of State, two foreign ambassadors, a representative of the King of Sweden, the Premier of Japan, an eminent jurist from St. Petersburg, a renowned surgeon from Berlin, a Roman Catholic archbishop, a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, scores of college presidents and professors, dozens of men of letters and representatives of science, with other dignitaries not a few, came together to offer their congratulations and praises to the Puritan college. A thoughtful observer, in the midst of all this splendid array, might have said that the vestiges of Puritanism were passing away, twenty-six decades after John Davenport preached his first sermon in the wilderness near the spot where we were assembled. Were we in fact proclaiming the passing of Puritanism?

The culmination of these brilliant festivities came on the last day, when an original Greek ode was sung to original music, and the President of the United States, having received the hood of a Doctor of Laws, stepped forward on the platform to congratulate the university and its guests. There were two other remarkable incidents. One evening the graduates and undergraduates, thousands of them, marched under the elms, with torches, banners, mottoes, and music—a most impressive throng; and another evening, in the open air, beneath a brilliant star-lit sky, in the presence of several thousands of men and women, memorable events in the history of Yale were presented in dramatic tableaux, and in the interludes the welkin rang with college songs.

I have seen nothing abroad that was finer in the way of academic rejoicings than these Yalensian, but it must be admitted that there are fewer black gowns, more bright-colored robes, in the European gatherings than in ours; so the foreign shows are more striking. At Montpellier, I was startled to find that the American delegation, following alphabetical precedence, came to the front of the procession, just after Allemagne, represented by Helmholtz, and the plain black clothes that I wore seemed out of place. I ought to have worn a gown and I ought to have carried a diploma.

In Dublin, as a speaker for the United States, I made an explicit and pointed reference to the great philosopher from Trinity College, who gave away land and books for the benefit of American colleges, and who died the Bishop of Cloyne, not far from Cork. These were the delegate's words: "One alumnus of Trinity College is beloved beyond all others by Americans. I need not even pronounce his name. Some of us have been at his see in Cloyne; we have looked upon his ideal form cut in marble, so full of life and beauty, that we felt his presence, and uttered face to face our words of gratitude and honor."

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"Name him," cried the undergraduates, in a distant gallery, chaffing the speaker. "Who was he? who was he?" was their vociferous shout. "It would not be necessary," said the speaker, when they paused, "in any American college, under conditions like these, to pronounce the name of that eminent graduate of Dublin, George Berkeley." The jeers became cheers, and the boys gave generous applause to the name of the illustrious bishop whom they did not recognize as a benefactor of Yale and Harvard. I recall another incident. After Henry Irving had received an honorary degree and the company was leaving the *aula*, the students, neglecting the other famous men, took the actor upon their shoulders and bore him to a neighboring portico, where he made a graceful acknowledgment of their rude but hearty and well-meant courtesy. It was a striking illustration of the readiness of human nature to applaud those who have given us pleasure and to pass unnoticed those who have given us knowledge.

In Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, there was a noble commemoration of Polish education, literature, science, and art. The city was brilliant with colors, the procession was dignified, and the reception of delegates by the noble rector, Count Tarnowski, in the church, from which the sacred paraphernalia had been removed, was most impressive. The representative of American colleges did not fail to mention Kosciusko, the friend of Washington, the upholder of American independence, whose lofty cairn looks down upon the city of Cracow, and the allusion was well received; but when the speaker proceeded to speak of Sienkiewicz, the great writer, whose works were read and admired in lands across the seas, the house burst forth in applause which brought to his feet the illustrious author of "Pan Michel" and "Quo Vadis," who had been sitting just in front of the platform. On another day, a statue of the illustrious Copernicus was unveiled in the middle of the beautiful quadrangle which he trod as an undergraduate 400 years before. Remembered as a student for four centuries!

Such entertainments produce a strong impression on those who take part in them, and on other intelligent observers, for in a very striking manner these gatherings show the brotherhood of man and the co-operation of scholars in the advancement of knowledge. That intercourse by epistles, of which we have voluminous records in the correspondence of Erasmus, of Leibnitz, and many others; that careful making notes of personalities, such as we see in the diary of Dr. Stiles, recently printed, have given way to the well-edited periodicals which nowadays embody the notes of progress in every branch of learning. Modern ingenuity and necessities have also devised innumerable societies, associations, and academies which hold frequent meetings for those engaged in similar pursuits, but these are usually restricted to the citizens of one country, and to those who are bound by the ties of specialization. In order to bring together scholars of many lands and of all departments, literary and scientific, the representatives of law, medicine, theology and philosophy, great ceremonials are requisite, and the universities have naturally become the places for them. Everyone who has participated in the jubilee of a venerable seat of learning will surely carry with him, as long as he lives, the memory of the faces, the speeches, the greetings of those whom he met, nor will he fail to remember the unity of knowledge, its boundless extent, the importance of combined efforts for its advancement, and likewise the inanity of rivalry, the pettiness of jealousy, and the joyfulness of association for the good of mankind.

There are lesser festivals which also leave delightful memories; and some which I recall stand out in the vista of the past like beacons on a quiet sea-shore. For example, long after the first sorrow that is felt when a man of mark has departed, a commemorative meeting has become a time of rejoicing that such a man has lived and that we have been permitted to come under his inspiring influence. Fifty years after the birth of Robert Louis Stevenson we commemorated, in Baltimore, his life and works. Special students of English literature wrote short and appreciative essays; portraits and letters, and examples of his "copy" were brought to us by one of his friends; various editions of his books were exhibited,

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and a select company of his readers, who met for this commemoration, felt as if they had been personally introduced to the great romancer from the land of Scott. Another commemoration brought Professor Francis J. Child to mind.

But the most noteworthy of such events was one that attracted many people from a distance and elicited from others who could not come, their words of appreciation. Sidney Lanier, like a brilliant comet, appeared on our horizon in centennial year, when his ode, written for the opening of the Philadelphia Exhibition drew forth the cool criticisms of widely scattered readers (who did not appreciate his purpose in the composition), and almost simultaneously, enthusiastic plaudits from thousands of auditors who heard the rendering of the words to the stirring music of Dudley Buck. Lanier was then living in Baltimore, known to many as a player upon the flute in the concerts of the Peabody Conservatory, and, to a few of the most cultivated, as a writer of verse, as a student of English literature, and as a gifted critic. It was natural that he should be invited to lecture before the university, and an invitation to do so he gladly accepted. The summons reached him in a period of great despondency and physical distress. He was exhilarated by the opportunity and did his best—and his best was very good—to inspire and instruct those who came within the sound of his voice.

In the second of the two courses it was obvious that the hand of Death had touched his shoulder, and the unwelcome presence of the inevitable was perceptible as the lecturer tottered up to his desk and delivered his message, with cheer, sitting resolute and buoyant as if he were to drink "a stirrup cup." When he died, we paid to his memory the tributes of grief and affection, but it was not the time for an appreciation of his poetry. That came later.

Seven years after his death a company of his friends came together in another mood—less mournful because there had been time to review his life and writings, to trace his influence upon those whom he had taught, and to estimate his rank among American poets. We could now be assured that though the pen had fallen from his hand and the flute no longer responded to his inspiration, yet the melody of his voice was still resonant, and the memory of his brave life was beginning to "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The immediate occasion for such an assembly was the gift of a bronze bust of Lanier, modelled, late in his life, by a sculptor of Baltimore, Ephraim Keyser. It is a striking portrait which arrests the attention of every passer-by, by its union of reality and ideality. One day as we stood beside the pedestal I said to a German pathologist who had never heard of Lanier, "He was a poet greatly beloved and greatly mourned by us." "Hm," was his response, "tuberculosis." I called the attention of another visitor, who knew something of Lanier, to the same portrait. "Yes," he said, "Christ-like."

To our memorial meeting Lowell wrote of Lanier as a man of genius with a rare gift for the happy word; Stedman said of him that he had "conceived of a method, and of compositions, which could only be achieved by the effort of a life extended to man's full term of years; the little that he was able to do belonged to the very outset of a large synthetic work"; Gilder spoke of the recent deaths of Emma Lazarus, Sill, and Helen Jackson, followed by Lanier's premature departure, and added: "Every now and then there crystallized in his intense and musical mind a lyric of such diamond-like strength and lustre that it can no more be lost from the diadem of English song than can the lyrics of Sidney or of Herbert"; Father Tabb, kindred spirit, friend tried in adversity, read a memorial sonnet; other verses came from Mrs. Turnbull, and from Burton and Cummings, who had been Lanier's pupils; and Miss Edith M. Thomas, thinking of a line of Lanier's, "On the Paradise Side of the River of Death," wrote these lines which I copy from her autograph, a greatly valued memento:

The River flows, how softly flows
(The one bank green, the other sere),
How sweet the wind that hither blows.

Its breath is from the blightless rose,
Its voice, from lips of leal and dear—
The River flows, how softly flows.

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Beyond, in dreams the spirit goes,
And finds each lost and lovely peer—
How sweet the wind that hither blows.

Brief while the bleaming vista shows
A singing throng withdraws from here—
The River flows, how softly flows.

There mounts the wingèd song, there glows
The ardor white, of rare Lanier—
How sweet the wind that hither blows.

His voice rang fearless to the close,
He sang Death's Cup with cordial cheer—
The River flows, how softly flows;
How sweet the wind that hither blows.

It is delightful to observe the growing reputation of the gifted Lanier, and the increasing demand for all that he has written. Few men of letters in our land have left a more pathetic or a more inspiring record. Nothing could quench the poetic fire that burned within him. The *res angusta domi*, war, confinement in a military prison, continued ill-health, the necessity of providing support for a large family, the removal of his home from place to place, difficulty after difficulty, never broke him down.

His soul was like a star and dwelt apart.

Always cheerful, always gallant, always trustful — his presence in any company was quickening and inspiring. Let him enter a horse-car, and everyone was conscious that there was a man of mark; let him come upon the stage in a concert-room, a buzz would go through the audience; let him lecture, it was clear that he was one who would uphold the loftiest ideals. It is but slight praise to add that his name is cherished in Baltimore as a priceless heritage.

Sacred memories and sad will always linger in the principal hall of our physical laboratory, for there we commemorated Rowland after we had placed his ashes (according to his request) in a vault at the side of the famous dividing engine, to which he gave so much of his time and thought. Nor is this our only mournful association with that place. Here it was that Phillips Brooks, a short time before he died, met the students one October afternoon and made one of the last, one of the best, one of the most effective of his religious discourses. As he spoke, animated by an audience that he had never met before, made up exclusively of students and their teachers, not a few of the listeners were impressed by the almost unearthly looks and tone with which his uplifting message was delivered. Not long afterward his voice was silenced forever, and then the fragmentary notes of this discourse, taken down at the moment, or recalled to memory, were transcribed and printed.

Three great international jurists have been commemorated in Baltimore—Bluntschli of Heidelberg, Lieber of New York, and Laboulaye of Paris. In view of their intimate relations and close concord, somebody called them an "international clover-leaf." This might pass as a metaphor, but when photographs of the three faces were pasted upon a huge trifolium the metaphor vanished and the reality was more amusing than artistic. Professor Adams had been the pupil of Bluntschli, and on the death of his master was eager to secure his library. The German citizens of Baltimore responded instantly to his wish, and contributed the purchase-money, and when the books came we had a Bluntschli celebration. With his books came his manuscripts; and this led Mrs. Lieber to send to us those of her husband; and, later, the sons of Laboulaye sent us interesting examples of his handwriting. The portraits of these three men look down upon the cabinet which contains their works, exerting a silent and unconscious influence upon the students of public law.

One day as I was walking down our thoroughfare, North Charles Street, I met Mr. Innes Randolph, of local distinction as a man of versatile talents. "See here," said he, taking the wrapper off of a number of marble fragments, "this is an original bust of Chief Justice Marshall. I am going to put the pieces together and take a plaster cast of them. If I succeed, you shall have a copy." Not long afterward he brought me a fine cast of this admirable likeness of the great jurist. The original was the work of Houdon, and the copy preserved the exquisite chiselling and the fine expression of the marble. I showed the cast to the American sculptor Mr. William W. Story when he was about to make his statue of Marshall for Washington. He was delighted and told me that he had seen no likeness of the jurist

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so satisfactory as this. The gift of Mr. Randolph suggested that we should have a commemoration of Marshall, so we invited his successor in office, Chief Justice Waite, to come and make a presentation address, which he kindly consented to do. A plaster cast at best is fragile, but by the generosity of a lady we have been so fortunate as to have this one reproduced in bronze, by an artist in Paris, and a copy of it is awarded every year to a graduate student who shall have produced some noteworthy and meritorious contribution to historical and political science. Copies of the replica have often been asked for, but none can be obtained except in the regular way by which Woodrow Wilson, Albert Shaw, and others have gained the prize.

Certainly the rarest, perhaps the most remarkable testimonial ever given to a college president in modern times was given to me. It was a unique diploma, and these are the circumstances under which it came.

I met my colleague, Professor Paul Haupt, casually at the Murray Hill Hotel, in New York, and mentioned that it was twenty-five years that very day, December 30, 1899, since I was called from California to Baltimore. We parted and took different trains for home. Early the next day there was left at my door a letter in cuneiform script, which Dr. Haupt had composed upon the way home, and lest I should be rusty in the language of Nineveh and Babylon a translation came, too. A little later I received a copy of the same letter, cut in wedge-shaped characters upon a red clay tablet and baked, so that its aspect was exactly that of the letters exhumed in recent years on the sites of ancient Assyrian cities. The language has not a little of the hyperbole which is common in the flowery phrases of the orientals, so I shall not venture to quote from it more than the opening and closing lines. In a parallel column the reader may read, if he chooses, a transliteration, in Roman characters, of the wedge-shaped characters of the original letter:

Ana aš̆aridi rabî Dâni 'ili mâr Gilmâni arduka Pa'ûlu mâr Xa 'upti.	To the great chief, Dâni 'ilu the son of Gilmânu thy servant Pa'ûlu the son of Ha'uptu:
Lû šulmu ana belî 'a adanniš̆ adanniš̆! Ina ûmi mitgari ša ultu XXV šanâti tannamiru atta ana ašaridûti ša bît mummu rabî bît sûdi u šulmudi šubat Bel nîmeqi sa ina âl Çalmâni uktînûni	A hearty, hearty greeting to my lord! On the auspicious day when 25 years ago thou wast chosen to the Presidency of the great school; the house of teaching and instruction, the seat of the Lord of Inscrutable Wisdom, established in the Monumental City—
. . . . .	. . . . .
çalmu tazqup elî çalmâni kâlišunu ša âl Çalmâni melamme šumika ana balâṭ ûme rûqûti taltákan.	Thou hast erected a monument above all monuments of the Monumental City. The splendor of thy name is established forever.
Saṭîr ina elî rukûbe xitmuṭûti ša sullî barzilli ina berit âl Narâm-axûti u âl Çalmâni	Written upon the swift cars of the road of iron, between the City of Brotherly Love and the Monumental City,
ina ûm XXX ša arax XII šatti Belini MDCCCXCIX.	on the 30th day of the 12th month of the year of our Lord 1899.

I shall never forget a certain illustration of the narrow margin between the sublime and the ridiculous. Professor Royce, of Harvard College, came to repeat in Baltimore a very serious philosophical essay which he had read at Harvard, and which was strongly commended to us by Dr. Andrew P. Peabody. I will not state his exact line of thought, but after he had been speaking for nearly half an hour in a room that was crowded and, I must add, not well ventilated, he paused, having left a solemn impression on the minds of his audience respecting a fundamental truth. As we were sitting there silent, thoughtful, and expectant, a voice came from the middle of the hall, and one of the auditors said, with emphasis: "Let us hear the other side of that question." We looked

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around to discover the speaker, and those of us who were in front recognized a distinguished judge of the Federal Court. None of us could tell what he meant by this abrupt and judicial utterance. The interruption was brief and the lecture went on as it began. I had hardly reached home when a note came to me from the judge to this effect: "I must apologize for that extraordinary interruption. The truth is that the room was warm, I had just dined, the lecture was serious, and I dropped asleep. When he ceased to speak, I suddenly awoke, and, thinking I was on the bench, called out, 'Let us hear the other side of that question.'"

When the Johns Hopkins University began its work all the members were lonesome. The faculty was small, the students few, the graduates none. A good many squibs were fired at us in the newspapers. We came from distant parts of the country and from abroad, we were educated by different methods, we were not quite sure of one another. We were to be welded into a compact body. But welding requires heat, and, after the novelty wore off, our enthusiasm was chilled, and we began to long for the warmth of sympathy. To promote good-fellowship a suggestion was made that all college graduates living in Baltimore should be invited to meet together and dine. The idea found favor, and on Washington's Birthday a large company of educated men, having listened to the public exercises of the morning, assembled for a social hour around a well-spread table in the Academy of Music. By common consent Mr. Teackle Wallis, most brilliant among the leaders of the bar, a man of wit and eloquence, of fire and grace, was invited to preside, and he did so with spirit and tact. Presently he proposed the sentiment, "The Universities of Great Britain," and he called upon Professor Sylvester to respond. The famous mathematician rose, uttered a few half-audible commonplaces, halted, searched his vest-pocket in vain for notes, and sat down, saying, as he did so: "I ought to have prepared myself for this occasion, but instead I went to the opera last evening, for I could not miss the opportunity of hearing Gerster; so I beg to be excused." It is needless to say that the audience, who expected from him something unusual, did not expect this sort of a surprise. Quick as a flash, the presiding officer, Mr. Wallis, was on his feet, smiling at the discomfited professor and saying, "I hope that will always be the motto of the Johns Hopkins University—*Opera non Verba*."

I have heard travellers say that the pleasantest part of travel is the coming home. I have sometimes thought so, and I have also thought that the pleasantest part of life is its closing chapter, when memories take the place of hopes, cares are lessened, opportunities are enlarged, and friendships multiplied and intensified. If I were to follow the example of Lecky, and draw the "Map of Life" with such cartographical knowledge as has come to me, I should mark the age of seventy as the Cape of Good Hope, and for the cheer of those who are doubling this cape I should show that it leads to a Pacific sea within whose bounds lie the Fortunate Isles.

It is certainly a great delight to look far back upon undergraduate days, to follow the careers of classmates and friends, to recall the preferment of colleagues and associates, and it is beyond all other academic pleasures to see how large a proportion of former pupils have risen to distinction and usefulness in the various walks of life. When I go back to New Haven and find that "old Yale," if that means the row of buildings, has completely changed from brick to stone; and if "old Yale" means the faculty, that all my teachers lie in the Campo Santo while their successors are turning gray, a moment's sadness comes over me, but it soon gives way to grateful remembrance, and the regrets that are inevitable lead up to the satisfaction that though the body has perished, the spirit of "old Yale" is still alive and present. How it is possible for anyone to be a pessimist when such progress is obvious, I cannot understand.

California, in a different way from that of Connecticut, affords striking examples of the educational advances of the last few years. The men who crossed the isthmus and went around the cape when gold was discovered, have lived to see the day when two strong universities, the one fostered by the State, and the other

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endowed by private munificence, are attended by thousands of students, who have access to the very best books and instruments, and are taught by teachers whose reputation for learning and talents is everywhere acknowledged.

I went back to Berkeley, twenty-five years after I had seen the infant university transferred from Oakland to its new and permanent home, directly in face of the Golden Gate. On a bright afternoon in autumn, thousands of people were assembled upon the campus in the open air to welcome Dr. Benjamin I. Wheeler, just entering upon his career as president of the University of California, and to hear his inaugural address. Dr. Jordan, already wonted to the cares of the Stanford University, was there to give a right hand of fellowship, and I had been brought from the East to show the connection between the present and the past. Around us were a score of academic buildings. Pleasant houses lined the streets, which bore the names of Dwight and Bushnell and other Eastern worthies. In the distance we could look out of the Golden Gate to the Pacific Ocean.

I will not endeavor to show how much history was here brought to mind, from the days when Sir Francis Drake sailed along this coast, to the time when Alaska was bought, the Sandwich Islands annexed, and the more distant Philippines brought under our sway. But the nearer lessons were likewise vivid. It was hardly sixty years since a Yale geologist, exploring the coast, had descried the signs of gold; it was half a century since the *auri sacra fames* had brought to the Pacific Slope the strong men of the Eastern States, ready to supplant the institutions of Spain with those of the United States. Among them were those who were determined that, like Massachusetts and Connecticut, California should begin its new era with a college crowning the system of education. Some of these pioneers were still living. In the middle of the campus we stood upon the rock where the name of Berkeley was proposed as the name of the university site, a rock upon which have been cut the prophetic words, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." Yet the best sight of all was the throng of well-educated men and women here assembled, imbued with the love of knowledge, trained for the highest service of the church and state, by agencies introduced only fifty years ago. The scene was a tableau displaying the growth of an idea. The knowledge of such progress should be assuring to those in our Southern States who are now beginning new movements for the advancement of public education.

As I look back over the last few years, the most remarkable change, among all that occur to me, in the domain of education, is the recognition of the university as an entity distinct from the college. This is not an American discovery, nor is it a triumph of the nineteenth century. Colleges and universities have not been confounded in Europe. Nor did our forefathers lose the perception of a difference. So far back as 1777, the famous President Stiles drew up a plan of a university for New Haven, which is mentioned in his diary, lately published by Professor Dexter. The word was used much earlier in Harvard. Nevertheless, it is true that the American college grew to be so important and so well adapted to the needs of the community, that it obscured the university idea. Even so recently as the middle of the last century, universities were commonly regarded as groups of schools and establishments for superior education. So are they still. This is as it should be. But the scope of universities has broadened, as the progress of society has demanded facilities for study in many branches of knowledge, superior to what can be provided for undergraduates. Science has demanded laboratories; letters have demanded libraries, and with them seminaries for the handling of books. Thus the distinction between *gymnasia*, where discipline and training are received, and the race-courses, where the runners are striving for a prize, has been defined. The words "college" and "university" are still confined by the fetters of usage and nomenclature, but the difference between enlarged university methods, adapted to matured minds, and the restricted methods essential to youthful discipline are generally admitted. For want of a better term, "graduate studies" is the term that has come into vogue for higher work. Yale, Princeton, and Columbia have changed their corporate

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names so as to emphasize their changing conditions. Scores of institutions now offer, at least in their catalogues, "graduate" instruction—although it is often of an unsatisfactory and rudimentary character, and there is a serious danger that the country will soon have a superfluity of feeble universities, as it has had a superfluity of poorly endowed colleges. Reaction has begun. The stronger foundations have combined in an informal federation; and colleges of the highest character are saying, "We claim to be colleges, and make no pretence that we are anything else."

The effect of this movement has been seen in the professional schools, which were formerly open to persons who had shown no preparation for the work they were called upon to undertake. Now in the best schools of medicine, law, and theology the presentation of a diploma or the passing of a prescribed examination is requisite. If they have not yet become schools for graduates, the tendency is in that direction. Coincidently, the colleges are offering greater freedom in the choice of courses. Special preparation for certain future callings may be secured by undergraduates, by means of the group system in some one of its modifications, or by absolute election. In no one of the professions is preliminary training more important than it is in medicine. The physician should indeed be a man of liberal culture, but he must also be a man of technical skill, and that technical skill can only be acquired by habits of close observation, by a knowledge of the physical and chemical laws of nature, by familiarity with the forms and functions of plants and the lower animals. Probably the most remarkable advances in higher education within the last twenty-five years are to be found in medicine. Still greater advances are already in sight.

These reminiscences were in type when two incidents occurred, among the pleasantest and most remarkable in a long experience of academic life. I gave up the presidential chair in the Johns Hopkins University, not because I was tired of it, not because I was conscious of bodily infirmity, but out of deference to the widespread usage of this country, which suggests that, at a certain age, seniors should make way for juniors. The unanimous choice of a successor, President Remsen; generous additions to our resources, especially the new site offered by Baltimore friends; and the enthusiasm of our graduates when they assembled to celebrate our twenty-fifth anniversary, have given abundant evidence that the time for a change of administration was felicitous.

I was looking forward to a period of comparative leisure, when an interview with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the evangelist of beneficence (as I venture to call him), who has preached and practised "the gospel of wealth," completely altered the outlook. Near the end of November last I called upon him, by invitation, at his library in New York, where he was sitting surrounded with books and pictures and by innumerable testimonials of affection and gratitude. On the walls were mottoes that seem to have been the guides of his life. One other person was present.

I cannot repeat the conversation of that morning, although the principal remarks of Mr. Carnegie are impressed upon my memory. He was in a very thoughtful mood, inclined to ask searching questions, and quite able to keep his own counsel. At length he said: "I am willing to give ten millions for an institution the purpose of which shall be the advancement of knowledge." This was not all that he said, but it is all that I tell. It is quite enough, for in that single phrase is the germ of the extraordinary plans that have since been developed. People who have never made large gifts think it an easy matter to organize "an institution." Those who have tried it find it difficult. With several such persons I have had confidential relations, and I have seen that (to use the Quaker phrase) they have had "concerns." One "concern" is whom to trust, the other "concern" is what to confide. It was by no means a simple or an easy task to organize the Carnegie Institution. Precedents were wanting.

Mr. Carnegie raised many hard questions: How is it that knowledge is increased? How can rare intellects be discovered in the undeveloped stages? Where is the exceptional man to be

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found? Would a new institution be regarded as an injury to Johns Hopkins, or to Harvard, Yale, Columbia, or any other university? What should the term "knowledge" comprise? Who should be the managers of the institution? How broad or how restricted should be the terms of the gift?

These are only examples of the perplexing problems which presented themselves to one who was not anxious for fame, not devoted to a hobby; not inclined to impose limitations, but who had an eye single to the good of his adopted country, and through our country to the good of the world.

It will not do for me to tell at this time who were his chosen counsellors in the incipient stages of his plan, but they were many in number, including some whose names have not been publicly mentioned. Gradually the idea, which was seen at first in broad outlines only, took definite shape, as, under the sculptor's hands, an image becomes shapely, comely, and life-like.

It was the original purpose of Mr. Carnegie to make the gift directly to the nation, and for that reason he communicated an outline of his plan to the President of the United States, by whom it was received with the most generous appreciation. Reflection led to a change. On the whole, it was thought best to organize an independent corporation, or body of trustees, and charge them with carrying out the project. Upon such a board the President of the United States, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House consented to serve, *ex officio*.

The secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. Langley, and the president of the National Academy of Sciences, Mr. Agassiz, were also officially designated members of the Board.

Three members of the Cabinet were added by name, a justice of the Supreme Court, two other distinguished judges, several business men of the highest standing, a lawyer and diplomatist of international fame, heads of two governmental bureaus, the chief of the New York Public Library, a distinguished physician, a Senator, and two men who had been prominent in the promotion of higher education. They represented every part of the country — from Boston to San Francisco, from Chicago to New Orleans. I do not know that anyone could state the political or ecclesiastical ties of the Board. Every one of the trustees has been long in public service or wonted to the administration of important trusts.* Then came another incident more memorable than the interview I have described and, perhaps, more important. By invitation of Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, the trustees assembled for the first time on January 29th, in the diplomatic room of the State Department. It is truly a state apartment—spacious and handsomely furnished, the walls covered by portraits of the distinguished predecessors of Mr. Hay. Just above the chair of the presiding officer were the likenesses of Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton, as if the old country and the new were alike cognizant of the proceeding. The formal articles of incorporation having been read, and temporary officers chosen, the princely giver rose and read his deed of gift. It was brief, in legal form, bestowing the sum of $10,000,000 on the Carnegie Institution for the Advancement of Knowledge. The restrictions were very simple and very wise. Mr. Carnegie then added a few remarks. I am not sure whether he read them or spoke them—but the substance of what he said has been placed on record, and it will always be regarded as the spontaneous utterance of a full mind at a very critical moment.

In these three papers it is made clear that the Carnegie Institution is not, as it has been called, a "university" or a place for the systematic education of youth, in advanced or professional departments of knowledge. Nor is it a memorial to George Washington. Mr. Carnegie disclaimed any intention of associating his

* Trustees elected by the incorporators at the request of the founder. Ex-officio: The President of the United States; the President of the Senate; the Speaker of the House of Representatives; the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; the president of the National Academy of Sciences.—Grover Cleveland, New Jersey; John S. Billings, New York; William E. Dodge; William N. Frew, Pennsylvania; Lyman P. Gage, Illinois; Daniel C. Gilman, Maryland; John Hay, District of Columbia; Abram S. Hewitt, New Jersey; Henry L. Higginson, Massachusetts; Henry Hitchcock, Missouri; Charles H. Hutchinson, Illinois; William Lindsay, Kentucky; Seth Low, New York; Wayne MacVeagh, Pennsylvania; D. O. Mills, New York; S. Weir Mitchell, Pennsylvania; William W. Morrow, California; Elihu Root, New York; John C. Spooner, Wisconsin; Andrew D. White, New York; Edward D. White, Louisiana; Charles D. Walcott, District of Columbia; Carroll D. Wright, District of Columbia.

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name with that of one who stands alone. Its chief function is the encouragement of research. This may be done by stipends to individuals or to institutions, by the provision of costly apparatus, by the payment of assistants, or by the publication of memoirs. No branch of knowledge is excluded from the scope of the trustees. No fetters are imposed upon their action. They are expected to see what the suggestions of the wisest men in the land will bring forth.

It is clear that in the development of this plan, the advice of the ablest men must be sought. Accordingly, it is the purpose of the Executive Committee, acting in the name of the Trustees, to ask the counsel of the wisest of our countrymen. They will not all be famous men. Some are known only in very limited circles—they are the quiet men who are working out great problems, free from the observation of all except those whose studies are kindred. Others are known throughout this country and in Europe. Some may be found abroad. Already many valuable suggestions have been made; more are coming in. It will not be long before a group of astronomers are asked their advice in astronomy; of biologists in biology; of chemists in chemistry; of economists in economics—so on through the alphabet of the sciences. After this preliminary reconnaissance, a report and a plan will be prepared, and the conclusions made public. This will take time, months, certainly. But the opportunity is one that requires the most careful consideration, for everyone knows that institutions which are plastic in their incipiency soon harden like cement.

It is obvious that at present, certainly, there is no need of a stately building, like that of the Smithsonian; no occasion to establish a *Reichsanstalt*, like that of Charlottenburg, for the Government has its efficient bureau of standards; no reason for adding one to the libraries and laboratories of Washington before some special need is manifest. Avoid duplication; help that which is good, and will be better with some assistance; seek out untrodden but promising fields of inquiry; utilize existing faculties instead of building up a new academic body. Look out for minds of unusual capacity and promise.

These are the purposes of the Institute as stated by the wise and munificent founder:

1. To promote original research, paying great attention thereto as one of the most important of all departments.

2. To discover the exceptional man in every department of study whenever and wherever found, inside or outside of schools, and enable him to make the work for which he seems specially designed his life-work.

3. To increase facilities for higher education.

4. To increase the efficiency of the universities and other institutions of learning throughout the country, by utilizing and adding to their existing facilities and aiding teachers in the various institutions for experimental and other work, in these institutions as far as advisable.

5. To enable such students as may find Washington the best point for their special studies, to enjoy the advantages of the museums, libraries, laboratories, observatory, meteorological, piscicultural, and forestry schools, and kindred institutions of the several departments of the Government.

6. To insure the prompt publication and distribution of the results of scientific investigation, a field considered highly important.

In one comprehensive phrase he stated his aim as follows:

It is proposed to found in the city of Washington an institution which with the co-operation of institutions now or hereafter established, there or elsewhere, shall in the broadest and most liberal manner encourage investigation, research, and discovery; show the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind; provide such buildings, laboratories, books, and apparatus as may be needed; and afford instruction of an advanced character to students properly qualified to profit thereby.

Is not this conception of a plan and its inception unique in the history of civilization? I know of nothing to compare with it.

When I began this series of reminiscences, I could not have forecast this last development. Perhaps I have dwelt too long upon it. If so, my apology is the profound interest which has been shown in Mr. Carnegie's plans, and the opportunity that I have to speak of a few points "not generally known." The public may rest assured that the trustees are all of them alive to their responsibilities, and are seeking, before the full initiation of the work intrusted to them, to secure the light that many men of many minds will throw upon the problem. They will endeavor to follow the wise example of the founder, and seek only to promote the progress of knowledge and the good of mankind.

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"INDIAN-GIFT"

By Cornelia Atwood Pratt

THIS story has the misfortune to be true, If it were not, it would be quite incredible; being true, I fear that it will prove scarcely less so. Yet, as it is a device of Destiny, I do not choose to palm it off upon you as one of my own limping inventions. If you ask me to explain it, I am helpless. I do not know why such irrational things should happen to anyone, and as for explaining why they came to Haidee and Edward Parry, it is quite impossible.

I am an artist—a mediocre one. In summer I sketch in the Devon lanes, because I love England as senselessly as I love my life. In winter I have a studio on the Continent, sometimes in Florence, for no reason except that I am happy where the shadow of Giotto's bell-tower falls; but more often in Paris, for the practical reason that I get more orders there. In my studio I make bass-relief portraits of indiscriminating friends, and little statuettes of their children. I do not greatly rejoice in this work, for my love of beauty is greater than my ability to create it.

One November morning, some four years ago, I found this letter in my mail, and read it as I prepared my morning coffee. It was dated from a quiet London square much frequented by Americans.

MY DEAR SARAH:

I am here. And as I am coming to Paris for the winter, I hope to see you soon. Can you recommend to me a suitable *pension?* You see, Edward has given me a vacation. His sister will keep house for him while I am abroad, and I am to stay as long as I please. Now that I am once over here, it seems to me that I shall please forever! I am looking forward to seeing Paris with your eyes. I cannot see enough beauty with my own to satisfy my soul, and yet, even in this brown London, in November, my eyes are filled daily. But I have such an insatiable craving for fresh sensations, for stimulus, for joy, that I think it will take all eternity to satisfy it. And, so, my dear Sarah, good-by. Please do not forget to give me some addresses.

As always,

Your friend,

HAIDEE PARRY.

I stared at the letter reflectively. "Now, I wonder," I said to myself, "if Haidee and her husband do not get on together?"

Haidee was one of my girlhood's friends in the New England village where we both were born. She married Edward Parry, who was a serious-minded youth as we used to call them; reticent, forceful, quiet. He went West and became a banker in a smallish town in Iowa. I had understood, through common friends, that he had grown wealthy; that Haidee did not like the West, and that they had no children. From Haidee herself I heard at intervals, but nothing that bore on her real life.

I dare say that I am too keenly interested in other people's matters and too much given to drawing unfounded conclusions. Those who live very much alone become unduly imaginative over their friends' affairs.

"Probably she thinks she doesn't love her husband," I reflected. "Really, I have no patience with such women! When people live in smallish towns they have too much leisure for the good of their souls. If Haidee had a dozen clubs, and pictures, and theatre and opera, and was put on her mettle to preserve her social supremacy, she would never have found out that she wasn't contented and that she needed stimulus. But people in smallish towns have so much time for poetry and novels that I dare say she has discovered she and Edward are not kindred souls, and esteems it a much greater misfortune than it is. For my part, I wonder what the poets and novelists are about, to exaggerate into the greatest of life's tragedies that commonplace woe. I have seen too much of life to think that a woman married to a good man, who is not more selfish than the average, has any right to call herself unhappy. What nonsense! Discontent isn't agony. A human being must be pretty well out of the clutches of real misery before he or she has time and strength to devote to sentimental griefs."

While my thoughts ran scolding on after this virtuous fashion, I neglected my cof-

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fee-pot, and it boiled over angrily, giving a sudden turn to my reflection.

"But perhaps it isn't sentimental unhappiness after all. It may be only nervous prostration," I reflected, as I opened a fresh jar of *confiture*.

I suppose it is quite obvious that I was prepared to find fault with my old friend because I suspected her of not appreciating her blessings. And yet, when she came walking into my studio one golden morning three weeks later, carrying herself regally, but looking at me over an armful of pink chrysanthemums, with the pathetic eyes of a grieved child, I was disarmed, and with a sudden stir of compassion I realized that if I were Dame Fortune I should certainly give this woman whatever she wanted in life.

She dropped the flowers upon the floor while we exchanged greetings, then picked them up again and began to arrange them in an old cooking-pot of polished Spanish copper.

"That *pension* is so amusing!" she announced, "and the streets are so clean. As for this studio, it is simply heavenly. Is that Cordovan leather? And what is the date of your tapestries? In my last letter from Edward he sent you his warmest regards and told you to take good care of me. O Sarah, I am so glad not to be in Kokamosa, and I am going to be so happy in Paris!"

Haidee is a tall, white-lily of a woman, slender and graceful, with dark hair, the complexion of a magnolia flower, big, childlike eyes and a firm chin. At forty, I found her still very beautiful, and possessed of all the helpless, appealing grace of manner that had been counted her chief charm twenty years before.

I looked her up and down as she knelt over the chrysanthemums. She was a fine creature and, for all her pathetic ways, finished and proud. I did not believe, now that I saw her, that her woes were an affair of nerves and too much leisure, and I perceived, as clearly as I saw the color of her eyes, that she would never talk of her domestic affairs. I approved of this, and locked, with a final snap, the mental cupboards where my stores of good advice are kept. They would not be wanted here.

She was in and out of my studio from that time on. I forget how long after her arrival it was before the thing happened which to this day bewilders me.

I was at work that morning after my usual fashion. Haidee had come in with flowers, as was her daily wont, and, after she had arranged them she sat and watched me, very quietly, as she had done once or twice before. Her way of doing this was so unobtrusive that I never found myself disturbed.

After perhaps an hour she suddenly stirred and sighed.

"Do you know, I believe I could do that!" she said.

"Perhaps it would amuse you to try?" I suggested, and, as the idea seemed to please her, I told my model to rest, and I brought a modelling-stand, fresh clay, and some tools. I briefly explained the uses of these, but recommended her to work chiefly with her fingers.

Then I referred her to my casts to find a model, suggesting that she begin with a hand or a foot, and went back to my work. It was more than ordinarily absorbing, and I quite forgot Haidee's presence and paid no attention to the passage of time. I do not know how long an interval passed silently in this way before she suddenly laughed out, a happy, unconscious little laugh that made me think of a baby crooning in the sun.

"You see with your finger-tips," she announced, "and your finger-tips *know* when you have it right. Isn't it droll?"

This was such an intelligent thing for a novice to say that it caught my ear. I crossed the room and looked down at her work in wonder.

She had been daring enough to choose the mask of Voltaire to copy, and the swiftness with which she worked was only equalled by her accuracy. *She knew how.* No other phrase expresses it. Not only were outline and feature good, but she had caught and reproduced the very spirit of the sneering face. The faithfulness of her copy was nothing short of marvellous. It seemed to strike me dumb. I opened my lips, then closed them again. Words would not come. I found myself looking at her fingers to see if there was anything uncanny in their aspect, so incredible did the whole performance seem.

"Do you know," she observed at last,

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looking at her own work, critically, "I don't believe that is so very bad. Is it?"

"Haidee Parry, did you never touch modelling-clay before?"

She shook her head. "Never. I haven't done anything in this line since I used to make mud-pies."

"Were your mud-pies especially interesting? Did people use to tell you so?"

"Not that I can remember. They were just—mud-pies. Why, Sarah? What makes you ask? Is there anything interesting about this?"

"It is so good I simply don't know what to make of it. It takes away my breath."

"Do you mean it?" she cried, turning on me like a flash of flame, her eyes alight, her cheeks suddenly stained a vivid red. "Is it really good? Have I a talent? Are you sure? Can I—can I do things with it? Can I make things like yours?"

I am afraid my smile was a little bitter. "This is a straight miracle, no less," I said, "and I see no reason why you should not perform others. If you can turn off miracles as easily as this, in time you will—do even as well as I."

Not unnaturally, my irony was lost. She looked down at her strong, slender hands and smiled.

"I," she said, softly, "*I*, with a talent? It is too wonderful. It cannot possibly be true!"

I shall seem to exaggerate if I convey exactly the impression she made upon me then. It was as if ten years and the weight of them had dropped from off her in a breath. In her delight she grew vigorous and radiant. The very lines of her figure were more alert as she bent over her handiwork in open adoration. As I stared at her I thought involuntarily of my Browning:

> Such a starved bank of moss,
> Till, one May morn,
> Blue ran the flash across,
> Violets were born!

"I can do things!" she repeated almost childishly. Then she turned upon me with questioning eyes. "If it is really good, how came it to be good?" she demanded. "How did I happen to stumble upon such a taste—now, when I need it so?"

It was the first allusion I had ever heard her make to an inner poverty. I offered some lame suggestion about an undeveloped talent which was not convincing, even to myself. She shook her head thoughtfully, touching, meanwhile, with light caressing, the unlovely mask, her model.

"If it was a latent talent, why did it never stir, nor give a sign? I am forty years old. Do talents lie hidden forty years? I—I have a better idea than that, though, of course, you will laugh at me."

"What is the idea, Haidee?"

"It is hard to put into words," she said, slowly, in a voice that brought the tears to my eyes, though I did not know why, "and, of course, it sounds audacious and irreverent and everything. But it is just this. *We* are generous, you know. We would do great things for people, if we could. And surely the Maker of Talents is more magnanimous than we. Why shouldn't He have an impulse of splendid generosity—and yield to it? Why shouldn't He give a thing like this, right out of hand, to somebody who needed it—like me? I have been so unhappy and I have hated my life for years! It would be such magnificent giving, to let me have a thing like this. And if I don't deserve anything at all, that only makes it all the more wonderful and beautiful. If all the treasures of the earth are His, why shouldn't He sometimes give a beggar alms like this?"

Something—either the thing she said or the way she said it—took me off my feet.

"*O, I think He might!*" I tremulously concurred. And then we looked, frightened, deep into each other's eyes.

There came, of course, other hours when I thought of this as folly, and still others when it seemed again inspired wisdom, but this much is certain—whatever the source, the talent remained and grew.

If you go to the studios of Paris to-day you will hear fabulous accounts of Haidee's progress in the art that chose her for its servant. I think they will still be telling the tale a dozen years from now, for they like a pretty story in the studios, and will not see one spoiled for the lack of a touch or two.

If her talent was remarkable, her diligence was no less so. Early and late, she

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worked with passion and could never do enough. There was no miracle in the rapidity of her progress unless endurance and devotion are miracles. She did the work of five years in two, but even to her this would hardly have been possible if it had not happened that she met one of the greatest magicians of us all, and by some chance words turned a key in the master-workman's heart. It was condescension unspeakable, but he asked her to bring him something she had done, and when she did so, trembling, he criticised it kindly, that is to say, mercilessly, and, thereafter, gave her an hour a week of his precious time. The studios stood aghast, for among them that man's hours are counted not as fragments of time but as parts of eternity. Nevertheless, kindly, mercilessly, unwearyingly, he told her where she failed, because he thought her work was worth it, until at the end of the second winter he dismissed her with, "Now you are fit to stand alone. Go, work."

She came to me. All this had drawn us closer together. We shared a studio and talked endlessly about the tricks of our craft and our fellow-workmen. She had grown in other ways than in art. Some women blossom late, like the chrysanthemum, and such an autumnal flowering seemed to be the law of Haidee's nature.

"Edward is coming over in the spring," she said, casually, one day during her third winter in Paris. "I am going to do a head of him for the town of Kokamosa. He has just given them a library, and they want it adorned with his bust, the work of my hands. Don't you think it is rather a pretty notion? Edward hasn't had a real vacation for years. It will do him no end of good."

By this time I had accepted the fact that Edward chiefly figured in her life as a friendly correspondent. Their relation to each other seemed a formal affair laden with small, punctilious courtesies. Vaguely I apprehended that this condition had its bitter root in the far-away and long-ago. Whatever it was that had happened, it had left them an extravagant politeness in trifles to take the place of mutual helpfulness.

"If I were your husband, Haidee Parry, I would not come abroad to have you do that head. You should be packed up, you and your talent and all your other possessions, and shipped back to adorn Kokamosa, Iowa, where you belong."

"I suppose," she said, slowly, "if Edward were the type of man who packed people here and there in that fashion, I might never have come away."

"You mean he is too considerate ever to receive consideration?"

She pondered. "Something like that, perhaps."

I shut my lips tight. After all, what is the use of telling people what you think of them?

In the early spring Edward Parry came. The two seemed cordially glad to see each other, and my perplexity was quite pitiable. I prefer situations that I can clearly understand. With almost my first glance I abandoned the tentative theory that Haidee's husband had grown too weak or too indolent to manage her as a spoiled woman needs to be managed. Edward Parry was a squarely built man, with fair hair streaked with gray; his forehead was benign, his jaw determined, his nostrils sensitive, and his deep blue eyes reserved, but not cold. His features were beautifully modelled, and he gave an effect of delicacy combined with immense reserve power. But perhaps the strongest impression one received from him was that of silent pride.

Haidee began upon the task of modelling the head almost at once. She spent the mornings at work, and the afternoons in showing her husband Paris as she had learned to know it during the months of her domicile; not the Paris of the tourist only, but that dear, intimate, picturesque city which those who live and work there learn to love.

Spring sunshine in Paris is a powerful solvent. Perhaps it had something to do with melting Edward Parry's reserve, though its texture seemed to be a matter of iron rather than of ice. At all events, he spoke at last, words that his wife could not fail to understand, however much she had misunderstood before. Of course I had no right to hear such words and yet—I did. My ears burn with them still.

Haidee was working over the portrait-bust with increasing interest and enthusiasm. She had never had occasion before to regard her husband from the plastic standpoint, and as a subject he was won-

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derfully fine. She betrayed her growing appreciation of this fact in a hundred pretty ways.

One morning I was behind the big screen at the back of the studio washing out a lot of brushes in which the colors had been drying since my summer sketches were made. Both Haidee and her husband must have known perfectly that I was there. They had seen me depart with my sheaf of brushes, and might have heard me groan over my task. Perhaps they forgot; perhaps they did not care. At least I do not blame myself for hearing what followed. I ask you if you would have interrupted such a conversation as this, even though you felt it sacrilege to hear it?

After ten or fifteen minutes of absorbed silence, I heard Haidee move back, as if to get a better view of her work. "I almost believe it is good," she said with satisfaction. "Edward, you are a magnificent model. Do you know that you are beautiful?"

"No, I never thought of it. It has been enough for me to know that you were," he answered, and his tone gave me a sudden vision of the look, half tender and wholly ironic, that I knew crossed his face.

"Do you know," said Haidee, slowly, "you never told me before that I was beautiful."

"*What?*"

She repeated the statement. "If you had—I wish you had—" she began, then stopped abruptly.

There was a silence that even I, in the background, felt to be incredulous.

"You will tell me next," he said, in a voice made hard by sudden feeling, "that I never said I loved you."

"Edward! *You never did!*"

There was a sudden abrupt movement in the room. Haidee's model left his chair (which fell over with a violent crash) and went toward her swiftly.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, harshly. "Is this a woman's trick to break me down? Hasn't my pride been sufficiently humbled all these years? You know what I felt when I married you. You know how soon you began to be bored by adoration. You know how little of my affection you returned and you know how I have kept it out of your sight—as if loving my wife were a thing to be ashamed of! Isn't it enough that you have been as indifferent to me as to the chairs and tables, when, if you had eyes, you must have seen what I suffered. . . . What are you trying to do? What did you mean by speaking as you did just now? Did you think it would amuse you to have a flirtation with your husband? Good Lord! Can't you leave me my self-respect?"

His voice was hoarse and shaking. It seemed impossible that those violent words could have been uttered by that quiet, self-contained man. I stood fixed to the floor, not knowing what to do. As for Haidee, she drew one shuddering, unbelieving breath, and then began to sob.

"I—I—was proud, too," she cried between her helpless gasps. "I thought you cared about that Falconer person at first, and then, when I found you didn't, you seemed so cruel and indifferent that I thought you were too hard to care for anyone. And I meant . . . I meant to show you I could stand it without flinching. Once I heard you say . . . say women *whined*. I—I meant not to whine—ever—that was all."

"Good Heaven! Do you mean . . . do you *dare* to tell me we have lived such a bare, squalid, starved, *frozen* life all these years—for nothing?"

Haidee sobbed on, without speech, as if her heart would break.

Just then I caught sight of the key of the back door of the studio, hanging upon its peg, and I moved toward it silently. My agony of eavesdropping was over. This door behind the screen opened into the garden of an old mansion now used as a *pension*, and, by the payment of a small sum we had obtained the right to walk there. By crossing the grass and going out through the court and thence around the corner of the block, I could take refuge with our own concierge in her lair at the front of the building until such time as I judged it wise to return to the studio again. Slipping the key softly in the lock, I opened the door and fled.

I spent two hours of martyrdom in the bad air of Julie's quarters. When I returned at last by way of the front of the studio, Haidee and her husband showed

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no surprise at seeing me come in, bare-headed and blue-aproned, from the street. They would have been as indifferent to wings and an angel's robe. They were beyond being surprised at anything except themselves. And I did not protest unduly when Haidee told me that Edward had persuaded her she wanted to see Russia and Hungary during the summer, and return in the autumn to open a studio in Kokamosa, Iowa.

But it was the end of the story that surprised me most, and still seems to my calmer judgment its quite incredible part.

I am afraid I cannot call by any higher term than curiosity the motive that led me to return to America for the summer months of the following year.

I was, of course, invited to Kokamosa. They received me with that prodigious Western hospitality which makes a guest the centre of the universe for the hour. There were so many things to be said and done that I did not immediately find the occasion to ask Haidee about the progress of her work, and when I alluded to it, it seemed to me that she put me off. We had coffee in the studio the first evening after dinner, and I noticed then that it was somewhat too luxuriously fitted up for a real work-room.

The next morning after breakfast, Haidee drove me about the town. Kokamosa is wrapped about with cornfields as with a glittering green mantle, and steeped in that warm, languorous air of material prosperity which is the atmosphere of prairie towns in summer days. It has the beauty that comes from human comfort. Not poor, over-worked, excitable, like our New England hill-towns, but calm, rich and contented, it seemed to me. I praised it for its restfulness, and when we came at last to the new Parry Library, my praise became enthusiasm. It was a thing of beauty, an architectural treasure, and so cleverly designed that its beauty seemed not an alien importation but a natural flowering of that warm, mellow soil.

In the entrance-hall was the portrait-bust she had modelled, done into bronze. I stopped before it.

"How strong and fine it is," I said, half enviously.

"Yes, it was the best thing I did, and the last," said Haidee, quietly.

"How do you mean—the last? Can't you work here?"

She looked down at her fingers and the color mounted her cheeks slowly. "Look at it!" she said, holding out her hand to me with an abrupt gesture. "It looks the same hand, doesn't it? and yet—I cannot do things with it any more. I don't know how. I have lost the power."

I stared at her stupidly, with wide eyes.

"You—you are mistaken, discouraged. There is no atmosphere here, no incentive. That's all it means."

She shook her head. "No, it isn't that. My talent went as softly as it came. Simply, I do not own it any more. You remember I liked to think it was a—a gift?"

"Yes, I remember that."

"A splendid gift that came to fill my vacant hours because I was unhappy and needed it. Well—don't you see—I am not unhappy now. I don't need it any more."

"But—such a talent! To let you have it for two years, and then—" My lips refused to frame the phrase. I stumbled helplessly among the words, groping for her meaning. "Then—what—what you think is that He took it back again?"

Her eyes went from her outstretched hand to the noble presentment of Edward Parry's face. She lifted her head proudly and for the moment her face was aglow with such light of love as I never saw in a girl's face yet. For she was young no longer. And it is in the middle years that love is sweetest, ripest, earth-side and heaven-side both.

"Yes!" she answered me fervently, exultantly. "And I thank God daily that He took it back again!"

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HOW IT ENDS WITH FRIENDS

By Charles Warren

Friends—old friends—
So it breaks, so it ends.
There let it rest.
It has fought and won,
And is still the best
That either has done.
Each as he stands
The work of its hands.
What is it ends
With friends?

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

ANOTHER wave, black and towering, surged on toward them. "This time certainly," thought the Man, "it will sweep us off;" and he tried in desperation to press his knees tighter against the smooth copper. The capsized sloop, however, rose slowly and clumsily. The wave passed on, only its ragged crest shattering against the men who clung, blinded and strangled, on the slippery keel. Then there came a lull. Twenty feet away, great curling bulks of water ascended, shut out the horizon, and crashed over in seething foam; but immediately around them the sea had flattened out. They even noticed a boot floating calmly near the boat. They had taken off most of their clothing in a mad hope that they might be able to swim. When the sloop had first gone over, they had believed its air-tight compartments would keep it afloat indefinitely. Now, however, that hope also was dim; for the hull was sinking gradually, and the sea was coming up nearer and nearer. They had shifted their seats so that they pressed each other closely. If one were washed off, the other might possibly drag him back—unless they both should go together. The cold of the water seemed impossible for a summer afternoon. The limited portion of the sky that the waves allowed them to see was thick and dirty with the storm; and the approaching night was darkening the sea every minute and shutting out the possibility of rescue.

Once more a black wall rose high and hurled itself toward the sloop.

"John, old man, I guess this is the last one," shouted the Man. Close as they were, he could not hear the reply above the clamor. The wave struck the side of the hull and lifted it over. The Man's leg was washed from its hold, and he clinched wildly with his finger-nails. The sloop heaved back, and plunged straight through the middle of the wave. It seemed to the men as if the water would never pass away from over them. Then, with a frightful roll, the sloop floundered out into the air again. When he could open his eyes the Man saw that the hull had sunk nearly a foot more. Their knees were now submerged. It was merely a question of minutes. He had often heard it said that in the short interval just before death one's whole past life flashed by. Curious! He could only think now of last night—of the Girl, of her face, of her words. Somehow death wasn't so terrible now as it would have been twenty-four hours ago. He had loved her for three years, almost from that afternoon when he had first seen her, as she rode back from the hunt with her fair hair loosened by the wind. Then had come that wonderful day when he had caught a look in those brown eyes which had never before been allowed to shine out of them. Then these last twelve months of perfect happiness! Twelve—or was it eleven? He could perceive now—at least since last night—that during the past month there had been an indefinable change. A little flaw had start-

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ed somewhere. The joy of their meeting had not always rung as clear as before. Looking back now, since last night, he could see that this change all dated from the day of his friend's arrival.

The Other Man who was clinging soaked and blinded to the keel was also thinking of last night—and of his life and of the Man's before then. What friends they had been for years—before the Girl had come into the Man's life! They had played and worked and fought together at boarding-school, in college, and in their profession. They had shot and fished and sailed; they had travelled and gamed and dined and read and loafed—and always together. They had never liked the same book, the same play, or the same tailor. They had quarrelled over the points of each other's horses and dogs. They had considered each other's taste in girls deplorable. Each had voted consistently against the party candidate of the other. And yet what friends they had been! And when one had called the other a "damned fool," as he often had done, it was with the knowledge all the while in his heart that for the sake of that same "fool" he would gladly give up anything in this life.

And so it was that, when at last the Girl had said that one precious word, the Man had found more difficulty in telling the Other Man about it than he even had in asking the Girl. The Other Man had taken the news bravely, and had smiled with a well-dissimulated hopefulness when the Man said, "Of course, old man, this won't make any difference between us." The Other Man knew he was lying; but he had replied: "Of course everything will be just the same, you old fool. Now, tell me, how and when did you do the act?"

Then there had been that cosey dinner for two with a number of glorious bumpers, a few evenings later, when the Man had laid bare his soul—and the Other Man had painfully but cheerfully concealed his own real thoughts. And that had been the last one until the ushers' dinner; there were so many things to think of and to do, and the Girl's demands on his time were so incessant that there seemed to be no convenient occasion for another dinner for two. The Other Man had made his conventional engagement calls, had heaped flowers into the Girl's drawing-room, had noticed the small tokens of extreme jealousy of his friendship that unconsciously cropped out in the Girl's talk and actions. Then he had decided that he would take that long-talked-of trip abroad. They had always planned taking that trip together; but now of course such a thing would be impossible. So the Other Man had gone, and had left the two to their happiness. A month ago he had returned and with reluctance had accepted an invitation from the Man to accompany him to Tanaquid Harbor where the Girl was spending the summer. There, in the freer life of the August days, the Girl and he had grown to know each other better—then even well—then too well—and then——

The Other Man shivered as he thought of last night. It might only have been the salt cold, drenching through his bared body. He was recalling that stroll along the bluff in the quiet pines, the thrilling touch of the Girl's light sleeve as it brushed against his arm, their pause to sit and watch the gently restless sea, shimmering and darkling alternately as the silver-scaled clouds flitted swiftly across the moon; the odor of the warm pine-needles, the delicious, utter loneliness of the moment when they two seemed apart from the whole world; the unintended remark of his which had disclosed to the quick-witted girl the trouble of his heart; the faltering response which had so startled him, the stinging realization of his unconscious treachery toward his friend; the one brief second of utter abandonment of all, except the telling of his love; the swift recovery to the demands of honor; the pitiful acknowledgment on the Girl's part that the Man whom she had thought she loved, whom she still did love, was no longer the one who possessed her whole heart utterly, supremely. Then he recalled proudly the pain of the moment when he had shown her—and she had silently acquiesced—that their happiness could never arise out of the destruction of his friend's; that bitter as a parting would be they should part, and that this new love must be thrust away from them; then the long

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silence; the shivering touch of her hand as she roused him to take up their walk back to the cottage; the sudden looming of the Man through the dark pines; the solemnity of his voice; the wordless return of the three; the uncertainty as to how much the Man had overheard.

Another wave crashed down upon them as if dropped from the sky. The staggered hull seemed to fall out from under them. The keel was now even with the surface and their bodies were swung this way and back by each rush of the sea.

The Man shivered also. He was thinking of the exquisite agony of that moment when on his stroll through the pines last night the soft tones of a dear voice had been carried to him through the silence—those terrible words which had told him that she was no longer his alone in heart. He had had no blame for his friend—no thought of the word "treachery." He well knew how worthy the Other Man was of the love of any woman. The one idea possessing him had been of the stupendousness of his loss. All through the night he had paced his room thinking hard what was best to be done. If there had been a mistake She must not suffer. She must be made to feel that her happiness alone was what he desired, that she was to be free to act as her heart and her love directed her. But first he must talk things over, just as he had done in the old days, with the Other Man. This was a time above all others when there must be no concealment. It had been with this in his mind that he had asked the Other Man this afternoon to go out to sail in his sloop. There had been no sign of a storm in the sky when they had started two hours and a half ago. He had waited until the right moment should come before speaking of last evening. Then suddenly the white squall had driven down upon them before they could reef. The furious storm had followed close behind the squall. And now it made no difference whether he spoke or not!

The Man looked pitifully at his friend and found the Other Man's eyes straining into his. It was no use. He could not die with this silent lie on his lips. They must speak openly to each other in death as they always had spoken in life.

"John," he said, hoarsely, "I want to tell you, I heard what she said last night."

The Other Man groaned: "What a scoundrel you must think me!"

"Don't blame yourself, old fellow," the Man said; "I don't wonder she loves you."

"If I'd only known, I'd have gone away," the Other Man groaned again.

"God knows, I wish you had! But don't think that I believe you meant to take her from me. You and I know each other too well for that."

The Other Man put out an unsteady hand and grasped his friend's. "God bless you, old man, for those words. When you get back to land she'll love you just as she did before—before I came. She shall not see me again."

The Man gazed out over the frothing tangle of waves. "We'll neither of us get back to land, John. This is the end."

"You *must* live, you must. It will kill her if you don't."

The Man looked happy for a moment; then the light flickered out of his eyes. "After last night," he said, "could she ever be really happy with me? Or could I ever be happy without her? No, if either of us is to be saved, you are the man who must live for her happiness."

"You're wrong," the Other Man replied. "You're horribly wrong. If I go out of her life, she'll forget last night and that half hour of madness. She'll forget all, except your love."

There came a curious gurgling sound underneath them. The keel pitched violently downward toward the sunken bowsprit. They both knew what it meant. The air was exhausted.

"John," shouted the Man, "save yourself, for God's sake. Don't get sucked down with the——"

There was a swirling drag of the waters, and for a second a hole opened in the sea. When it closed again there was no sign of the hull. Two figures were struggling desperately in the white foam toward a floating piece of wood. A long, stout oar had become disengaged as the sloop had sunk. One of the two men finally reached it and hung over it with one arm. With the other he dragged his exhausted companion tow-

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ard it. The oar sank far down beneath their combined weight and slipped out from under them. Then it rose to the surface of the sea several feet away. Again they gained it and clung desperately. It began to sink again.

"It's no use," one of the men gasped. "It's no use. It will only hold one of us." He started to loose his hold. He was grasped by a strong hand.

"No. No."

"It's no use. One of us must go. For her sake. Good-by, old man."

The oar gave a sudden bound as it was thrown back by the released weight. A wave swept over it. When the wave passed, but one figure was hanging to the oar. There was nothing else but a wild waste of sea.

. . . . . .

The owner of the steam-yacht Apache was regretting that he had not imitated all the coasting schooners which he had passed and laid his course for the nearest harbor after the white squall had broken. He had been anxious, however, to catch a morning train from Tanaquid Harbor, and so he had kept his yacht straining and pitching straight on the course in the teeth of the storm. The sea was running high and there was a nasty cross-rip. His guests had retired below in an unhappy frame of mind. He himself was on watch with his crew anxiously peering through the murky darkness for the two eyes of Screech Owl Light. The yacht's speed had been slowed down; for this was a dangerous point off the coast, and if the light was missed, it might be picked up again too near the rocks. Suddenly above the thumping of the waves on the bow and the dull, continuous roar of the storm, the starboard lookout thought he heard a shrill cry from below. At the same time the owner of the Apache heard it. "Turn on that searchlight," he called out. "There's someone drowning here."

The white light streamed out over the sea. As it circled toward starboard it disclosed a tossing piece of wood with something black hanging over it. With extreme difficulty the yacht was manœuvred so that a boat could be launched; and a man nearly drowned was pulled into it.

An hour later the Apache dropped anchor behind the breakwater in Tanaquid Harbor. A desolate man landed at the wharf with the owner and his friends. An anxious girl was waiting there, surrounded by a number of other cottagers fearful to ask for news of the two men who had sailed in the sloop just before the squall. A glance at the desolate man answered their unuttered question. He came up to the girl. She was white as the foam of the surf and her face was set.

"He died for you and me," he said, simply.

. . . . . .

The next day the desolate man left Tanaquid Harbor.

The Girl remained.

. . . . . .

Many years after, the Girl told this story to a man to whom she had promised what was left of her heart, and who loved her as two other men had loved her years before. She told it without revealing any names. It was some time after she had finished that it suddenly occurred to the man who loved her that she had not told him which of the two men had been drowned.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

JACOX is known among his friends as a fastidious man. His coats, his shirts, his boots are specially constructed for him after anxious deliberations with his tailor, haberdasher, and bootmaker concerning quality, styles—no detail being too unimportant before the final order. Yet Jacox, who could not conceive of himself wearing ready-made clothes, is wholly content with ready-made opinions and slop-shop views. These he buys for two or three cents on the street and wears them unblushingly. In matters engaging public attention there is no man with stronger convictions, or more prompt to assert them. While the newspaper is still damp, he has run down the editorials, had a shy at the headlines, and is stocked up for the day. To people who regard with some anxiety the apparel of their minds it is discouraging to find Jacox thus early and easily equipped. That he is ignorant of everything that goes to the support of his opinions is of no more consequence to him than to know where the wool was grown for his trousers. The intimation that his views are not in fact his own, that he is palming off the opinions of another, would convey no reproach to a mind steeped in sloth, ungroomed at loose ends, though his speech may be fairly rampant in its vigor.

Second-hand Thinking.

If there were but one Jacox! But his name is legion. It is not necessary for most men to say what newspaper they habitually read. Their opinions declare it. There is a devilish cunning in the larger type of editorials and the selection of headlines. These form the opinions of nine-tenths of readers, while the facts, the material out of which opinions are to be formed, are compressed into small, black, and uninspiring type. Newspapers are rarely judicial. The policy of the paper, a pregnant phrase, makes it a partisan. "Editorials" are based on an array of the facts that contribute to the view the paper desires to enforce. This has been known to be determined by no loftier motive than that a rival journal has taken an opposing course, or that a leading factor is a friend of the Chief, or the publisher, or came from the same State or section of the country. This is only to say that editors are men, but men with an unusual opportunity for mentally manipulating Jacoxes.

What we know as public opinion is one of the dearest possessions of any people. Clumsily it makes for rightness and justice. But men do not value sufficiently the sacredness of their individual contributions to it. The formation of correct views on all subjects of public interest is a civic duty. This is to be performed only by getting at the evidence, securing the facts. These the newspapers are pretty apt to give exhaustively, such is the value of trade rivalry. Apart from this duty which citizenship should oblige, brewing opinions is an engaging occupation for the mind. There is a certain connoisseurship in events, which is a distinct accomplishment. No ungainliness is more offensive than that of awkward minds handling public affairs. But connoisseurship here is only to be achieved as is connoisseurship in other directions. That process of selection which comes from dealing familiarly with the objects considered is purely an individual achievement, and not to be acquired at second hand. To feed to the mind the raw material in the shape of the facts, and watch an opinion crystallizing in the residuum, is as pretty a pastime as any alchemist's dream. After all, this is but the modern scientific method, and may be applied equally well to anything engaging public attention—a popular murder, a national investigation, or questions of imperial statesmanship.

THE fact that the will of a prominent New Yorker, not associated with any unusual piety, begins with the once familiar words, "In the Name of God, Amen," really emphasizes their unfamiliarity in modern use. This introductory phrase may, perhaps, still be found, as it always was until recently, on the printed forms of will blanks furnished by New York law stationers, doubtless accounting for it in this particular case. It is a phrase that has gone out in England; curious, then, that it should occasionally survive in this newer, less traditional country, for the London *Spectator* says of it: "Such magnificent exordiums are unknown now, and the engrosser has to employ his finer flourishes over the far inferior beginning, 'This is the last will and testament.'" Even this strictly business

Modern Will-Phrasing.

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"exordium" may be omitted from the latest type of "up-to-date" will, one containing just fourteen words, exclusive of the testator's signature and the signatures of his witnesses, written on a scrap of paper and probated in Chicago—a will which read: "Half my fortune to Ann Rigby Fowler, of Leeds, Yorkshire; half to my wife."

In contrast with this typical example of the extreme short-cut to testamentary disposition may be cited, from the *Spectator*, the stately, old-fashioned conclusion of the will of the late Sir Henry Acland, the eminent physician and scientist: "And now with a deep sense of the mercy and goodness of God to me and mine through parents, children, and friends, and by the saintly life of my wife, gone before, I commit my soul to my Heavenly Father in the faith and love of Christ, and hope for forgiveness of my shortcomings in my holy profession; and I pray that the faithful study of all nature may, in Oxford and elsewhere, lead men to the knowledge and love of God, to faith and to charity, and to the further prevention and relief of the bodily and mental sufferings of all races of mankind." In this will speaks a testator who had something else to bequeath besides "property" to relatives—the thoughts, conclusions, and hopes which came crowding in upon him. They were to him a testimony of which he must make deliverance on taking solemn leave of life and committing his soul to his Maker—an act of supererogation, so far as one can determine from its customary omission by the modern will-maker.

How far is the current set away from solemnity of phrase in will-making simply the mark of the passing of a tradition, and how far a change in attitude toward the importance of the act of dying? how far is it merely a concession to the business way of doing a business thing, how far a sign of popular intolerance of what may seem pretence and cant, and how far a recognition of some agnosticism in the air? These are interesting questions of speculation without possibility of answer. For it is all too easy to attach overimportance to the decline of familiar forms, especially when, as in the case of a will, the phrasing is left so largely to the professional and technical expert. Then the form changes just as it once originated. The pious phraseology of wills, for example, is easily to be traced back to the days when wills were drawn by priests. They naturally took the ultra-religious view of the act, and, as naturally, emphasized it for the close connection that then existed between will-making and the number of masses for the testator to be said and paid for. When later the lawyer superseded the priest, there still remained a motive for retaining ancient phrases and encouraging the habit of testamentary loquacity, for the lawyer was paid according to the length of the will. If, however, as is averred, the pious phrases began to drop out of wills at the time of the French Revolution, the fact is something more than an iconoclastic coincidence.

Incidentally it is worth the noting that the hortatory and explanatory features of will-writing, once so amusing in their occasional disclosures of human nature in a final effort, are also largely curtailed these days in the interest of business brevity. Seldom do we find the modern husband "cutting off" his wife "with a shilling"—if, perchance, the legal opportunity is still left to him—as did doughty John George of Lambeth for the reason, as he declared, that "the strength of Samson, the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal, and the watchfulness of Hermogenes could not have sufficed to subdue her." Nor, again, does the will-maker of to-day indulge that spirit of "ill-timed levity" in which David Hume added a codicil for the benefit of his friend, John Home, with whom he often disputed on the proper spelling of their common name and on the merits of port. The codicil left ten dozen claret and a bottle of port to Home, adding: "I also leave him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his own hand, signed John 'Hume,' that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us regarding temporal affairs."

Human nature, we are told, is a constant under all climes and conditions, and the will of to-day is doubtless the product of as much painful thought and the cause of as great heart-burning as before it was pruned of superfluous solemnity of phrase, reformed of bitter rebuke, or robbed of gentle raillery. But, as in the case of disappearance of the elaborate epitaph from the tombstone, the loss to mortuary literature is irreparable.

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THE FIELD OF ART

GALLAND, BAUDRY, AND PUVIS DE CHAVANNES—A COMPARISON

I

THE notable revival of mural-painting in the latter half of the nineteenth century is largely due to three men: one a trained decorator, the two others painters who deserted their easel-pictures for the broader field of decoration. Outside of the circle whose profession and interests are centred on architecture and mural-painting, Pierre Victor Galland is hardly known, while Paul Baudry and, to a larger degree, Pierre Puvis de Chavannes are names which are everywhere honored.

It is interesting, therefore, to seek the reasons which, apparently, make painstaking preparation, high capacity, and assiduous labor of small avail in the creation of a master-decorator when weighed against the spark of personal temperament which more liberally endowed Baudry and Puvis de Chavannes.

Logically, the task of the mural-painter in these latter days is more complex than that of his predecessor in the time when all painting was decorative; intended for a given place, conceived and executed in harmony with its surrounding. For these men there was virtually but one style: that in which the architect of his time worked. Architecture, like a language subject to change and amplification as the idiomatic necessities arose, was a *living* language, while now our architects, in the Babel of their art, speak confusing tongues. And here, logically, the modern decorator should follow them.

II

SUCH must have been at least the intuitive decision of Pierre Victor Galland when in 1838, at the age of sixteen, he entered the atelier of Henri Labrouste, the architect to whom, with Duban, is due the building of the École des Beaux-Arts and who has left a profound impression on the official architecture of France. Here he remained two years, early attracting the attention of his master, and, toward the end of this term, aiding him in his work. His studies here, however, being but a means to an end, in 1840 Galland became a pupil of Drolling, a painter of repute, under whose direction he remained for three years, adding upon the foundation of his architectural study, accurate drawing and painting of the human figure.

In 1845 he was welcomed as a valuable assistant in the studio of Ciceri, a decorator in vogue at the epoch. Ciceri, then a comparatively old man, had a vast studio in which decorative work of varying character was carried out under his direction. It was not unlike the *bottegas* of the earlier Italian and Flemish painters, where a corps of assistants, each allotted the portion of a work in which he was the most expert, executed decorative painting under the eye and with the assistance of the master. Theatrical scenery, which was earlier of artistic quality in France than in other countries, was the chief production of the studio, but interior decoration of public or private buildings also formed a part; and, as a heritage from the time of the First Empire, the decoration of the public streets and squares on ceremonial occasions was entrusted to the atelier Ciceri. This latter function Galland exercised until the end of the Second Empire, since which period public festivals have lost much of their elaborate character.

In the atelier Ciceri young Galland soon became the leading spirit, and for five years the most varied tasks of decoration gave him a practical knowledge which, it is not too much to say, has not been exceeded by that of any decorator, ancient or modern. It is not my purpose to follow the career of Galland, nor enumerate the many and competent works which he executed during his long life, which ended in 1892. I prefer to send those interested to the valuable work by Henry Havard, "L'Œuvre de P. V. Galland," published in Paris by the Librairies-Imprimeurs Réunies, 1895, from which I extract these details.

I wish, however, to emphasize the fact that

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this modest master-workman at the outset of his independent career—he left Ciceri in 1849—had behind him ten years of study embodying all the elements likely to present their problems to a modern decorator. Certainly no man of the earlier days had a tithe of Galland's preparation, and no one of modern times has labored so long and faithfully to acquire a knowledge of styles of all diversity fitting him to undertake work of such varied character.

III

In this, curiously enough, in his greatest force lies his greatest weakness in the measure of esteem which the world allots him in comparison with Baudry and Puvis de Chavannes. For much of his work passes unnoticed and unperceived, so thoroughly has Galland realized the kind of decoration which the architect has so long demanded—and of which he has received so little. It is, in fact, the common complaint of the architect that the work of the decorator too often brings a disturbing element into the harmony for which he has striven and which the too-insistent painted panel destroys. An ideal decorative painting from this architectural point of view would be one which formed so integral a part of the building that it would attract no more notice than an egg-and-dart moulding or the repeated capitals of the columns. How little such painting has been done is evident if we recall the number of buildings in the Old World which exist almost as shells containing a rich kernel of decorative painting, as an empty theatrical stage becomes living and eloquent through the presence of actors. This from the standpoint of a painter let me hasten to say; but can anyone enter the Ducal Palace in Venice without feeling that Veronese and Tintoretto, two masters of loudly insistent decorative painting, are the peers of him who designed the building, and that without the life-giving quality of their work the vast interior would be but an empty shell?

A better and more modern instance—better because it is purer decoration—is the work of Puvis de Chavannes in the Panthéon in Paris. Meissonier said, "he alone holds; for the other painters it would be necessary to gild the wall"; and, of course, the decorations in the Ducal Palace need the huge picture-frames by which they are surrounded—no mean decoration in themselves by the way—but Chavannes's work is not of the insistent order, though it, and it alone, relieves the monotony and barrenness of the wall on which it is placed. If all the work therein was of equal merit Soufflot might well come from the grave and own that the painter had given a soul to the stately but inchoate edifice of his erection.

But to Galland, suckled at the breast of the Mother of Arts, language like this would have seemed iconoclastic and the architects of his time found him not only an instrument fashioned to their hands—and, to their credit be it said, one which they constantly employed—but in his practice, and teaching at the Gobelins and later at the École des Beaux-Arts, a faithful exponent of their ideas. To this subserviency and deliberate repression of his art, is due to a large degree a lack of accent in his work; he is of the company, but too often hesitates to avail himself of his undoubted gifts to take a prominent place therein. But within these limits, he is technically the superior of the two better known men as a decorator *per se*. For him the introduction of architecture in his work held no secrets nor claimed a stranger's aid; no form or style of ornament but in which he was past-master, and no epoch or style in the varied buildings where he was called to work but found him able to force his pliable talent into the mould of the required style or epoch.

IV

To what degree one of the other two men, Baudry, would have been able to do this must remain to some degree a mystery. Among his very early decorative works were some panels, executed, if I remember rightly, as models for Gobelin tapestry, where if all the ornament was the work of his hand he showed himself familiar with the traditional Louis XV. work. His major work, the decoration of the Paris Opera House, was done under the domination of Raphael and Michelangelo and, though crushed into comparative insignificance by the outrageously heavy mouldings in which Garnier enclosed them, no one who saw them, as I was so fortunate as to be able to do, in the École des Beaux-Arts before they were put in place, or who to-day will study the cartoons or the photographs from them, but must acknowledge that they

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are great works for all time. It can be urged that as a decorator he should, knowing how they were to be placed, have overcome the ponderous framing of Garnier's device. But, as the ceiling is cut up in its many irregular forms, the spaces left for decoration are comparatively small in contrast with the weight of the mouldings, and no painter, not even insistent and robust Veronese, could with pigment overcome their salience. The unknown quantity of Baudry's ability to work in differing styles (which, as I have said at the outset, is a logical requirement of the modern decorator) might but for his too-early death have been solved by his panels depicting the career of Jeanne d'Arc in the Panthéon. All indications would go to prove that Baudry, shown by his full-sized copies of Michelangelo and the miniature reproduction of the Hampton Court cartoons by Raphael to be the most submissive of students, was at the time of his death thoroughly his own master. Two of his last works at Chantilly demonstrate this—the ceiling of Mercury and Psyche, delightfully modern with a reminiscence of that Italian school which by transplantation by François First became indigenously French; and the panel of St. Hubert, which, thoroughly French, might have been painted by a modern Clouet cognizant of the last triumphs of *plein-air*.

But much of this is supposition and the fact remains that during his life Baudry was, like his fellow-painters, forced to fall back on the architect, *ornementiste*, and *perspecteur* for certain adjuncts of his work which Galland possessed at his finger-ends.

V

With Puvis de Chavannes, the most highly esteemed of the three in a popularly artistic sense even in sapient France, there can be no doubt. There is with him but one style—the style of Puvis de Chavannes.

To a decorative painter it is a matter of pleasant speculation to imagine what the master would have done had he been obliged to enrich a Louis XV. boudoir or paint a Tiepolo ceiling? I have alluded to Baudry and to Puvis as originally easel-painters, and while no one would dispute the attribution to the former, I imagine that in popular estimation at least the latter is never so qualified.

But if we look back upon his first works and consider that he brought back from Italy on his early and only visit there no trace of his later manner, but, on the contrary, an allegiance to late and decadent painters, it seems but fair to consider the War and Peace at Amiens as great Salon pictures rather than decorations.

Despite the over-modelling of the figures and the heavy landscape, so unlike his later work, I am willing to own that they are admirably fitted for the place they now occupy. Many Salon pictures, however, have enough of the decorative element—if we accept what all the world accepts, even though the architects rage—to be fixed upon a wall with excellent effect. I have often wished to see Couture's Romains de la Décadence so treated, and the Rubens which for a century or more have masqueraded as easel-pictures in the long gallery of the Louvre are now seen to be admirably decorative in their dignified setting in the new Salle Rubens.

There is, therefore, a certain amount of accident in the early service of Puvis de Chavannes in the cause of decoration, more even than in the case of Baudry, from whose published letters we can glean a sense of appreciation of the decorative works of the Cinque Cento in the days of his early sojourn in Italy as Prix de Rome, and it seems quite possible that the nineteenth century might have lost its greatest decorator if governmental and private patronage had kept him at his easel as it kept Cabanel, Robert Fleury, Bouguereau, and so many other contemporaries of Puvis.

VI

Galland, on the contrary, is clearly of the family of LeBrun, Coypel, Nattier, de Troy, Raoux or Hubert Robert, a decorator born and bred. And in France, even to-day, decoration is considered, despite administrative effort to uphold its rank, an inferior form of art. Only recently we find Jules Breton, in "Nos Peintres du Siècle," deploring the achievement by Baudry's own hand of the decoration of the Opera at the sacrifice of his easel-pictures.

Galland found also, to his cost, that the aristocracy of the easel-painters drew the line sharply so as to exclude the decorator when his class in decorative art was established at the École des Beaux-Arts.

The painters and sculptors at the head of

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the long-established ateliers of the school discouraged not only the active presence of their pupils in Galland's class, but used the weight of their influence to have his teaching discontinued, holding, apparently, that an alliance of the arts was a danger. And in the minor allied arts their recognition by the progressive Champ de Mars Salon seemed in official circles a revolutionary action.

When the decoration of the Panthéon was undertaken the disparity between the works of the different artists who had been honored by invitations to participate in so noble an effort was found shockingly destructive of harmony. It was proposed to force them into some sort of relation to each other by the use of a decorative border and, by its repetition around each separate panel, bring order out of chaos. No one of these great historical painters, not even Puvis de Chavannes, was found competent to design this simple ornament. Recourse was had to Galland, to whom it was as child's play to devise the very satisfactory border now used.

Thinking to compliment the humble decorator, M. de Chennevières, the director of the work, said: "We have found no figure-painter who could design this border," and Galland, modest and ignored, found courage to reply, "You forget, sir, that I also paint the figure."

Perhaps as a result of this reply the painter was allotted one of the smaller spaces, a single panel, at the entrance-door of the Panthéon. Badly lit and too crowded in composition (as though by placing sixty figures in a single panel Galland had wished to prove that he too was a figure-painter), it is, with the single exception of Puvis de Chavannes's work, the most harmonious panel of them all. A gallery in the Hôtel de Ville, comprising thirteen small cupolas, is where we see Galland at his best with a comprehensive scheme of ornament of a character which he had made his own and a series of small panels representing divers crafts, where the figures have a charm and personality which is indeed inherent to all his work. The balance here is kept, however, more fortunately than in some other instances, and the ornament, though rich, does not overpower the figure compositions.

VII

In all his work, however, the pictorial counts but little, and the contrary is true with Baudry and Puvis de Chavannes. The latter was almost always fortunate in having allotted him simple wall-spaces where he could paint what he was used to call his vision untrammelled by arbitrary and irregular spaces. Upon great rectangular spaces, occasionally, as in the Sorbonne hemicycle, elongated to the proportion of a frieze, the master worked in harmony with the general tone, color, and light of the room, but otherwise unhampered even by variety of contour. All his compositions which I know fit into rectangular spaces with the exception of the arched tops of his panels in the Boston Public Library and certain pendentives in the stairway of the Hôtel de Ville in Paris. In these last he has not in any peculiarly fortunate way composed his figures to fit the space, and when it came to the ceiling of the same staircase he resolved the problem as the historical painters of the time of Louis Philippe solved it in their ceilings in the Louvre, by painting a vertical composition and placing it flat upon the ceiling. It was a natural solution, for him who said: "Ceilings? I would rather sweep the streets than paint ceilings!"

Greatly favored by circumstance, having fair and unencumbered wall-space in almost every instance, this great decorator painted *pictures*, ignoring to an even greater degree than Baudry the conventions of decorative composition, happily saved from the pictorial excess of some of his contemporaries in their decorative efforts by a sense of color which gave his work a tapestry-like effect and kept it flat and as it were a portion of the wall on which it was placed.

With a message of more spiritual interest to the people of our time than Baudry, and with little or no preoccupation with the pre-eminence of architecture which Galland professed, with less technical training than Baudry, and a very neophyte in knowledge of the variety of style in decoration if compared with Galland, Puvis de Chavannes will nevertheless remain as the highest expression of art in the nineteenth century. As a model for the future decorator, like many other great men, his influence is too personal to serve as guide, but we can turn to Pierre Victor Galland and learn our trade at least, and then, if we have aught to say, we can thank this modest master decorator for our means of expression.

Will H. Low.

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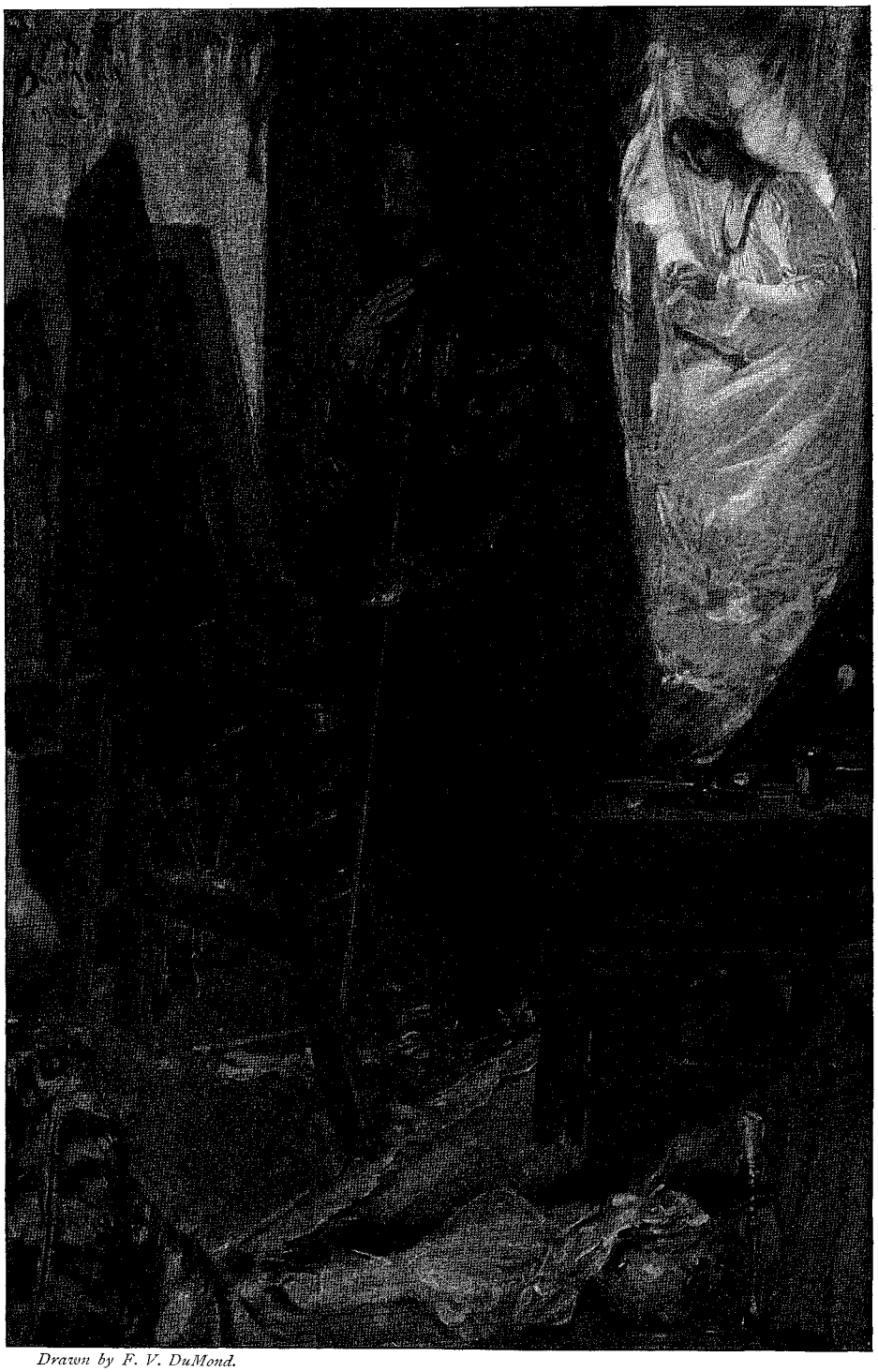

Drawn by F. V. DuMond.

A LOOK OF DEEP HAPPINESS FILLED HIS ABSORBED FACE.

—"The Day Shall Declare It," page 700.

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